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PATER
APPRECIATIONS

Prof. P. K. TEWARI, M.A.

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P. K. TEWARI, M.A.

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INTRODUCTION

Life and Works:

Walter Horatio (1839-94), was a fellow of Brasenose. He became associated with the Pre-Raphaelites, and began his literary career by contributing in 1867 to the 'Westminster Review' and essay on *Winckelmann*, subsequently embodied in his volume of *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, published in 1873. This was the first work of Pater which gave him name and fame. It was followed in 1885 by *Marias, the Epicurean*. It was a philosophic romance. Later on came *Imaginary Portraits* and *Appreciations* in 1887 and 1889 respectively. His style was highly polished and his out-look predominantly 'aesthetic'.

More of him:

As very little is known about Pater, he had always been the biographer's despair. It is certain that the Paters belonged to the Dutch stock previously, who lived near Olney in Buckinghamshire. Students of English literature are aware that Buckinghamshire had been the home of the poet William Cowper whose famous works are *Table Talk*, *The Progress of Error*, verses like *Alexander Selkirk*, *John Gilpin* and *The Castaway*.

The forefathers of Pater migrated to America where Richard Pater, father of our essayist, was born. When Richard Pater came to his manhood, he returned to England and settled at Shadwell as a doctor. It was here that Pater, the king of essayists, was born on August 4, 1839.

His father died when he was a mere child; devoid of any monetary assistance the family had to shift to an old house at Enfield, where Charles Lamb had passed most part of his life, rather where he lived.

The Paters belonged to the Roman Catholicism but later they became Anglicists and believed in the Church of England. As the germ of heredity is always present in man, beast and plant (*Mendel's Theory*), so even the love of Catholicism in part is discernible in his works.

In 1853, Pater took his admission in King's School, Canterbury. From King's School he went to Queen's College,

Oxford. Here he led a very reserved life and devoted much of his time in studying—a strenuous study to the works of religion and art. As he read voraciously at this stage, so he wrote. He led here an un-interrupted life except a few visits of friends or when he had a stroll with them. It was during this stay at Oxford that he visited his sisters twice at Heidelberg in Germany, which inspired in him the fascination for the Middle Age and the Romantic atmosphere. Here he developed a taste for the German philosophy and literature which were then being popularised by Thomas Carlyle and Matthew Arnold in England. Two years after his obtaining the degree in the second class, he was awarded a Brasenose Fellowship.

Goethe was his first love during these years which stimulated in him a strong inclination for transcendental philosophy. Although he had developed a taste for the metaphysical philosophy, but his sensitive bent of mind dragged him to literary pursuits.

In 1665, with his intimate friend, Dr. Shadwell, he made a tour of Northern Italy and visited Pisa, Ravenna, Florence etc. This tour made him familiar with Italian art and culture; he knew much of the great Italian artists of the Renaissance. In 1867 appeared Pater's essay on Winckelmann, a great lover of art, who was murdered, when still in his prime, in 1768 by a fellow traveller. From now onward he began contributing to the 'Fortnightly' magazine, then edited by John Morley. In 1873 his essays were compiled and published in one volume entitled, *Studies in the History of Renaissance*.

Oliver Elton who considers Pater as the greatest critic since Coleridge has expressed thus his ideas in his book, *A Survey of English Literature:*

"In approaching the Renaissance, Pater does not claim to do the work of the excavator, or the professional 'expert', some errors of detail in connoisseurship have been found in his book. Nor does he try, like the orderly historian, to show the whole story in perspective. He leaves a great deal out. For instance, while making it plain that the 'pre-Renaissance', as we may call it, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries reached far beyond France, he does not touch on the many premonitions of it which can be traced in England at that time. He makes 'studies'; he takes half a dozen typical great figures, Leonardo, Pico, Michelangelo, and paints each of them on a rather small

canvas, every inch of it crowded. He makes Botticelli's Venus, or Leonardo's heads, the subject of a poem, or lyrical page, of his own. These are the burnished passages which made the book famous; justly enough, but somewhat to the obscuring of its intellectual force and grasp."

"For it is a study, though not a systematic study, of mind. There is, about all, a steady out-look on the various clashes, inter-mixtures, and attempted re-conciliations of thought that mark the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The mythology of the artists, compounded of sacred and profane; the play of Platonism on Christianity, of science upon art, of Rome upon the Pleiade, are handled with a sure instinct."

"Winckelmann is a study of the Greek Renaissance in Germany two centuries later. The Renaissance, properly so called, is again presented in the address on Raphael: the delicate, not strong, but carrying voice of the lecturer is still in the ears of those who heard it delivered at Oxford in 1892. Ronsard, who figures in the essay on Du Bellay, appears in *Gaston*; where the physiognomies of Montaigne and Bruno also come in, bringing the survey down to late in the sixteenth century."

Pater believed in Flaubert's doctrine "Art for Art's sake" and as such like others believing in the doctrine was parodied very unkindly in Mr. Mallock's *New Republic* (1877). Pater was greatly disturbed, he went to Edmund Gosse and told him that he wished they would not call him a 'hedonist', as the word 'hedonist' would produce very bad effect on them who did not know Greek or little knew it.

The sudden rise and fall of the aesthetic movement with the sudden fall of Oscar Wilde blamed Pater also, but it should be remembered that Pater led a very simple life. He lived and died a poor man.

As a teacher he was also unsuccessful. The reason was his studies were not accurate and systematic, but on the other, his scholarship was 'discursive and eclectic rather than accurate'. As he possessed no accurate learning, so it could not do good to the students. He was neither very much social, nor clubbable, with the result that he could not be popular with the young students.

From 1878 onwards Pater became more and more absorbed in *Marius, the Epicurean*. This is the story of the life, in the

time of the Antonines, of a grave young Roman. Against a background of the customs and modes of thought of that fortunate period, the author traces the reactions of Marius to the various spiritual influences to which he is subjected. Finally, the quiet courage and enthusiasm of the young Christian community make a growing impression on him, and his end comes as a result of an act of self-sacrifice undertaken in order to save a Christian friend. *Marius, the Epicurean*, "the novel in which most of his philosophy, though not of his art, is to be found, seems to spiritualize the search for pleasure as far as sacrifice pure and simple'.

After the publication of *Marius*, Pater began writing critical essays and reviews for various periodicals. A few collections of these essays appeared in a volume entitled *Appreciations* in 1889. Others were published by his friend, Dr. Shadwell in *Miscellaneous Studies* in 1895, *Greek Studies* and *Essays to the Guardian.*

Besides critical essays Pater had been giving a new touch in literature, which we find in *Imaginary Portraits*. In this there are biographical touches. Thus *A Prince of Court Painters* is the story of Antony Watteau, the famous French painter; *Sebastian van Stork* is a young Hollander; *Duke Carl of Rosenmold* is a young German nobleman. The portraits of *Densyl*, *Auxerois*, and *Apollo in Picardy* reveal a new aspect of Pater's character. Both these stories end with the note of horror. Two other stories *Emerald Uthwart* and *The Child in the House* are also of the same type. Speaking of *The Child in the House*, Benson says that it is one of the purest pieces of world-melody in the language, and one of the most delicate characterizations of a mood that comes to many, and always with a secret and wistful charm.

In 1893 was published *Plato and Platonism*. Plato has given us his 'theory of ideas'—divine types or forms of material objects, which ideas are alone real and permanent, while individual material things are but their ephemeral and imperfect imitations.

Pater thought that his greatest contribution to literature was his *Plato and Platonism*. Once he himself said, "If there is anything of mine which has a chance of surviving, I should say it was my Plato."

Gaston de Latour, a romance, remained unfinished. It is also autobiographical. Pater remained a bachelor throughout and died a bachelor on July 30, 1894.

Aesthetes and Decadents:

To Ruskin, the worship of beauty had been a religion. "It had fitted in easily with the demands of the moral and social ideals with which the Victorian age never ceased to be deeply imbued. It had tended to health and balance. Already in the Pre-Raphaelites, in spite of the pious and medieval tone which their imaginations assumed, a very different attitude was adumbrated; they made room for sensuousness by the side of enthusiasm. Swinburne, who felt their influence, glorified the beautiful with a reckless and blasphemous ardour, which seemed to adore it out of enmity to the useful gods. Through him, and through other channels as well, the French doctrine of art for art's sake was creeping into England, naturalism indeed, at one point, coincided with that principle, and like it placed the artist's activity outside of and above moral's.

Referring to this L. Cazamian has observed as follows:—

The master of this movement is Walter Pater. In his scholarly retirement, the prophet of an esoteric faith, he teaches it with an intellectual and detached zeal. It radiates out through more or less direct application, studies of civilizations and souls; on one occasion only it reveals itself unreservedly, and then, as if frightened at its own audacity, hides itself again. In this text where it is concentrated (the Conclusion to the Renaissance), its opposition to Ruskin's message is vividly brought out. The adept's duty is no longer to pursue through the efflorescence of natural forms of the divine influx, the source of strength and of harmony with the will of the universe; beauty no longer is the bissful perfection of creatures true to the law of their essence; it no longer rests like a glory, in the societies of men, upon the summits of simple austerity and of heroism. Every social moral consideration vanishes; one thing remains; the voluptuous asceticism of the sage who is to die. Life offers to the knowing, occasions of psychical intensity, to gather as many of them as possible, and to taste them all at their highest pitch, so that the flame of consciousness should burn with its full ardour, such is the secret principle of an existence that actually possesses and rules itself. Far from

giving itself away, it shall suck in the whole world, and absorb it for its own good; this devouring strain will wear it out in its turn, but death is the inevitable night, whose coming is delayed, but not prevented, by the mean thrift of thankless virtues; and nothing matters but the violence of the fire in which an ephemeral energy is irradiated by its very destruction.

This consistent hedonism does not stop short of its ultimate stage; it shakes off all the chains with which society and the hygiene of souls have loaded the skilful search for pleasure; unmindful of the collectivity, it makes for the death of the individual along a path blossoming with roses and strewn with ashes. It is indistinguishable from the restrained and penetrating pessimism which FitzGerald had enclosed in three hundred immortal lines. More ascetic outwardly, it lingers less on the smiling aspects of epicureanism; it is urged by a more anxious impatience for life; it widens, too, the field of voluptuousness, introduces abundantly into it the emotions of knowledge. But it teaches no other wisdom; its aroma no less surely benumbs all the illusions or the beliefs which connect the life of one being with something beyond itself.

Pater did not always write, or think either, it seems, at that pitch, on other occasions his doctrine dwells on the contemplation, the analysis of beautiful forms; or even he brings into it an element which alters and amends it. *Marius, the Epicurean* seems to spiritualize the search for pleasure as far as sacrifice pure and simple.

Such an extension of the principle no doubt implies, that hedonism is diversified with new shades; that into it is admitted a superior quality, which ordinary perception is no longer by itself competent to appreciate. A strange and secretive mind, Pater never explained away a touch of mystery in his life; and his adhesion to the essence of a very free form of Christianity seems to have been more than merely a matter of observance.

Thus diverted from the direct and uncompromising assertion of self, his aestheticism was spent in tasting and intensifying the joys to be reaped from the knowledge of the past and the understanding of human souls; and in order to heighten these joys, his method was to quicken in himself and others the full consciousness of all their aspects. Pater was curiously

interested in the phases of history; and chiefly in those, like the Renaissance and the beginnings of Christianity, in which men's minds were driven by a powerful eagerness, or stirred by profound conflicts, which roused impassioned tumults in them. The main object of his interest is still, even when he follows him through the picturesque surroundings where his life develops; and the measure of the artistic value of individuals is still the complexity of their character. This implies that the historian or the moralist, with him, tends to be merged in the psychologist; and the psychologist works for the benefit of the critic.

Referring to the aesthetic doctrine of Pater, Bathe and Dobree have observed in *The Victorians and After*, "Neither Newman nor Huxley was primarily concerned with 'literature', they emerged from their spheres to take their place as artists and we can return to those who figure as professional men of letters. Pater is the most significant of the later ones, and stands in the popular eye as the great exponent of the 'aesthetic' doctrine, the art for art's sake school. The movement is now regarded with tolerant contempt, but fundamentally it was sound, though its slogans overstated the case. The doctrine merely is that though art may be ultimately concerned with morals, religion and politics, and is finally to be judged in relation to a manner of living, it is itself autonomous, deals with a different grouping of emotions and has a different approach. The movement, however, became somewhat flabby and sickly; it became too much yearning after 'beauty'; it was fascinated by melody in both the physical and the moral sense. There is a good deal of the greenery-valley about it, the somewhat verdigrised langour to certain Pre-Raphaelite windows and it ended in the Macawbre of Aubrey Beardsley. It became distorted by the amoralists and, flaunted in the nineties, died out in the first decade of the new century, except perhaps in the more enduring person of Arthur Symons, who endowed with considerable intellectual force bravely kept flying the flag of a cause already decayed.

"Pater himself, however, was a moralist, in the direct line of descent from Arnold, though he wished life to be treated 'in the spirit of art'. This itself was the moral significancy of art and poetry". He was afraid of his own view that life must be caught as a series of intensely appreciative moments and that none of the moments should be sacrificed to any system

or abstract morality, so he expunged from the conclusion of the *Renaissance*, the essay in which he brilliantly stated his theory. For him art largely replaced religion; and even when after a period of flagrant antagonism to the Church he returned to the fold, what attracted him was the artistry of it—"You seem to think, Mr. Pater", Jowett said to him, "that religion is all ritual". It was, if the conclusion of *Marius, the Epicurean* is an indication. Pater, no doubt, had a considerable influence, and by no means a bad one, in educating people to a finer perception of the arts, and a realisation of their value. He continued Arnold's battle for culture, and if the result was not quite what he would have wished, that was not altogether his fault.

"Good as his essays are, and admirable as much of his criticisms are especially his essays on *Style*, on *Wordsworth* and on *Coleridge*, where he ceases to be impressionistic and becomes analytical, his great achievement was the *Imaginary Portraits*, with which we may include *Gaston de Latour*. The *Renaissance* was a fine piece of work but the *Imaginary Portraits* are living recreations of personalities, in a peculiar form, half short story and half essay, which owe a good deal of their effect to the careful modulations of the prose. It is the fashion now to look down on Pater and to abominate his prose ; if his prose is langorous, it is with the langour of an athlete at rest. He is the conscious prose artist of the period; he had a good ear, and respect for words; and though he is not a model to be followed, there is much to be learnt from him."

Inferior only to Ruskin and Rossetti in his influence upon the aesthetic movement was Walter Pater, a man whose work it is impossible to read without admiration tinged with a certain regret, it is so admirable from the end in view, and yet it carries so unmistakably the marks of decadence. Pater was one of those fastidious writers condemned, like Gray, by what is strongest as well as by what is weakest in their own nature to a certain meagreness of production, and his native tendency was increased by the view he took of the circumstances of the age in which he lived. Nor Arnold himself was more impressed by its complexity. 'That imaginative prose', he says, 'should be the special and opportune art of the modern world, results from two important facts about the latter—first, the chaotic variety and complexity of its interests, making the intellectual issue the really master-currents of the present

time incalculable—a condition of mind little susceptible of the restraints proper to verse of the nineteenth century has been lawless verse; and secondly, on all pervading naturalism, a curiosity about everything whatever as it really is, involving a certain humility of attitude cognate to what must, after all, be the less ambitious form of literature'. This passage from the essay on *Style* belongs to the later period of Pater's authorship; but the ideas were his from the start, and it is evident that the man who was thus impressed by the complexity of the issues, and humbled by the wide range of curiosity was not at liberty to rush prematurely into print, or to be very copious and facile as an author. His earliest contribution to literature was the essay on Coleridge, first printed in 1866; and from that date onwards he slowly produced the papers gathered together in *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (1873), *Imaginary Portraits* (1887), *Appreciations* (1889), *Plato and Platonism* (1893), *Greek Studies* (1895), and *Miscellaneous Studies* (1895). These were the outcome of lectures which he delivered with almost as much suffering as Carlyle, though lecturing was part of the business of Pater's life. His most ambitious, and on the whole his greatest work, *Marius, the Epicurean* (1885), was the fruit of six years of the most concentrated labour he ever gave; *Gaston de Latour* (1896) which might have rivalled *Marius*, remained unfinished at his death.

With the exception of *Marius*, the lectures on Plato and the unfinished *Gaston de Latour*, the whole of Pater's work belongs to the class of miscellaneous writings, and formally it is critical rather than creative; but, though the subjects are various, the impression conveyed is remarkably uniform. All that Pater wrote is as deeply marked with the personality of the writer as is the work of Ruskin himself. In both cases we may doubt whether the interpretation of the critic would have been accepted by the artist; but also in both the cases the work has a value independent of the question of the soundness of the interpretation. We may reasonably think Pater's description of *La Gioconda* over-wrought, we may suspect that it puts too much into the picture, we may even doubt whether it be or not, as an interpretation of Leonardo, wholly misleading; but even so, it remains a very beautiful piece of writing and in itself a valuable work of art. Pope's *Homer* may not be Homer's, but if it is a 'very pretty poem' it has a solid value of its own.

Pater illustrates the complexity of the age, which so deeply possessed him, but the multitude of strands which are twined together in his own work, the Middle Ages and the Italian Renaissance, painting and poetry, classicism and romanticism, all contribute to it. No one carries the suggestion of more numerous and more various writers. Traces of Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites are less numerous than might be expected for, though Pater had many sympathies in common with them; his methods were different. Breaths or whiffs of Sir Thomas, Browne and Lamb and Hawthorne and Arnold, widely different as they are from one another and from Pater, are also born by his sentences. And yet through all this he remains highly original and individual. Few writers are more completely non-dramatic than Pater. Whatever the character he depicts, it is always really Pater who appears upon the canvas. This is true of all the *Imaginary Portraits*, of *The Child in the House*, of *Emerald Uthwart*, and of *Marius, the Epicurean*. The mirror which Pater holds up to nature is one which can reflect only himself. There is nothing in the least degree objective in his work; it is hardly too much to say that the whole of it, whether intentionally or not, is auto-biographic. The very artists and poets whom he passes in review have to take his colour and it may be questioned whether he ever succeeds in putting himself in the place of the man he criticises. Hence he is best when he deals with men who have a large share of his own introspective, brooding nature, and he is unsatisfactory in dealing with a genius of the free and objective type, like Shakespeare. It can hardly be doubted that the elaborate passage in which he describes the effect of Oxford upon Uthwart is a transcript from his own experience. Uthwart, except through association, less when he is among them than in retrospect. But then, it was almost retrospect even now, with an anticipation of regret, in rare moments of solitude, perhaps, when the oars splashed far up the narrow streamlets through the fields on May evenings among the fritillaries—does the reader know them, that strange remnant just here of a richer extinct flora—dry flowers, though with a drop of dubious honey in each. Snakes' heads, the rude call them, for their shape, scale-marked too, and in colour like rusted blood as if they grew from some forgotten battlefield; the bodies, the rotten armour—yet delicate, beautiful, waving proudly.

In case of Pater, the personal equation is a thing for which liberal allowance must be made, and his judgment both of painters and of writers command themselves rather to a coterie than to the world at large. They are in short, 'appreciations' rather than judgments. There is, however, another aspect to Pater's critical work. He can hardly be called technically a philosopher; his *Plato and Platonism* is essentially an attempt to get at the thought through sympathy with the thinker; and so far as he deals with abstract principles, he prefers principles of the emotional nature to principles of the understandings. But few have written more wisely upon style, and the sentence in which he concentrates the essence of his doctrine is unimpeachable—"Say, what you have to say, what you have a will to say, in the simplest, the most direct and exact manner possible, with no surplusage—there is the justification of the sentence so fortunately born, 'entire, smooth, and round', that it needs no punctuation, and also (that is the point) of the most elaborate period, if it be right in its elaboration. —(*Appreciations*).

Few again, have more wisely discriminated between the romantic and classical elements in literature. He finds the essential elements of the romantic spirit to be 'curiosity and love of beauty', that of the classical spirit, 'a comely order.' He quotes with qualified approval Stendhat's saying that "all good art was romantic in its day', and his own love for and affinity to the romantic spirit is obvious. But the true function of Pater is to make the romantic once more classical, superimpose the 'comely order' upon beauty, and in doing so inevitably to reduce the strangeness. This he does almost in spite of himself, and yet with the approval of his own judgment. The influence of Goethe upon him is due to his sense that Goethe, too, in a far larger way, did the same. In the essay on *Winckelmann* he points out that Goethe illustrates the union of the romantic spirit with Hellenism, and the preponderance of the Hellenic element. Of this union, says Pater, 'the art of the nineteenth century is the child.' His point of view, therefore, is similar to that of Arnold, but that which breathes from the outer world Arnold brings, is never felt in Pater. He is cloistered—a recluse looking out from the windows of a college upon a world in which he has no part or lot. The whole moral atmosphere of the two men is almost different. Pater, from the first to last, is epicurean, while through the playful

banter of Arnold, there is always audible the undertone of stoicism—(*Hugh Walker*).

Walter Pater as a Critic:

Pater occupies a very important place in the history of English criticism. Referring to this Saintsbury has observed in his book, *A History of English Criticism*; "To assert too positively that Mr. Walter Pater was the most important English critic of the last generation of the nineteenth century, that he stands to the generation is a relation resembling those of Coleridge to the first, and Arnold to the latter part of the second—would no doubt cause grumbles. The kingdom of Criticism has been of old compared to that of Poland and perhaps there is no closer point of resemblance than the way in which critics like Polacks, cling to the Nei Pozwalan, to the liberum Veto. So, respecting this Jus Polonioe, let us say that those are fair reasons for advancing Mr. Pater to such a position while admitting that he is somewhat less than either of his fore-runners.

His minority consists certainly not in faculty of expression, wherein he is the superior of both, nor in fineness of appreciation, in which he is at least the equal of either but rather in a certain eclectic and composite character, a want of definite four-square originality, which has been remarkably and increasingly characteristic of the century itself. In one point, indeed, he is almost entitled to the highest place, but his claim here rests rather on a frank avowal and formulation of what everybody had always more or less admitted, or by denying had admitted the acceptance of it by mankind, at-large to wit the pleasure-giving quality of literature. Even he, however resolute Hedonist as he was, falters sometimes in this respect—is afraid of the plain doctrine that the test of goodness in literature is simply and solely the spurt of the match when the soul of the writer touches the reader's soul, the light and the warmth that follow.

In two other main peculiarities or properties of his, we will not say confusion, but deliberate blending of different arts in method and process, and the adoption (modifying it, of course, by his own genius) of the doctrine of the single word, he is again more of a transmitter than of a kindler of the torch. The first proceeding had been set on foot by Fessing in the very act of depreciating and exposing clumsy and blind anticipations of it; the second was probably taken pretty straight from

Flaubert. But in the combination of all three, in the supplements of mother wit, and, above all, in the clothing of the whole with an extraordinary sympathetic and powerful atmosphere of thought and style—in these things he stands quite alone, and nearly as much so in his formulation of that new critical attitude which we have seen in the process of development ever since the Romantic uprising.

Pater does not belong to the category of formal and professional critics. Referring to this Aldington has observed in his introduction to the selected works of Walter Pater: Fundamentally Pater was neither Prose-Poet nor critic, but something in between the two, with the critic or at any rate the man of letters predominating. The fact that good literary critics are rarer than good poets need not cause either elation or depression, and rather too much has been made of it. After all, Galapagos tortoises which are ugly or much rare than antelopes which are very attractive. On the other hand, the multitude of literary critics who are not good is enormous and oppressive, specially since they naturally rate their own ungraceful carpings above the work of people who can produce other types of writing, which results in a sort of intellectualist Gresham's Law —bad writing drives out good. Probably the happy and healthy state for arts of all kinds is neither in the monastery nor in the lecture-room, but in the workshop where criticism is chiefly by emulation, and successful criticism consists in doing a good thing better.

In spite of wars and revolution and the exigencies of common man we still have (by what miracle?) an immense amount or art and literature inherited from the past. As long as there is any system for this heritage, it will need curators and critics, above all critics with the rare gifts of appreciation and interpretation. Among the defects of criticism we must deplore the acrimonious tone and the dogmatic precept as if a critic were an eighteenth century school-master with a disordered liver and a too active one. There have been too many fusty or frivolous pedants giving forth dogmatic rules of literary and artistic procedure in matters where they were ludicrously incompetent. To this many gifted men in the nineteenth century added an intolerable love and preaching. Outbidding the melancholy Jacques they saw sermons in everything and pitilessly delivered them. Of such was the kingdom of Coleridge, Ruskin, and a multitude who did not possess their remarkable gifts.

Acrimonious criticism is a kind of literary cock-fighting and one can only deplore the fact that a luminous poet like Pope should have wasted so much time, ability and nervous energy on a purely negative work, the *Dunciad.* The retaliation no doubt was richly deserved but it only immortalised the people, it was supposed to destroy.

The criticism of precept may be traced far back through European writings to the '*Poetics*' of Aristotle, a work in some respects of extraordinary merit, though it contains statements of very doubtful validity, and abounds in verities a '*La Palisse*' including two whole sections on the most elementary facts of speech and grammar. With Aristotle analytic generalisation tends to become precept, and instead of saying, this is what the poets do, he says or implies, this is what poets ought to do. From this arose the belief in rules and the 'critic' in the role of a birch-bearing dominie whose duty it was to flog erring creative courtiers. Hence the brutalities of the old Quarterly, Edinburgh Blackwood's, of Jeffery and Gifford, Croker and Lockhart, this will never do; back to your gallpots.

A quite different tendency may be traced to Longinus, who showed clearly that the aim of literature (and of the other arts) is to give intellectual pleasure, and hence no art needs to be justified by supposed secondary utilities. Quality is determined not by rules and experts, but by the response of the audiences for whom the specific work is intended, and this is not the result of following formulas but of gifted and powerful personalities. Thus, Longinus (whoever he was) started the opposite kind of criticism—the criticism of enthusiasm, appreciation, interpretation, showing what is admirable rather than what is supposed to need reprehension. The object of Longinus, is not critical legislation by the attainment and sharing of the highest forms of intellectual enjoyment. Above all, he avoids wasting time on such flimsy paradoxes as Aristotle's arguments to prove that poetry is more serious and scientific than History.

Though Pater was obviously of the party of Longinus, he never quotes him as far as I recollect, while he often quotes Aristotle and was much influenced by Platonic ideas. The chief influence on Pater was not of any writer of antiquity, but Goethe. Though hardly a professional critic, Goethe could not speak or write on any topic of art and literature without hitting off some vivid suggestion, some highly important and

profound remark. His criticism is all the better for being mostly free from the apparatus and pretence of formal criticism, specially as he tends always to raise the subject from specialist and pedantic interests to a wide serene world of universal culture. Informal criticism has produced some of the critical masterpieces of your own literature—the defences of poetry by Sidney and Shelley, the Francis Thomson's essay on Shelley, Wordsworth's and Arnold's prefaces, and, more recently, the slangy, erratic, but highly original remarks on American Literature by D. H. Lawrence."

Oliver Elton considers Pater as the greatest English critic, since Coleridge has observed in his book, *A Survey of English Literature*, Vol. I. Many of our critics have walked on the high road of life, and written for all men in the language of the world. Such was Dryden and ruch, when he dropped long words, was Johnson, for their pages, and in Matthew Arnold's too, there is abundance of fresh air, and the want of fresh air is the great deficiency in Walter Pater, and a source of the discomfort which he causes to most readers, unless they are like himself. Yet he is our greatest critic since Coleridge. He left behind him a little creative writing, and sheaf of what he called appreciations. Time has little dulled or worn that fabric; it is dyed too fast. What Pater may have lost by his esoteric and not wholly healthy habit of mind, and his indifference to the broad energies of mankind, he more than recovers by his delicacy of sense and his unimpeded concentration. Much of Matthew Arnold's writing is, to use his own agreeable phrase, 'touched with caducity.' He was very English, and he could not keep off politics. Pater was rewarded for knowing so well what he could do. His influence stole out from a narrow circle, it has never reached the larger public, but it has never retreated.

He has given a clear account of discipline of mind and sensibility—that is required for the aesthetic critic—that is for himself. An early paper called Diaphaneite shadows forth an ideal of character and culture now and afterwards, in the accent that others keep for words like 'graces of holiness'. In writing of Coleridge, he celebrates the 'relative spirit' which shuns fixed principles in metaphysic or criticism and tries to see life and art in their complexities, taking each belief or mental product, each poem or school of painting, as it comes; not judging it by canon, but considering how it may have

grown, what human need or emotion it may serve, and how far it attains full or appropriate expression. All this the critic exists to feel, and then he has to find words for his feeling; thus acquiring, like Goethe, it may be hoped, a sense by which no touch of the world of form, colour, and passion is disregarded, and further an intellectual finesse of which the ethical result is a delicate and tender justice in the criticism of human life', a phrase to be recalled by those who may fancy that Pater was at any time a true Cyrenaic.

This view is developed in *Winckelmann* (1867) in the light of the supposed teaching of Goethe. Extract, by hard study, the secret of every form of culture and enjoy it 'with a kind of passionate coldness reaching the supreme, artistic view of life.' The Greeks will lead you that way if they are well understood. In the *Renaissance* the cult is defined, in terms suggested by Aristotle. The virtue of 'all works of art' and the fairer forms of nature and human life lies in the impression of pleasure, that they give. Pater did himself some wrong in the sentences, afterwards cancelled, in which he seemed to reduce the quest of life itself to series of disconnected moments of pleasure. Apart from any false psychology involved his own creed implies a strict perception of the differences of spiritual or artistic quality between pleasures. This is clear enough in his *Study* (1874) of Wordsworth. He still no doubt uses the Vintner's terms; we are to find the poet's peculiar savour; or the play-goer's—we value art and poetry as they afford the spectacle of the concentrated presentment of the passion, and this we are to witness with appropriate emotions. But when he comes to the analysis, it is after all the solemn and spiritual parts of Wordsworth that are defined and his purer gift and the pleasure of the spectacle becomes nothing less than the sharing of that life of impassioned contemplation, which is judged by Wordsworth himself to be the highest of his country folk. We hear, for example:

Breaking from time to time into the pensive spectacle of their daily toil, their occupations near to nature, come those great elementary feelings, lifting and solemnising their language and giving it natural music. The great distinguishing passion came to Michael by the sheepfold, to Ruth by the wayside, adding these humble children of the furrow to the true aristocracy of passion souls.

A sort of Biblical depth and solemnity hangs over this strange, new passionate pastoral world, of which he first raised the image and the reflection of which some of our best modern fiction has caught from him.

So with Shakespeare. We are told that he too, sits as a spectator, and knows how the threads in the design before him hold together the surface as he watches (in the way that the critic should imitate) the course of events in his *Measure for Measure* (1874). There seem to be two fallacies in this. First of all, you simply sit aloof, and also have the appropriate emotions, combining enjoyment with detachment. 'Plunge in Man', we exclaim and take your share (be sure that Shakespeare did so before he earned his right if he ever claimed it to sit on the bank and look on). Plunge in trouble about things and you will get the unexpected emotions enough that way whether appropriate or not. Else you will exclude life itself from the fine art of living. Secondly,. contemplation is the same thing as detachment. None the less, Pater's account of Angelo or of Isabella, and of the finer justice involved in the issue and of the varying levels of workmanship in the plot, continues or revives, the great tradition of Shakespearean criticism.

For he is always proclaiming his cult, and always rising well above it, so that it does not do him much harm, in its cruder shape it was by no means good for everybody. By sheer sensibility and wits or perhaps through some human experience of his own, Pater winds deep into the spirit of Wordsworth or Raphael or Sir Thomas Browne. His actual organ of criticism is only half indicated in his theory. Moreover the theory is quite half true; for all the romantic critics, and many others, had said that pleasure is the end of art, as knowledge is the end of science. Aristotle had spoken of the special pleasure, of one or another art and the principle is duly extended to this or that writer or production. It was the slightly perverse formulation of this truth, and the mannered bushed style of Pater's language and his Epicurean prose that bred suspicion and diverted the reader from his real gift. Also he talked about art and beauty in a way which is not easy to avoid while expounding him, but which makes us feel that the words require a rest. Some of the Pre-Raphaelite group do the like; and his essay, afterwards withdrawn and certainly rather turgid, on Aesthetic Poetry (written as early as 1868) may be his tribute to that

connexion, along with one on Dante Gabriel Rossetti written in 1883 which is much maturer.

The appreciative temper, in itself, might not seem to favour the quest for principles, it fears to hamper itself by discovering rules. But this anxiety is vain, for mankind must needs seem for universals, and if you or I find ourselves brought up short in that direction, it only means that we have not the requisite philosophical intelligence. Pater is not thus checked, he has an aesthetic and a poetic instinct of his own. He does not like Aristotle and Hegel, exalt the drama, but he sees in music the perfect type of all art, precisely because in music it is impossible to distinguish the form from the substance or matter. Not fulness, then of matter, but independence of matter, is the criterion of rank in an art. Thus poetry is all literary production which attains the power of giving pleasure by its form as distinct from its matter, all invention, be it in verse or prose, being thus included. Later criticism has shown up the equivocations lurking in this distinction. How can you enjoy the form of Michael apart from its matter? You cannot enjoy even the metre by itself, you can enjoy Lucretius apart from his scientific purpose but that is only a part of his matter. Substance is not the same as purpose. Afterwards Pater insisted more fully on the natural frontiers between poetry and prose. In his essay on *Style*, which is a classic in spite of some over-consideration and obscurity, he vindicates prose as a fine art, and as one specially distinctive in its surprising developments, of art of the nineteenth century. It is his own art, and the ideal that he sets forth which reveals his own way of working. This is the well-known cult of unique word—the word which alone is absolutely proper to the single mental presentation or vision within. Search as Flaubert did for this word, or idiom or figure, or cadence or rather wait for it; it is itself waiting somewhere, where, in whose mind, or in what Platonic overworld, is too curious a question. This theory has come to be associated, not quite fairly, with a slow and painful attitude in composing; the pace, however, is not the real question, and Pater himself well sees that Scott's facility, Flaubert, deeply pondered evocation of the phrase are equally good art. In one way, namely, in his respect for structure, Pater is a good Aristotelian like Matthew Arnold. How wholesome, he says, is the intellectual satisfaction given for instance by the evolution and spacing of Lycidas. In Pater's own writings there is

the concern for structure everywhere. It is easy to connect it with his attention to composition in painting and sculpture.

His readings of the writers and painters mark a renewal in English criticism or rather a recovery of that direct sympathy and understanding which we associate with Lamb and his companions, and Matthew Arnold, with his caprices and ex-cathera sentences, had a little interrupted. Pater was more widely read, and more steadily trained, than the Romantic writers, and thus retrieves some of his inferiority to them, in spirit and passion. He had also, more than most of them the philosophic bent. Not indeed, in the way or the measure of Coleridge, whom he portrays as only defeated and distracted by his long pilgrimage towards metaphysical truth, Pater studies, while he abjures, metaphysics but he studies them, not for the solutions they offer but as an ineradicable mode of expression for certain needs of the soul. This point of view is not enough for the philosopher who indeed usually neglects it; but the critic may carry it far. For, if he does not affirm, neither does he refute. He only seeks to understand. Pater's study of Pascal (1884) is a good example of this attitude. The Jesuit doctrines of forbearance do but formulate two deeply-rooted eternally recurrent aspects or types of character, and one of them finds it born exponent in a great writer, Pascal. You seem to think that religion is all idolatry. The interpretations of Bruno (in *Gaston de Latour*) and of Spinozism (in *Sebastian van Stork*) owe their value to this, the truly 'relative' method. Still Pater is more at ease with Montaigne and with the poets and fantasts. They have no systems, the question of whose validity he might be taxed with eluding and yet they are charged with thought which is moulded in turn by emotion and coloured by temperament, and which therefore is judged, in the long run, by its expression and here the aesthetic critic is unshackled.

In approaching the Renaissance, Pater does not claim to do the work of the excavator, or the professional 'expert'. Some errors of detail in connoisseurship have been found in his book. Nor does he try like the orderly historian to show the whole story in perspective. He leaves a great deal out. For instance, while making it plain that the Pre-Renaissance, as we may call it, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries reached far beyond France, he does not touch on the premonitions of it,

which can be traced in England at that time. He makes studies, he takes half a dozen typical great figures, Leonardo, Pico, Michelangelo, and paints each of them on a rather small canvas every inch of it crowed. He makes Bollis Celli's Venus, or Leonardo's head the subject of a poem, or lyrical page, of his own. There are the burnished passages which made the book famous, justly enough but somewhat to the obscuring of its intellectual force and grasp.

For it is a study, though not a systematic steady outlook on the various clashes, intermixtures, and attempted re-conciliations of thought that marked the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The mythology of the artists compounded of sacred and profane, the play of Platonism on Christianity, of science upon art, of Rome upon the Pleiade are handled with a sure instinct. Winckelmann is a study of the Greek Renaissance in Germany two centuries later. The Renaissance, properly so called, is again presented in the address on Raphael: the delicate not strong but carrying voice of the lecturer is still in the ears of those who heard it delivered at Oxford in 1892. Ronsard, who figures in the essay on Du Bellay, appears in Gaston, where the physiognomies of Montaigne and Bruno also come in, bringing the survey down to late in the sixteenth century.

Of the three Shakespearean studies, that on Measure for Measure has the sharpest edge, and it is a truly noble piece of criticism; bringing out not only the atmosphere and poetry and the disconcerting inequalities of the play, but also, with unexpected force, Shakespeare's power of moral interpretation never more fully tasked than here. Among Pater's *Appreciations*, it stands high as revealing the quantities for which we otherwise turn to Marius or the Child in the House—the scene of pathos and humanity; for which his Epicurean theories even at their best, are too flimsy a vessel. Shakespeare's English Kings comes next; and Sir Frank Benson's subtle performance of Richard, the Second, is the best comment on Pater's picture of the royal aesthetic, enjoying the pangs of the lovely poetry which he makes out of his own weakness. As to Love's Labour's Lost, the light world of that play and its sportful sentiment receive justice, perhaps for the first time. As to the studies of Charles Lamb and Sir Thomas Browne, it is enough to guess how Lamb himself would have admired their handiwork; it resembles his own, in so far as both writers are trackers with an

Indian's eye and ear for trifles, a breath, a fallen twig, a half effaced trail that will carry them to the retreat of the quarry.

The leading motive of Browne's letter (letter to a friend) is the deep impression he has received during these vitals, of a sort of physical beauty in the coming of death, with which he still surprises and moves his reader. There had been, in this case, a tardiness and reluctancy in the circumstances of dissolution, which had permitted him, in the character of the physician, as it were, to assist at spiritualising of the bodily frame by natural process; a wonderful new type of a kind of mortified frame being involved by the way. The spiritual body had anticipated the formal moment of death; the alert soul, in that tardy decay changing its vesture gradually, and as if piece by piece. The infinite future had invaded this life perceptively, the senses like the ocean felt far inland up a tidal river.

There is much in this of Lamb's perceptiveness, and also of his instinctive, never servile echo of the style of the writer who happens to be before him. Pater, of course, has a learning, and has an intellectual and historical point of view, which are denied, but not required by the belated Elizabethan.

In this criticism, Pater is never tempted artificially to separate the soul from the body of Literature, the idea from the expression, because he is alive to both of them equally, and also to their co-texture. Herein is his strength; for if the mere study of ideas ignores art, the mere study of expression ignores the roots of expression itself, and therefore mutilates art. On the other hand, it is true that in some kinds of art, such as the lyrical, the element of ideas may be at a minimum, and the result is still poetry, very much poetry; while the study of ideas in themselves is the affair of Philosophy or history, whose conclusions need not be stated in terms of art, or in literary form at all. For the critic, therefore, it is the worse extreme to neglect the form. But Pater is not faced with such a choice of evils. His power of seeing both sides is well-discovered in the *Post-Script* to *Appreciations*, originally published in 1876 as *Romanticism:* it is a well-known attempt to define the term and his phrase the 'union of strangeness and beauty' has become current since. More properly, it is the addition of strangeness to beauty over and beyond the classical quality of order in beauty, that constitutes the romantic character in art: the root instinct at work being

that of curiosity. This, no doubt, is one of the historic notes as Cardinal Newman might have said, of that view or revived ingredient in our modern literature, which we trace from the time of the poet Collins onwards. But then it is only one of the 'notes', and those who have worked out over the ground may well become shy of using the term romantic at all, since it covers so many phenomena, and moreover has to be defined in opposition to the term 'classical' which itself has half a dozen senses themselves well-discerned in Pater's essay. Still, strange beauty is clearly the quality that Pater himself felt most keenly, and liked most in this body of literature.

Referring to Pater as a critic Cazamian has observed in History of English Literature, "Pater as a critic is eminent. His method is that impressionism which Hazlitt and Lamb had brilliantly illuminated. His institution, no less acute, is still more personal than theirs, in so far as it is more limited, exclusively governed by the feeling of his own powers in so far, too as it readily utilizes semi-conscious states—the dim regions of the inner world, and as his judgments more often are a divination of the obscure parts and of the reverse side of the souls. Penetration, to that degree, has a touch of the morbid; many will deem it disquieting. It is made up of too composite a sympathy. Whatever the case may be the 'appreciations' of Pater are recreations, the substance of which is, we feel, drawn from himself. This subjective attitude is accentuated in the imaginary 'portraits' which borrow nothing from reality but germs, suggestions or types and which through their central method are more than half-way approximations to the novel. Pater's critical studies do not aim at completeness nor at a cautious and unexceptionable accuracy; they seize upon moral and thus usually subtle and hidden elements of the individualities of writers or artists and thus critical with those elements the particular modes and special accounts of their arts. These studies are far from accounting for everything; they do not leave the reader's mind fully satisfied, and do not always carry conviction. But few are the cases in which they do not strike us as a sort of second sight, deciphering through a transparent medium, the sub-conscious impulses at the root of expressions and forms. One might point to famous pages impulses at such as the analysis of the gioconda's smile—which can hardly have been written but under the sway of illumination that is almost a mystic state.

Pater's Conception of Art and Morality:

When we distinguish between art and morals we do not mean that the life of art is in its nature different from other kinds of life; that it is made up of ideas peculiarly its own which dwell aloof in some starry world reserved for poets, painters, or musicians. Art is the more itself in proportion as it is quick with real life, or imparts to ordinary life its choice but not alien spirit. It is in the *mode* of its activity that it is distinct. The actions of the moralist are considered excellent as the means to an end. The activity of art is its own end.

"To treat life in the spirit of art, is to make like a thing in which means and ends are identified," writes Walter Pater in his essay on Wordsworth; and he adds: "to encourage such treatment, is the true moral significance of art and poetry." The work of the great poets is "not to teach lessons, or enforce rules, or even to stimulate us to noble ends; but to withdraw the thoughts for a little while from the mere machinery of life, to fix them, with appropriate emotions, on the spectacle of those great facts in man's existence which no machinery affects." In contrast with Ruskin, Pater almost reverses the order of values. Art is no longer the servant, but is to be the master, the highest morality will be to enable as much as possible of life to be lived in the spirit of the artist.

For Pater the problem of literature is the manner in which it represents an approach to life; and the whole task of criticism is to approach literature in the same way. Literature and arts for him are not merely a part of life; they seem to become the whole of life in so far as it is lived in the finer way of the spirit, and in so far as it is objectively expressed. When Plato was seeking to discover the principles of justice, he looked for them "writ large" in the life of the State. When Walter Pater is searching for the principles of art, he looks for them, writ large, in the spiritual life of the artist—the greater whole out of which each poem, or novel, or painting or sculpture, or symphony is brought to birth. The story of *Marius, the Epicurean* is the story of this rarefied experience presented as a continuous evolution, the soul-experience of a man who with scrupulous thoroughness lives the artist's life. If Marius were just a man, if he were indeed a flesh-and-blood person whom we were to meet every day in life, or even in

ordinary fiction, we might feel his lack of full-bloodedness, an uncanny monkishness in his complete indifference to the work-a-day affairs of the world. He is a thing of light and of shadow, and disembodied thought—disconcerting indeed to the common man.

Yet, as we read, we do not miss this common humanity in him. We do not have to suppose that any Marius lived just, or only, the life that Pater has so sparingly given his hero. How indeed could *experience* be so rich, so varied, so coloured, while it was so "attentively" studied, for Marius, if it had been at all times so "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"? But Pater has aimed only at unfolding the spiritualized side of him. The life he is presenting is emblematic. It is his purpose to trace that finer thread of pure gold in the artist's life, which, as seen in Marius, may be conceived as the stuff of which art is made. The work of Wordsworth suggests for Pater "an absolute duality between higher and lower moods", and this means that much of his poetry gives expression to a commoner side of him which was not poetic at all, though doubtless necessary to him in order that he should be a man. (The poet, after all, must be a man before he can be a poet.) Well, that common side, which exists in all real, tolerable man, is not shown in Marius. That is because Pater, here, is not concerned with all humanity only when it is listening to the music of the spheres—humanity at its highest point of sensibility and apprehensiveness, realizing the fullest potentiality of its own character—humanity when it is in the mood either to create fine art, or to appreciate it to the utmost.

"Marius", in the main, is a study of that course of life in which experience is consciously pursued for its own sake. How marvellous an evidence it is of the artistic genius of Pater that he should have been able so to treat the abstract principles of art—terribly dead intellectual matter for most of us—as to make them live almost like persons, just as he himself observes that the philosopher Plato talked of and loved abstract ideas as if they were persons. Pater, if anyone, may serve to persuade us that we are right in saying that criticism may be an art whose subject is literature or the thoughts of artists. The thoughts of Marius stand forth for us to be looked at like curious stones in a collection, tangible, bright without ceasing to be '*thoughts*'. They are the thoughts as of one resting in a

boat on a river, alive to all sounds and impressions, whose ear is quick to hear the faint, distant plashing of an unseen oar on still waters.

We must stay with Pater for a moment in company with this strange, interesting Marius, who may stand for us as a type of the man who is, above all things, "attentive" to life, seeking that in it which will enrich the spirit, and resolved to get from the experience of religion, speculation, or literature just so much as each can contribute to his careful art of living. We observe with what youthful earnestness the mind of the boy, Marius, is open to the ceremonial influence of the ancient, but now artificial, Roman religion. We see him in contact with the austerity, the discipline, of the Stoics; and again, attracted by the mystical teachings of those who professed to expound Platonism. But he does not fall a prey to that "enervating mysticism." From its fascinating influence he is delivered by his virility, by his "hatred of what was theatrical", and by "the feeling, increasing with his advance to manhood, of a poetic beauty in mere clearness of thought, the actually aesthetic charm of a cold austerity of mind, as if the kinship of that to the clearness of physical light were something more than a figure of speech". He begins to conceive of himself as the "passive spectator of the world around him", and at the age of eighteen, turning from poetry to the "literature of thought", he began to seclude himself from others "in a severe intellectual meditation, that salt of poetry, without which all the more serious charm is lacking to the imaginative world". It was at this age that he felt he must "determine his bearings, as by compass, in the world of thought", bent on going into affairs and ascertaining his outlook, without disguises. And so from Epicurus he passes back to old Heraclitus, and through the doctrine of "perpetual flux", learns to correct the false impression of permanence or fixity in things", and to feel scorn for a "careless, half-conscious, 'use-and-wont' reception of our experience", guiding himself by "loyalty to cool and candid reason, which makes strict attentiveness of mind a kind of religious duty and service", *Attentiveness*. How Pater holds to that word! And how much it signifies in his account of the artist-critic's life!

From Heraclitus it was an easy step to the Protagorean doctrine of "man as the measure of all things", which had

value for Marius as giving him something to rely on," the exclusive certainty to himself of his own impressions." And thence again to Aristippus of Cyrene, whose theory that "things are but shadows" became no languid nihilism, as it might have been, and "generated neither frivolity nor sourness, but induced, rather, an impression, just serious enough, of the call upon men's attention of the crisis in which they find themselves". It became a stimulus to activity and an "inextinguishable thirst after experience," as understood by this "happily constituted Greek," who turned its hard, bare truths "into precepts of grace, and delicate wisdom, and a delicate sense of honour." The Cyrenaic doctrine gave him the "initiation" to which he aspired, and left him equipped, when he was sent back to experience, to the world of things seen and heard and felt, with a wonderful machinery of observation, and free from the tyranny of mere theories."

We shall not forget that *Marius, the Epicurean*, though not quite a novel, is an imaginary portrait, and that the subject of it (living in a grown-up period of the world's history which Pater conceived to be rather like our own) is not explicitly put before us as the type to which every true artistic temperament may be referred. And yet, the more we read Pater's critical writings, the more I think we shall find that the artist *par excellence* whom he asks us to admire is the artist who reveals the temper of Marius; and in like manner he himself, as a critic, endeavours to approach literature in just the same contemplative, fastidious, curious spirit in which Marius approached life. Art and the appreciation of it are not for him easily reducible to closely fixed principles; they are rather a matter of temper better illustrated through the personality of such a one as Marius then described in philosophic terms. He requires a mind that should be "free" from the tyranny of mere theories", and yet full of thought; free as a cluster of leaves to rustle in response to every movement of beauty, and yet disciplined, austere. The lighter side of Epicureanism—*carpe diem*—pluck the moment—"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may"—this was not enough; there are the "crises" in which men find themselves, the interesting turning points in this and that series of events, which should be taken seriously in proportion as they will repay the attention of a thoughtful, sensitive and disciplined mind. The dull inex-

pressiveness of "use-and-wont" is pushed away to a back place in life; mere convention is given only the small value it deserves; the convictions which others value are sacrificed if they stand in the way of "that clear-eyed intellectual consistency, which is like spotless bodily cleanliness, or scrupulous personal honour". Marius, with some touch of the Stoic still lingering in his nature, but pre-eminently Epicurean, with all the graciousness of the Master of Cyrene, his openness of mind, his contemplative habit, his desire to make the most, for the enrichment always of the spirit, of all that experience can give, expresses the attitude which Walter Pater would have us bring to literature. His critical mind will be one which began, in the process of initiation, by weaning itself from dogmas, from stereotyped ways of thinking, making itself receptive to new opinions, new modes of expression. The attitude is that of the careful searcher, the explorer, the fastidious mind ever responsive to beauty wherever and in whatever form it appears, and tactful in discerning the *comeliness*, the *blithiness*, the *graciousness* (words dear to Pater) that it may carry with it.

A critic approaching literature in this manner was not likely to begin by enunciating general principles. "Critical efforts to limit are *a priori*......are always liable to be discredited by the facts of artistic production." We should no more expect Pater, at the outset, to lay down a code of aesthetic rules than Marius to arrive for the first time in Rome with a preconceived idea of the perfect capital of an empire. His way is experimental, tentative bringing the trained sensibility of a keen alert mind into contact with an author's work, the object in the first place being to find out what the work is like, and then what there is distinctive about it, and finally what in it expresses the peculiar, the unique power that is characteristic of the author and represents him at his best. Thus, in the poetry of Wordsworth he finds qualities that belong to the real Wordsworth, and inferior qualities that are a sort of "alien element" in him. What he is searching for is his "peculiar savour," his "special power"—

"Those who wish to understand his influence, and experience his peculiar savour, must bear with patience the presence of an alien element in Wordsworth's work, which never coalesced with what is really delightful in it nor underwent his special power."

And again, as in Marius, we hear of the need for an "initiation", *a discipline arcani*, to which the critic must submit himself, following patiently the dubious and often unsatisfactory paths of Wordsworth's poetry, if we are to reach the secret of his "special and privileged state of mind". It is because of the constant manifestation in him of these "higher and lower moods" that he thinks the reading of Wordsworth "an excellent sort of training towards the things of art and poetry" begetting a "habit of reading between the lines" and "a faith in the effect of concentration". Those who can bear to undergo his influence in this way "become able constantly to distinguish in art, speech, feeling, manners, that which is organic, animated, expressive from that which is only conventional, derivative, inexpressive."

The "expressive" thing, then, that which really expresses the essential personality of an author—the peculiar quality of power and meaning which is the gist of him distinguishing from everything else that ever was—this is what Walter Pater as a critic is looking for. It manifests itself in thought or sentiment, and in style—and in these two together as inseparably *one*. And when, after long pursuit of the difficult way, he comes at last to the "crises", and finds it worthy of attention he does not, after all, shrink from enunciating some principles which his laborious method has led him to.—(Scott James).

Pater's Attitude to Life:

As with all great critics, Pater considers life and art as identical. Unlike a scientist or a hard-crusted philosopher, he is an artist—a perfect artist devoted to the 'perpetual quest of the choicest perfume and savour of humanity'. To him literature and art are the outward expressions of the whole of life as it is lived in the realm of the spirit. All art is, to him, the expression of the artist's inner soul. Though he believes in the doctrine of art for art's sake, yet his conception of art is never apart from life.

To Pater, the object of life should be the pursuit of intellectual pleasure to the maximum which comes forth from the contemplation of beautiful things, specially from great works of art and literature. The aesthetic conception of Pater greatly contrasts with that of Ruskin.

To Ruskin, the feeling of beauty is independent of the senses and the intellect which originates from deep sentiments of reverence, gratitude, and joy that one experiences at the realization of God's presence in all thinking things, all objects of all thoughts. All art that was art was of divine origin. If was the "witness of the glory of God." Beauty was "dependent on a pure, right, and open state of the heart", and was accessible only to the Blessed who are "pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The view current in Plato's day was that the arts, existing as much to instruct as to please, satisfactorily fulfilled this mission. Plato challenged the view. He concluded that from their very nature they conflicted with morality, and therefore he banished them from his State. But Ruskin found that from their very nature they conflicted with morality, and he gave them his blessing. Plato condemned the arts because they were immoral; Ruskin praised them because they were superbly moral. The one drove them from the city because they were founded in the delusions of sense, the other welcomed them because they sprang from the divine Intelligence operating through the Imagination of man. The Beautiful, for Ruskin, was 'a gift of God', and this description he applied both to the desire of it, and the thing desired. All the fine arts must be 'didactic to the people, and that is their chief end'. The function of the artist was to teach nobility. In *Modern Painters* he says, "Art, properly so-called, is no recreation; it cannot be learned at spare moments, now pursued when we have nothing better to do. It is no handi-work for drawing-room tables, no relief of the *ennui* of boudoirs, it must be understood and taken seriously, or not at all."

Thus we see that the results of the arts are 'desirable or admirable in themselves and for their own sake', and that they have no taint in them of subserviency to life. By the term 'subserviency to life', Ruskin meant that part of life which is served by such things as 'houses and lands, and food and raiment'. It is only in this meaner sense of Utility that art is useless. In the higher sense it is supremely useful, in that it enables man to fulfil his real function, which is to be "the witness of the glory of

God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness." Pre-eminently useful to us is "whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us."

Referring to this Scott James has observed, "The feeling of the Beautiful, according to Ruskin, does depend on the senses, nor on the intellect, but on the heart, and is due to the sense of reverence, gratitude and joyfulness that arises from recognition of the handiwork of God in the objects of Nature. The same divine power of operating in the artist inspires him to blend or fuse his mental impressions into beautiful pictures or poems. His account of the sources of art, and in particular of the artistic Imagination, is a somewhat crude adaptation of the theory of Coleridge."

Ruskin speaks of three functions of the Imagination: First, *Imagination Associative*, "it combines, and by combination creates new forms." Secondly, *Imagination Contemplative*, "it treats, or regards, both the simple images and its own combinations in peculiar ways." Thirdly, *Imagination Penetrative*, "it penetrates, analyses, and reaches truths by no other fault discoverable."

Imagination is a prophetic action of mind', which selects certain ideas out of an infinite mass 'which are separately wrong, which together shall be right, and of whose unity, therefore, the idea must be formed at the instant they are seized.'

To Ruskin, the artist is the servant of God whose mission it is to go forth into the highways and hedges and compel men to come in. He is a teacher. He is by nature a pre-eminently "moral" man. His function is to make men better.

Ruskin's views as he stated in *Aratra Pentelici* are as follows:

1. Not only sculpture, but all the other fine arts, must be for the people.

2. They must be didactic to the people, and that is their chief end. The structural arts, didactic in their manner; the graphic arts, in their matter also.

3. And chiefly the great representative and imaginative arts—that is to say, drama and sculpture—are to teach what is noble in past history, and lovely in existing human and organic life.

4. And the test of right manner of execution in these arts, is that they strike, in the most emphatic manner, the rank of popular minds to which they are addressed.

5. And the test of utmost fineness in execution in these arts, is that they make themselves forgotten in what they represent; and so fulfil the word of their greatest Master.

"*The best, in this kind, are but shadows.*"

Thus, Ruskin declares that it is the function, the characteristic of art as art, to convey moral truths; and to say this is surely to ignore its real essence, and to obliterate the difference which distinguishes it from science and rhetoric.

"It is the business of the scientist to *learn*, *know*, and *prove*. It is the business of the rhetorician to *persuade*; of the moralist, *to teach*. It is the business of the artist to *show*. "*Life ought to be like that*", says the moralist. "*Life looks like that*", says the artist.

Scott James sums up the difference between the moralist and the artist as follows:

1. The function of the moralist is to exhort, that of the artist is to exhibit.

2. The aim of the one is to influence action, the aim of the other is to awaken perception.

3. The satisfaction of the moralist in an action always has reference to an end beyond that action; the satisfaction of the artist in the work of art is complete in itself, and knows no perfection beyond its own perfection. Art cannot be determined by the needs of action, but only by the imperative demands of vision. You can only see an image as it is, and if you attempt to falsify your vision in order to present an object 'didactic to the people' you have been treacherous to your art.

Now turning to Pater, "To treat life in the spirit of art, is to make life a thing in which means and ends are identified. To encourage such treatment is the true moral significance of art and poetry". He further says that the work of the great poets is not to teach lessons, or enforce rules, or even to stimulate us to noble ends; but to withdraw the thoughts for a little while from the mere machinery of life, to fix them, with appropriate emotions, on the spectacle of those great facts in

man's existence, which no machinery affects. In contrast with Ruskin, therefore, Pater almost reverses the order of values. Art is no longer the servant, but is to be the master; the highest morality will be to enable as much as possible of life to be lived in the spirit of the artist.

For Pater the problem of literature is the manner in which it represents an approach to life. Literature and the arts for him are not merely a part of life; they seem to become the whole of life in so far as it is lived in the finer way of the spirit, and in so far as it is objectively expressed.

Physical life, to Pater, is a constantly changing combination of natural elements and that the mental life is made of unstable, flickering, inconsistent impressions. Everything is transitory in life. "The indefinable taint of death" overshadows all things. According to him the true duty of an artist is to seize avidly the moments of physical intensity that life offers and to drink them to the leas while they are still at their intensest. We should make the best of our time, before we have to embrace the eternal end. This intellectual hedonism of Pater when taken independent and exclusive of all social and ethical pre-occupations becomes his philosophy of life.

Pater said that experience was to be consciously pursued not for the fruits thereof but for its own sake. This intellectual Epicureanism of Pater becomes a pure paganism. In *conclusion* he states:

"The service of philosophy, of speculative culture, towards the human spirit, is to rouse, to startle it to life of constant and eager observations."

Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion, or insight, or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive to us for that moment only. Not the fruit of experience, but the experience itself is the end. A counted number of pulses is given to us of a variegated dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen by finest senses? How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be always present at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?

To burn always with this hard, germ-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. In a sense it may be

even said that our failure is to form habits: for, after all, habit is relative to a stereotyped world, and meantime it is only the roughness of the eye that makes any two persons, things, situations, seem alike. While all melts under our feet, we may well grasp at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colours and curious odours, or work of the artist's hand or the face of one's friend. Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the very brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening. With this sense of the splendour of our experience, and of its awful brevity, gathering all we are into one desperate effort to see and touch, we shall hardly have time to make theories about the things we see and touch. What we have to do is to be ever curiously testing new opinions and courting new impressions, never acquiescing in a facile orthodoxy of Comte, or of Hegel or of our own..............

Well, we are all condemned, as Victor Hugo says: "we are all under the sentence of death but with a sort of indefinite reprieve......we have an interval and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest at least among the children of this world', in art and song. For our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time. Great passion may give us this quickened sense of life, ecstasy and sorrows of love, the various forms of enthusiastic activity, disinterested or otherwise, which come naturally to many of us. Only be sure it is passion—that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness. Of such wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for its own sake, has the most. For art comes to you, proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for these moments' sake."

In the above extract from the *Conclusion*, suppressed from the later editions of *Renaissance*, we find Pater's theory of intellectual Epicureanism. This makes clear the following points:—

1. Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself is the end. To maintain this ecstasy is success in life.

2. Habit is relative to a stereotyped world, and meantime it is only the roughness of the eye that makes any two persons, things, situations, seem alike.

3. The only purpose of the artist in life is to make the most of the time in tasting of what is best and the most beautiful. If we devote much of the time with this sense of the splendour of our experience, we shall hardly have time to make theories about the things we see and touch.

4. The short time that is given to us by God is used by the wisest in art and song, whereas some spend it in listlessness, and some in high passions.

5. It is passion alone that yields to the multiplied consciousness. For this end, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for its own sake, has the most.

6. Art comes to us to give nothing but the highest quality to our moments as they pass, and simply for these moments' sake.

7. Conventions and conventionality should be done away with.

8. Every man's intellectual or spiritual experiences differ with that of the other. What appeals one most may be insipid to the other, but what is beautiful will appeal to all only when beauty is identical with truth.

9. "Of all instruments in life which quicken us with the consciousness of beauty in all things, the greatest and the most refined are art and literature. Free of all extraneous elements that are not of the essence of art they give us what is choicest in life for its own sake."

Pater's views are well illustrated, fully well in his greatest book *Marious, the Epicurean*. Its main interest for a student of literature is that in it Pater has discussed certain fundamental problems of literature and art, and has dealt with the life of an ideal artist. In reality it bears from the first to last a strong personal, almost autobiographical impress. Referring to this, Scott James observes, "For Pater the problem of literature is the manner in which it presents an approach to life; and the whole task of criticism is to approach literature in the same way. Literature and the art for him are not merely a part of life ; they seem to become the whole of life in so far as it is objectively expressed. When Plato was seeking to discover

the principles of justice, he looked for them 'writ large' in the life of the State. When Walter Pater is searching for the principles of art, he looks for them 'writ large' in the spiritual life of the artist—the greater whole out of which a poem, or novel, or painting, or sculpture, or sympathy is brought to birth. The story of *Marius, the Epicurean* is the story of this rarefied experience presented as continuous evolution, the soul-experience of a man who with scrupulous thoroughness lives the artist's life. If Marius were just a man, if he were indeed a flesh-and-blood person whom we were to meet every day in life, or even in ordinary fiction, we might feel his lack of full-bloodedness, and uncanny monkishness in his complete indifference to the work-a-day affairs of the world. He is a thing of light and shadow, and disembodied thought—disconcerning indeed to the common man.

Here Pater has aimed only at unfolding the spiritualised side by him. The life he is presenting is emblematic. It is his purpose to trace that finer thread of pure gold in the artist's life, which as seen in Marius, may be conceived as the stuff of which art is made. The work of Wordsworth suggests for Pater 'an absolute duality between higher and lower moods', and this means that much of his poetry gives expression to a commoner side of him which was not poetic at all, though doubtless necessary to him in order that he should be a man".

Pater's attitude to Art:

There are three characteristic qualities of literature as a whole—the *matter*, the *manner*, and the *quality* of giving pleasure. By *matter* is meant the quality of containing 'thought', of contributing to the subjective outlook upon the world; by *manner*, the quality of presenting this 'thought' by the method appropriate to the special form of literature to which the given work belongs; while if a work of literature is to give pleasure, it must be possessed of the characteristic power of a work of art. It must appeal to our imagination or produce in us that intimate sense of things which makes poetic truth more convincing—more easily assimilated by the mind—than scientific truth.

Plato was conscious of the existence of all these qualities, and he selected the conveying of thought as the most important

and commanding quality of literature, as a whole. He proposed to test the truth of a *representation* by a test which is applicable only to an *imitation*.

Aristotle, thinking that works of creative literature conveyed information to the mind in a different way from that in which works of history or philosophy did, thought that 'the best way of measuring this characteristic quality was to observe the different forms in which the poetic compositions of recognized merit were composed.'

Wordsworth has put in his theory of art that there is no system of criticism which attempts to measure new works of creative literature by rules based solely, or mainly, upon a knowledge of previously existing models. In his *Essay Supplementary* he says, "If there be one conclusion more forcibly pressed upon us than another by the review which has been given of the fortunes and fate of poetical works, it is this: that every author, as far as he is great and at the same time *original*, has had the task of *creating* the taste by which he is to be enjoyed; so has it been, so will it continue to be......The predecessors of an original genius of a high order will have smoothed the way for all that he has in common with them; and much he will have in common; but, for what is peculiarly his own, he will be called upon to clear and often to shape his own road: he will be in the condition of Hannibal among the Alps."

Wordsworth further states that such formal tests as structure of plot, perfection of metre, purity or elegance of diction, and others on which the professional critic bases his verdict of approval or condemnation cannot in themselves afford the material for a binding verdict.

"The poet writes," he says, "under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, a philosopher, but as a man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the poet and the image of things; between this and the biographer and historian there are a thousand."—(From *Observations*, prefixed to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*).

This is, therefore, clear that the power of giving pleasure by an appeal to the imagination of the reader is an essential

quality which a work of creative literature ought to possess, and this quality is one which lies outside the reach of any technical test.

Matthew Arnold put before him the great object of a literary genius 'to interpret—to gather up all the facts which are of use as indicating the special conditions of the author's personality and the special motives of his work, and then of tracing the connection between these conditions and the excellences or defects which characterize his work.'

Arnold has enunciated certain principles of general application, as follows:—

1. There is a close connection between the author and the age in which he lives; and in every work of creative literature two distinct factors can be discerned—the personality of the writer and the mental atmosphere of the age.

2. Poetry is a 'criticism of life.' That is to say, that the poet or novelist by creating ideal pictures of life provides an ideal standard with which the facts of real life can be contrasted. In brief, he has distinguished the truth of poetry from the truth of science, and he has told us why it is that poetry by virtue of this power of interpretation becomes 'the breath and finer spirit of knowledge.'

3. 'For supreme poetical success more is required than the powerful application of ideas to life; it must be an application under the conditions fixed by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty. These laws fix as an essential condition, in the poet's treatment of such matters as are here in question, high seriousness—the high seriousness which comes from absolute sincerity.' To this type of criticism comes the moral tone of the artist of which he further says:—

"It is important to hold fast to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life—to the question: How to live? Morals are often treated in a narrow and false fashion; they are bound up with systems of thought and beliefs which have had their day; they are fallen into the hands of pedants and professional dealers; they grow tiresome to some of us. We find attraction, at times, even in a poetry of revolt against them; in a poetry which

might take for its motto Omar Khayam's words: "Let us make up in the tavern the time which we have wasted in the mosque." Or we find attractions in a poetry indifferent to them; in a poetry where the contents may be what they will, but where the form is studied and exquisite. We delude ourselves in either case; and the best cure for our delusion is to let our minds rest upon that great and inexhaustible word *life*, until we learn to enter into its meaning. A poetry of revolt against moral ideas is a poetry of revolt against *life*; a poetry of indifference towards moral ideas is a poetry of indifference towards *life*."

Ruskin believes in the interdependence of art and morality. He says, "All right human song is the finished expression, by art, of the joy or grief of noble persons for right causes. And accurately in proportion to the rightness of the cause, and purity of the emotion, is the possibility of the fine art. And with absolute precision, from highest to lowest, the fineness of the possible art is an index of the moral purity and majesty of the emotion it expresses......And that is so in all the arts; so that with mathematical precision, subject to no error or exception, the art of a nation, so far as it exists, is an exponent of its ethical state."

The following passage from *Modern Painters*, reveals fully well what Ruskin thought of a fine art and the greatest artist.

"I do not say that art is greatest which gives most pleasure, because perhaps there is some art whose end is to teach and not to please. I do not say that art is greatest which teaches us most, because perhaps there is some art whose end is to please and not to teach. I do not say that that art is greatest which imitates best, because perhaps there is some art whose end is to create and not to imitate. But I say that that art is greatest which conveys to the spectator, by any means whatsoever, the greatest number of the greatest ideas; and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind, and as it more fully occupies, and in occupying, exercises and exalts, the faculty by which it is received. If this, then, be the definition of great art, that of a great artist naturally follows. He is the greatest artist who has embodied, in the sum of his works, the greatest number of the greatest ideas."

Swinburne, on the other hand, emphasizes the importance of 'freedom of art', in a phrase 'Art for art's sake'. In his own words from *Essays and Studies*, it is clear that—'No work of art has any worth or life in it that is not done on the absolute terms of art, that is not, before all things and above all things, a work of positive excellence, as judged by the laws of the special art to which law it is amenable.' And of poetry he writes:

'The worth of a poem has properly nothing to do with its moral meanings or design; the praise of a Caesar as sung by a Virgil, of a Stuart as sung by a Dryden, is preferable to the most magnanimous invective against tyranny, which love of country and of liberty could bring from a Bavius or a Settle.' And again :

"In all great poets, there must be an ardent harmony, a heat of spiritual life, guiding without restraining, the bodily grace of motion, which shall give charm and power to their least work; sweetness that cannot be weak, and force that will not be rough. There must be an instinct and resolution of excellence which will allow no shortcoming or malformation of thought or word, there must be also so natural a sense of right as to make such a deformity or defect impossible, and leave upon the work done no trace of any effort to avoid or to achieve."

Pater had before him all these principles. He did not stick completely to Plato, or to Aristotle, to Ruskin or to others but he spared no pains in adopting those which he deemed better. Of his theories of style and of his conception of fine art, he discussed plainly in an essay entitled the *Style*. From Flaubert he took the principle of one word for one idea. To him all surplusage, the otiose, the flabby ideas should be avoided.

Classic and Romantic :

At one moment all civilized human beings in Western Europe appeared to be reposing in a placid atmosphere where life flowed on according to long tradition, and all men were content with old-fashioned ways. At another moment, but a few decades later, everything has altered; the very language has become different; the way of thought, the approach to problems, the jargon of philosophy, criticism, politics,

society—all have undergone a radical change—we have been lifted as by magic into the modern world.

All that happened on one side of the dividing line has the flavour of the antique; all that happened on the other side is vibrating with modern thought—current and modern words. To the old way of thought and expression belong Corneille, Pope, Addison and even Johnson—to the new, Lessing, Goethe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and the solitary Black. In point of view, these groups overlap, but in character they might be separated by centuries. The first belong to the past, the second to the present.

The style, mental attitude, and achievement of Jean Jacques, Rousseau entitled him to be described as the first striking literary phenomenon in what is called the Romantic Movement. Yet it is not literature which Rousseau challenges, but Society. His life and writings were a protest, not against classical literary standards, but against the stereotyped order of the world. He demands, not the freedom of the artist, but the freedom of man. "Man was born free, and everywhere he is in chains."

His style of writing, it is true, is a new thing in French literature. It is free, impassioned, of the heart; it is romantic. But his romanticism challenged nothing less than society in all its aspects—government as it was constituted, law as it was administered, religion as it was imposed by the hierarchy, customs and conventions as maintained in the interests of the *status quo*—nothing less than the fixity and established authority of the European system. Against the old gods of custom and privilege he set up the claims of Reason, the rights of Man, the freedom of the individual to remake society in the light of his ideals. His doctrines swept France, and prepared the way for the Revolution. The French Revolution and the literary Romantic Movement were products of the same intellectual ferment.

But in the long view, the exciting events which occurred so dramatically in the 18th century appear only as culminating incidents in a vaster European movement which began at least as early as the fifteenth century. The proper contrast to the 20th century is not the 18th but the 13th century, and the critical moments in the long transition

between the two occur, firstly, around the year 1500, and, secondly, around the year 1800. In the mediaeval period we have Europe dominated by the Roman Catholic Church and the Feudal System—a society which looked askance at change, discouraged science, suppressed free thought, and imposed the strictest limits to artistic invention. In the later and modern period we find society characterised by ideals of just the opposite order. In the centuries of transition between the two, the ingrained human forces of enterprise and innovation fought their eternal battle with conservatism and authority. First, the Roman Catholic Church, then any established Church, then any organized Church became the objects of attack or more damaging indifference. The king, the aristocrat, the plutocrat, and the privileged person one after the other became targets of criticism. Things which had existed through the centuries began to disappear. at first slowly, then very quickly. The factory system supplanted cottage industries. The rural population migrated to the towns. Buildings were hurriedly thrown up and pulled down. Bad roads were replaced by good roads, and these by railways, and these again by arterial motor roads. Bows and arrows and lances gave place to clumsy firearms, and these to quick-firing guns, highly explosive poison gas, and bombs. Aeroplanes came, airships, and other things more marvellous. The news of the world's doings, once slowly carried by messengers or by rumour, is now disseminated by newspaper, telegram and wireless. What need to pursue the story? A world in which things went on as they had always gone on, under an authority which claimed divine sanction, was replaced by a world of perpetual change in which individual initiative and enterprise receive unbounded admiration.

The earlier break-away from the old order—that of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—was characterized by religious changes, by enterprise in geographical discovery, by rapid, though necessarily gradual, progress in science, and by outbursts of romantic activity in literature. But each movement towards what we may call the Left was checked by reaction towards the Right. In England, when the Roman Church went under, the monarchy held up its head proudly, and the Anglican Church flourished with it. When the monarchy went under, the aristocracy prospered

abundantly, and summoned to its side the adventitious aids of a political constitution, a respectable church, a subsidized press, and a patronized literature. In France, a despotic monarchy regained the hold which in the 16th century it had nearly lost, and gathered the aristocracy round it; and the Court of Versailles exhaled the combined odour of sanctity and culture. At last the too long bottled-up forces of the modern spirit burst forth in the explosion of the Revolution which awakened sympathetic echoes in every country of Western Europe.

In his *Apology for Poetry*, Sir Philip Sidney somewhat bashfully defended the cause of what I may now call modernism, and tried to prove to the satisfaction of the orthodox that even poetry is respectable. We have seen how the Elizabethan dramatists cast off the shackles and asserted their freedom with an exuberance which wearied fastidious, and made their vogue a short one. Ben Jonson sounded the warning note. Rapin and Boileau, in literary criticism, led the final counter-attack, and swept all before them. Sheltering under the revered name of the classics, the critics of the Age of Prose and Reason steadily advanced and held all their gains. It was as if by some ironic cunning of the Time-Spirit that the classics, first summoned to the aid of those who rebelled against mediaeval repression, were afterwards successfully used to crush the rebels; they were actually enlisted on the side of aristocratic authority, pedantic restraint, and critical convention. The first terrific outburst of the Renaissance was followed by a pause, a retreat, a consolidation of positions, a prolonged rest. During such a period the brass-hats always come into their own. The neo-classicists had their way.

Thus in the see-saw of the world movement the contending forces of Classicism and Romanticism rose and fell. But it is already clear that the ancient classics and the so-called classicism are not the same thing. Homer and Virgil do not lose their fascination for those steeped in Romanticism. The fire of Aeschylus did not burn for Pope or Addison, and the humanism of Euripides can have roused few responsive echoes in the heart of Boileau. Yet the neo-classical writers effectively called in the ancients to help them in their task of restoring literary law and order, and of stabilizing the forms and the standards of the poetic art. They paid little attention to the

gradual, organic growth of drama on Attic soil, and to the fact that the distinctive form which it achieved there in the climax of the 15th century belonged to just that society at that period, in that part of the world, and could never be reproduced again, in just that way, at any other time or place. They studied its methods, its rules, its technique; but because they too often studied these without attempting to penetrate to its spirit, they arrived at the rules only, and forgot the poetry and drama. Thus classicism fell into the hands of those whom Walter Pater describes as "praisers of what is old and accustomed, at the expense of what is new"—"Critics who would never have discovered for themselves the charm of any work, whether old or new......who would never really have been made glad by any Venus fresh risen from the sea, and who praise the Venus of old Greece and Rome, only because they fancy her grown now into something staid and tame."

Here, then, as Pater sees it, was something spurious, a mockery of beauty in praises of those who gave in false values. It was a travesty of classicism which passed itself off for the real thing, and brought discredit on it, just as all that is narrow in reaction injures the prestige of the finer conservatism. Pater contrasts this 'misleading' idea of the classical with its authentic charm. "The charm of what is classical, in art or literature, is that of the well-known tale, to which we can, nevertheless, listen over and over again, because it is told so well......The 'classic' comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times as the measure of what a long experience has shown will at least never displease us."

That, certainly is not an over-statement of the case for the true "Classic", and it would be far too modest if in these words he was describing the art of the Greeks. But he is thinking not of what the Greeks were, but of what their influence has been in the modern world—the qualities of beauty which we have in mind when we contrast the 'classical' with the 'romantic.' In that sense, external beauty will always be the inalienable attribute of the classic, and though it is not absent in the romantic, the emphasis is altered. "It is the addition of strangeness to beauty," Pater suggests, "that constitutes the romantic character in art"—"it is the addition of curiosity" to the "desire of beauty."

The 'classic' spirit, then, has its true character; and there are also the perversions of it. Its qualities, when aimed at by

meaner minds, become defects. And this is true also of the 'romantic'; its brilliant qualities pass into the faults of the exaggerated, the grotesque, the sloppy. But these perversions of type, all the more because they are exaggerations, help us to see the deep-lying distinction between the 'classical' and the 'romantic' in art. It is not simply a distiniction between ancient and modern. There was romanticism, mysticism and grotesque fantasy in ancient literature also. It is distinction between tendencies, between forms of objective expression which were especially admired by the cultivated Athenian, and forms of self-expression more congenial to the individuals of the north. Perhaps we may compare it with the difference between the Mediterranean Sea, round whose shores classicism has prospered, and the moody northern oceans familiar to Teutons and Scandinavians.

The Greeks saw all their deities in human form. They loved to personify them alike in worship and in artistic representation. Form, outward form, is the first distinctive element in classicism, and on this beauty of outward appearance, with its attributes of symmetry, balance, order, proportion, reserve, it takes its stand. And as contrasted with this the romantic tends to emphasize the spirit which lies behind form—not the formless, but the freedom which is not content with any one form, but experiments, and expresses itself now in this, now in that way, as the spirit dictates. The first tends always to emphasize "this-worldliness" of the beauty that we know; the second, its "other-worldliness." For the first, then, "the proper study of mankind is man," whilst the second, in its pursuit of the soul, looks for it in strange and unknown places, and in the wilder scenes of Nature.

Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance

The one seeks always a mean; the other an extremity. Repose satisfies the classic; adventure attracts the Romantic. The one appeals to tradition; the other demands the novel. On the one side we may range the virtues and defects which go with the notions of fitness, propriety, measure, restraint, conservatism, authority, claim, experience, comeliness; on the other, those which are suggested by excitement, energy, restlessness, spirituality, curiosity, troublousness, progress,

liberty, experiment, provocativeness.

But just because the ancient classical writers were something more than 'classics', it was necessary, if their works were to become a real inheritance of the new world, that they should be studied by minds which being neither too crude nor too stale, could know them as they were. A rare genius such as Dante could penetrate to the soul of Virgil. But the scholars of the Renaissance, Italian, Spanish, French, English, equipped with so slender a basis of native culture, and amazed at the treasure-trove of finished classical literature which lay before them, could not be expected in the earlier readings to learn more than its simplest and most rudimentary lessons; and it was not surprising, as experimenters in the modern tongues gained confidence, that those who had learned these simple lessons should rebuke the more boisterous innovators, and should insist, as Jonson did, on the need for restraint and rule. And we have seen, how, at last, the stale spirit of the grammarian came to dominate both the study of ancients and the criticism of contemporaries.

What was needed in a grown-up age was a study of the classics in the romantic spirit of rediscovery and curiosity. Perhaps it is not really so amazing that this profounder discovery of the beauty and meaning of Greece should come from uncouth, untutored, and as yet unconventionalized Germany. Here the fantastic romance of the old Middle Ages was not yet dead. Here, in the University towns, relics of mediaeval scholasticism to be found side by side with the modern learning, and already in the middle-eighteenth century a few young intellects, fired with the new spirit of German nationalism, and zestfully ready to emulate and defy the arrogant culture of France, were tilling the ground for the intellectual ferment of the Romantic Movement, as Rousseau was tilling it for the French Revolution.

At the time when the new spirit of exploration and romance was awakening in these younger minds, Johann Joachim Winckelmann was already devoting his life to the rediscovery of Greek culture. In spite of restricted conditions of work, his laborious and passionate study of the painting and sculpture of the Greeks brought him, as we must think today, nearer to them than any modern had come before. In his endeavour to probe the secret of their message and their art, he was destined to sing the praises of the classics as no neo-classicists had ever

done, and in a spirit romantic enough to help the Romantic Movement, whilst actually laying the basis of that sound culture which turned Goethe in his later years back to Hellenism.

"There is but one way for the moderns to become great, and perhaps unequalled", he says, in the essay on *Grace*; "I mean, by imitating the Ancients."

For a moment that has the all too familiar ring of neo-classicism. But Winckelmann is writing in the atmosphere of scholastic Germany. It is an exclamation of passionate protest against obscurantism, in favour of that sanity and comeliness which he had discovered in long study of Greek painting and sculpture. The sheer love of physical beauty among the ancient Greeks was the trait above all others that drew him to them, and he dwells upon this as revealed in their games and even in the stern regime of the Spartans. He studies with minuteness the manner in which the Greeks of the best period, as contrasted with those of a decadent age, portrayed the human form idealized and beautiful. He notes how in the sculpture of this period "the profile of brow and nose of gods and goddesses is almost a straight line." "The form of real beauty has no abrupt or broken parts." In the human face, "it consists in the soft coalescence of the brow with the nose. This uniting line indispensably accompanies beauty." And in his exact diagnosis he points out how the "eye-bone is magnificently raised" and the "chin thoroughly vaulted," contrasting with the admired models of 'degenerate modern times' when "the eye-bone becomes roundish—the chin mincingly pretty."

He was, certainly, preoccupied with the exact details of outward form. But how else, after all, can sculpture be studied? Winckelmann was far from content to take examples of classical art as tradition or custom might present them. In the spirit of painstaking research and inquiry in which the scholars of Germany were soon to distinguish themselves, he set himself to study examples, to compare them, to question them, and above all,—as best he could with the meagre opportunities open to him, and no doubt with many mistakes—to distinguish between the later examples of ancient works which had too readily been accepted as models, and the authentic Greek of the best period. In studying these last with affectionate precision he felt that his search for 'the form of real beauty' was rewarded.

He is no less exact in his analysis of the perfect form than Boileau had been in his analysis of the perfect tragedy. But he is upon a different quest. His search is for a beauty of a different order. The form is still that which matters supremely—for art is form, and can only present itself through a medium that is objective, external, discernible through the senses. But already the very language of art, as he uses it, is changing. He, a classicist surely, is only able to be so superb a critic of that order because some spirit from the early Romantic Movement has already touched him, so that he is able to bring to the study of the Greeks the spiritual curiosity which they themselves possessed abundantly. He endeavours to put himself into their actual frame of mind.......

Art was a matter of the spirit revealed as form, the artist submitting himself to the conditions which his medium required. He did not closely distinguish, as Lessing did, between the different methods of approach and treatment imposed upon the poet and the sculptor by reason of the difference of their media. But he did exactly study the demands of the artist's medium, because it was thought a given medium that he sought to arouse a beautiful emotion......"The more tranquillity reigns in a body, the fitter it is to draw the true character of the soul, which, in every excessive gesture, seems to rush from her proper centre, and being hurried away by extremes becomes, unnatural."

The critic of the classics is still concerned with the forms of expression, but only because they are expressive and convey spiritual emotion. And if Winckelmann must still be ranked on the side of the classical, and not of the romantic school, that is, because he has transferred his reserves, his demands for a limit, his restrictions, to the spiritual order of things, not because he has dropped them; and also, we should add, because his companions in this reserve are the classic Greeks themselves. Yet it is not a narrow field of emotion to which he would ask the artist to confine himself; but rather, he asks that in revealing it he should never squander his power in showing more than an object, which never changes, can bear, or in so cheating the imagination that it is surfeited at a glance. There may be joy, and sorrow, and terror,

but these emotions of a moment cannot spend all their force in a beautiful object which is to remain beautiful for ever.

By going back, not to the doctrines of the ancients but to their works, by endeavouring to relieve their life and see the world as they saw it, Winckelmann rescued classicism from the pedants. They, in their academic way, had seized upon the formal rules, and so had lost the formal values. Winckelmann restored the Greek spirit to the Greek body. That ideal, as Winckelmann reveals it, is a healing harmony of the mind, a tranquillity which makes ecstasy complete. This harmony of the mind the sculptor sought to express in harmony of body, the poet in harmony of verse, the dramatist in harmony of action. For Winckelmann the problem of art was the problem of form, resting upon the prime conception that the body is nothing, without the spirit, and the spirit nothing without the body. Thus Scott James has discussed about the Classic and Romantic in his *The Making of Literature*.

Pater's principles of Criticism :

It is characteristic of Pater that he should discuss his principles of criticism in an essay on *Style*. It is a part of his apparent diffidence that he should seek to get at qualities of 'soul' through its outer qualities of physical form—not that he asks us to recognise the man 'by the Athenian garments he hath on,' but by the shape and gestures of the body through which the soul declares itself. And so, in discussing diction, style, form, he is discussing a central problem of the literary art.

In his essay on *Style* he finds the occasion suitable to point out certain qualities of all literature as a fine art which, if they apply to the literature of fact, apply still more to the literature of the imaginative sense of fact, while they apply indifferently to verse and prose so far as either is really imaginative.

Once again, then, we are faced with that distinction which we have had to keep before ourselves at all stages in this enquiry that between De Quincey's 'literature of knowledge' and 'literature of power'—the didactic and

the aesthetic science and art literature where the imagination may be thought to be always an intruder, and that where it is supreme, Walter Pater puts it as well as it can be put.

Just in proportion as the writer's aim consciously, or unconsciously, comes to be the transcribing, not of the world, not of mere fact, but of his sense of it, he becomes an artist, his work fine art, and good art in proportion to the truth of his presentment of that sense.

Not fact, then, but sense of fact, that is what the artist is seeking to present. For him no photographic imitation of reality, but a transcription of his vision of it.

But truth—that also comes into it. "*There can be no merit, no craft at all, without that.*" But truth in what sense? Truth in regard to reality! Truth, in correspondence with some higher judgment of value! Pater at this stage is disgraceful of those issues. He is speaking only of truth in the presentment of the sense of fact accuracy of transcription. *All beauty is in the long run only fineness of truth, or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within.*

This 'truth' we see, lies in the expression, and is not predicated of the vision itself. The quality of vision, its worthwhileness on its own account, he does not here discuss, still less its relationship to any wider field of reality though he distinguishes between higher and lower moods, in Wordsworth. This high quality, here, he appears to take for granted. The Epicurean in him, for the moment at least, is content with that, and we may wonder whether, as with Marius, the old Heraclitian refrain, 'All things flow and nothing abides', lies at the back of his mind, or the words of Protagoras, 'Man is the measure of all things', or the 'sad things are but shadows', which the Cyrenaic accepted so cheerfully. The life upon which he seems to be concentrating his mind in this essay on *Style* is that of the clear, shapely words which form themselves as into a body, for the soul, as if the soul possessed no other capacity but that of being put into the perfect words that were meant for it. What makes the vision 'within' worthy of expression? Is one vision no worthier than another? These are questions which he here

disregards. Granted this sense of 'fact', then the whole effort of art is concentrated on giving to it the perfect outward form.

From the point of view of style that is, after all, the only problem; and we may well be satisfied that we have from Pater a number of Principles if that is not too considerable a word by which the quality of the best writing can be judged.

First, then, there is no place in Pater's hierarchy of art for the mere 'Popular author'; nor can we picture any vast middle Western audience which his men of letters will be at pains to address. Just as Longinus, we recall, limited the right to judge to those who have submitted themselves to the discipline of letters, declaring that 'the judgment of literature is the long delayed reward of much endeavour', so Walter Pater:

The literary artist is of necessity 'a scholar' and in what he proposes to do will have in mind, first of all, the scholar and the scholarly conscience—the male conscience—the male conscience in this matter, as we must think it, under a system of education which still to so large an extent limits real scholarship to men. In his self-criticism he supposes always that sort of reader who will go (full of eyes) warily, considerately, though without consideration for him, over the ground which the female conscience traverse so lightly, so amiably.

He will give to words exactly that sort of attention which Marius studied to bestow on the facts of experience, disciplining himself to find in each just so much value as it is fitted to hold. He will tolerate no short cuts, no hackneyed illustration, no 'affectation of learning designed for the unlearned.' His scrupulous self-restraint in choosing words for their exact and their finer meaning will have 'for the susceptible reader the effect of a challenge for minute consideration; the attention of the writer, in every minutest detail being a pledge that it is worth the reader's while to be attentive too.'

The literary artist thus understood will be one who has 'winnowed and searched through his vocabulary,' making for himself an instrument that can faithfully express his spirit seeking to restore to words in general their finer edge'; dreading all 'surplusage', shunning the facile, the etiose, the purely ornamental and he will never depart from the strictly pedestrian process, unless he gains ponderable something thereby. He will be 'lover of words......opposing the constant degeneration of language by those who use it carelessly.'

Mind, then being one indispensable element, revealing itself in design, in structure, in careful adjustment, at every point, of words to sense, and of the part to the whole, the other necessary element in style he distinguishes as *soul*. By this he means the element of personality which communicates itself to language not by taking thought, but by attracting it into 'the peculiar spirit' the writer is made of. *By soul, he reaches us, somewhat capriciously perhaps, one and not another, through vagrant sympathy and a kind of immediate contact.* It is through this quality that we seem to know a person in a book.

His distinction of these two elements in style serves to indicate that even art has its science, and does not despise the knowledge won by study, which helps it over the technical difficulties of expressing in words what is given in intuition. It is the artist in the architect who conceives his idea of a Cathedral; he hands it over to the scientist in him to study the strains and stresses; the scientist hands it back to the artist, who begins again; and so on, between the two till the plan is finished, and the building begins to arise.

I must not dwell on that fine passage in which Pater describes Flaubert as the 'martyr of the literary style', seeking with anguish 'the one word for the one thing, the one thought, amid the multitude of words, terms, that might just do.' His doctrine of that finest, and most intimate form of truth—the true as expression—does not merely repeat the old saying: 'The style is the man', but as he intends it, asserts that the style is the real man, 'the man, not in his unreasoned and really uncharacteristic caprices, involuntary or affected, but in absolutely sincere apprehension of what is most real to him.'

There we have an example of the word *sincerity* used, not as Matthew Arnold used it, but in that sense which I have already indicated, by which is understood the single-mindedness of the artist in the task he has set himself. And in this distinction between what is most real, in the man from his 'uncharacteristic caprices', we have once again the recognition of 'higher and lower moods',—an admission of quality residing in the vision itself.

This brings us back to a question I raised just now, which seems to occur to Pater only as a sort of afterthought, and with some slight misgiving as to the trend of his argument. At an

early stage in the essay he had said that the attempt to transcribe the writer's 'sense of fact', was the mark of 'fine art' and he had gone on to say that this became 'good art', in proportion to the truth of his presentment of that sense and now, as if in a post-script, he hints that it has yet to become 'great art' by virtue of some dignity in the subject.

Up to now, he has said nothing about the subject. He has treated it as if it were of no significance, so long as the expression of it, whatever it might be, were perfect. All that he has said about style and its function in art is convincing upon one condition that *what the artist had to say* was worth the saying—a condition which may seem obvious enough, for we can hardly suppose him to mean that the perfect expression of the purely trivial is the serious business of art. The question is only worth raising because other critics, following thus far in his footsteps, have landed themselves inextricably in this absurdity. And he, too, might seem to lend his countenance to such a view when he says that all beauty is only 'fineness of truth, or what we call expression', and again, all art, 'does but consist in the removal of surplusage.'

He does not leave us there, but the fact that he only withdraws us from this difficult position in a kind of postscript serves to show his learning, he, in Epicurean mood, is disposed to regard experience rather as form which life takes than as life which undergoes form; the emphasis for him is upon word, choiceness of words, their arrangement and structure, as if in thus giving a body to the soul they exercise some esoteric power, residing in them by their own right, by which a work of art gains whatever it has of richness and flavour. When he is writing thus we sometimes miss the sense of any strong current of human life flowing behind or through this shapely style which he has granted to this artist, just as we left that Marius himself was abstractly searching for an experience which, had we ever got close to it, might have proved vague or empty. Marius seemed to be trembling with apprehensiveness of life. That is enough, for an abstract account of him. But if he had touched this life, grasped it, actually handled it, would it have dissolved in dust ? Pater has described the exquisite possibilities of artistic expression, and there are moments when we are left with the uneasy feeling that it might be no less exquisite, as expression, even if the thing expressed were nonsense.

Pater has corrected this misapprehension, enabling us to see that it was all a matter of emphasis, of the manner of approach. Suppose we consider matter and form in art as concave and convex—distinguishable, though not to be separated—we observe that he is disposed to look mainly at one side. But in proportion as manner of expression becomes more important to a critic, and the matter expressed less important, he will inevitably incline to an aristocratic view of art. The raw material of life, with its boisterous emotions and its infinite variety of sensations, is the common property of all, from the most ignorant to the few who are trained in language, who 'have the science of their instrument.' Pater, inclining thus to the aristocratic view in literature, takes too little account of those rough diamonds in the world of letters who triumphed because they had so much to say, though no doubt their triumph would have been greater had they said it better. 'What slovenly writing there is in Dickens? What utter disregard for the finer edge of words'! Yet we can not deny his creative power, his possessive and possessing sense, of fact which with amazing disregard for the decencies of language (a disregard which was, of course, a defect of sensibility) he contrived, clumsily but powerfully, exhibit amid the chaos of his novels. *All art but consists in the removal of surplusage.* Suppose we put Dickens aside. We must still ask: What about Shakespeare? Is there not surplusage in every page? And Victor Hugo, and Dostoevski, and Browning? We might go on to name most of the Romantics, and half the great Realists. This surplusage, this excess, "this inexactness, this failure in fineness and in balance—all are, as Pater indicates, strictly defects in art, depriving the writer of power; they are defects to which our English writers are specially prone. But after all, as Ben Jonson said, that is worse which proceeds out of wants, than that which riots out of plenty." By putting all the emphasis on rightness of language, whilst appearing to underrate the stuff of life on which everything depends, is there not some risk of playing into the hands of the Philistines, by confusing style with *preciousness*?

Pater was too much of an artist to fall deeply into an error which only critics who are not artists fall into, or philosophers who have not acquainted themselves, or would-be artists who subsist on shadows of experience. The real artist's

'sense of fact' is rooted in life itself. 'Great art,' said Pater, however grudgingly, in that paragraph, 'has something of the soul of humanity in it. But his way of writing did much to fortify the self-esteem of those theorists and poseures who made so much play with the doctrine of 'Art for Art's sake'.

—(Scott James)

Note—The italics are Pater's own words.

Pater and the Aesthetic Movement:

Pater was the leader of the Aesthetic movement in England. Referring to this, Cazamian has observed in the *History of English Literature* that the worship of beauty, with Ruskin, had been a religion. It had filled in easily with the demands of the moral and social ideals with which the Victorian age never ceased to be deeply imbued. It had tended to health and balance. Already in the pre-Raphaelites, in spite of the pious and medieval tone which their imaginations assumed, a very different attitude was adumbrated; they made room for sensuousness by the side of enthusiasm. Swinburne, who felt their influence, gloried the beautiful with reckless and blasphemous ardour, which seemed to adore it out of enmity to the useful gods. Through him, and through other channels as well, the French doctrine of art for art's sake was creeping into England; naturalism indeed at one point, coincided with that principle and like it placed the artistic activity outside of and above morals.

It is to such symptoms, and not to the gospel of Ruskin, that one must trace back the independent development of English literary aestheticism.

The master of the movement is Walter Pater. In his scholarly retirement, the prophet of an esoteric faith, he teaches it with an intellectual and detached zeal. It radiates out through more or less direct applications, studies of civilisation and souls; on one occasion only it reveals itself unreservedly, and then, as if frightened at its own audacity, hides itself again. In this text where it is concentrated (the conclusion to the *Renaissance*), its opposition to Ruskin's message is vividly brought out. The adept's duty is to pursue through the efforescence of natural forms the divine influx, the source of strength and harmony with the will of the universe; beauty no longer is the blissful perfection of creatures true to the law of their

essence; it no longer rests like a glory, in the societies of men, upon the summits of simple austerity and of heroism. Every social or moral consideration vanishes; one thing remains, the voluptuous asceticism of the sage who is to die. Life offers to the knowing occasions of physical intensity; together as many of them as possible, and to taste them all at their highest pitch, so that the flame of consciousness should burn with its full ardour, such is the secret principle of an existence that actually possesses and rules itself. Far from giving itself away, it shall suck in the whole world, and absorb it for its own good; this devouring strain will wear it out in its turn; but death is the inevitable night, whose coming is delayed but not prevented, by the mean thrift of thankless virtues; and nothing matters but the violence of the fire in which an ephemeral energy is irradiated by its very destruction.

This consistent Hedonism does not stop short of its ultimate stage; it shakes off all the claims with which society and the hygiene of souls have loaded the skilful search for pleasure, unmindful of the collectivity, it makes for the death of the individual along the path blossoming with roses and strewn with ashes. It is indistinguishable from the restrained and penetrating pessimism which Fitzgerald had enclosed in three-hundred immortal lines. More ascetic outwardly, it lingers less on the smiling aspects of Epicureanism; it is urged by a more anxious impatience for life; it widens, too, the field of voluptuousness, introduces abundantly into it the emotions of knowledge. But it teaches no other wisdom; its aroma no less surely benumbs all the allusions or the beliefs which connect the life of one being with something beyond itself.

Pater did not always write, or think either, it seems, at that pitch. On other occasions his doctrine dwells on the contemplation, the analysis of beautiful forms; or even he brings into it an element which alters and amends it. *Marius, the Epicurean*, the novel in which most of his philosophy though not of his art, is to be found, seems to spiritualise the search for pleasure as far as sacrifice pure and simple.

Such an extension of the principle no doubt implies that Hedonism is diversified with new shades; that into it is admitted a superior quality, which ordinary perception is no longer by itself competent to appreciate. A strange and secretive

mind, Pater never explained away a touch of mystery in his life; and his adhesion to the essence of a very free form of Christianity seems to have been more than merely a matter of observance.

Thus diverted from the direct and uncompromising assertion of self his aestheticism was spent in tasting and intensifying the joys to be reaped from the knowledge of the past and the understanding of human souls; and in order to heighten these joys his method was to quicken in himself and others the full consciousness of all their aspects. Pater was consciously interested in the phases of history; and briefly in those, like the Renaissance and the beginnings of Christianity, in which men's minds were driven by a powerful eagerness, or stirred by profound conflicts which raised impassioned tumults in them. The main object of his interest is still man, even when he follows him through the picturesque surroundings where his life develops; and the measure of the artistic value of individuals is still the complexity of their character. This implies that the historian or the moralist, with him, tends to be merged in the psychologist; and the psychologist works for the benefit of the critic.

Referring to the part played by Pater in the aesthetic movement, Benson has observed in his book '*Walter Pater*': "In the aesthetic movement, Pater concerned solely with the doctrine; but at the same time it is undeniably true that the leaders of a movement are always judged by the extravagances of their followers; and the anxiety and even suspicion with which Pater's views were at one time regarded in Oxford, were due to the fact that those with whom he was in a certain sense in sympathy on the higher aesthetic grounds applied the doctrine of beauty to a recklessness of practice which Pater not only condemned but the contemplation of which both disgusted and appalled him. It is better to have no misconception on this point. It is as unfair to think of Pater as in sympathy with the decadent school, as it is to attribute to the original teachers of Predestination the immortal distortion of the doctrines which disgraced some of their fanatical sectaries. When the whole movement has, so to speak, shaken down; when we can look dispassionately at the part which the aesthetic school has played in the mental development of the age, we shall be able, while we condemn whole-heartedly the

excesses of advanced disciples, to discern the part that Pater and other leaders of the movement played in setting the deliberate appreciation of beauty, the sedulous training of the perceptions in the discrimination of the subtle effects of impassioned art, in its right place among the forces which tend to the ennobling of human character and temperament."

Scott James, while discussing Pater's attitude to the doctrine of '*Art for Art's sake*' observes that the doctrine had its origin in France, was transplanted to England by Whistler and was carefully tended by Oscar Wilde and members of the Yellow Book group. Ruskin was the gadfly who stung Whistler and his friends into the extravagant over-statement of a case which Pater was qualified to put with sanity and with reserves. That 'sense of fact' which the latter never, in the last resort, divorced from life or from the soul of humanity, became, for members of this clique, ideal, and self-subsistent world of impression which was the exclusive property of the man blessed with the artistic temperament. Whistler was provoked and disgusted when learned Ruskin declared that 'art must be didactic to the people.' He rightly replied that art is not didactive at all; it can not deny its own nature by taking over the functions of the preacher. And what have 'the people got to do with it'? This apparent desire to degrade art into a branch of demagogy made Whistler see red, and, if I may strain the figure, we may suppose that Oscar saw at least pale pink. The common man, with his crude desires and boorish interests was not worth a moment's consideration by the artist, who was preoccupied with other affairs, which he alone was competent to apprehend. Moreover, the artist had no interest in vulgar representation. What he saw with his own finer perceptions, the impressions which formed themselves in his mind after long pursuit of his own vision, had validity for himself alone. He wrote, painted and modelled in accordance with his own ideal, and only those who cared to pursue his lonely way and adjust themselves to his vision were qualified to share his satisfaction.

The elements of truth enunciated by these combative or posturing men are clear enough. The pleasure or satisfaction in art is the only end; it cannot serve two masters. Whatever the subject that an artist treats, his fidelity is to what he sees, when he has endeavoured to see to the best of his powers.

Ruskin, too, admitted the truth of this, and wisely warned the Impressionists against violating the sacredness of his own impression. 'If,' he said, 'he supposes that, once quitting hold of his first thought, he may by philosophy compose something prettier than he saw, and mightier than he felt, it is all over with him.'

There was much profit in a warm advocacy of the disinterestedness of art. But there were two respects in which these champions of aestheticism went astray. They overlooked the fact that all art, whether it be realistic or impressionistic, romantic or classical, symbolical, allegorical, expressionistic, imaginist, futurist, vorticist or abstract, has its roots somewhere in reality. It always seeks objective expression, and must always have a subject whose nature it is to be objectified.

That is the first error. And the second is similar. They believed that the aesthetic faculties which the artist employs are special and peculiar, and different in kind as well as in degree from those which are employed in other activities. There, modern psychology as well as common sense is against them. This view implies a further fallacy, that it is no part of the artist's aim to *communicate* his vision—he writes or paints to please only himself, utterly different to the approval of others. The evidence of the great artist-critics of all times is conclusively against a doctrine so satisfying to the self-esteem of unrecognised genius.

Pater withdrawing himself in the course of his argument, seems to become aware of the possible degradation of it. No, he says, he does not intend 'a relegation of style to the subjectivity, the mere caprice, of the individual, which must soon transform it into mannerism. He retires from his extreme position almost as if in momentary panic. He even goes too far, in suddenly granting humanitarian as well as human characteristics to 'great art'; and then, regarding his habitual calm, concludes that it finds its logical, its architectual place, in the great structure of human life.

Pater as a Literary Artist:

Among those writers who are very deliberate, precise and exact aiming at perfection of style, Pater is supreme. Elton has observed in *A Survey of English Literature*: Pater's general way of writing is faithfully enough indicated by

his essay on *Style*. He belongs to the cell building tribe of author whom we know better amongst the poets; Gray and Tennyson belong to it. That is, he seeks for exact and perfect rightness, beginning with the single word and working outwards. Of Dante he says, in his introduction to Mr. Shadwell's delicate translation of the *Purgatory*:

He is one of those artists whose general effect largely depends on vocabulary, on the minute particles of which his work is wrought, on the colour and outline of single word and phrases.

This holds good of Pater himself. A minute and sensitive fidelity as in the same essay he calls it to the single word to the perfection of the cell, is ever with him. Another of his phrase, applied to Lamb, is the value of reserve in literature, and this he practises even to the point of sacrifice. Bold emphatic words are kept out, or only used for special effects; in one page, on Merimee, come *naked*, *fierce*, *slavish*, *duped*, *horror*, *blood*, spaced over it artfully; but this is exceptional. Everywhere as may suit the matter, be it description or philosophy or criticism, the exact tint or wash of vocabulary is observed. Pater may be said to invent new resources of prose for each of these species, superimposing all kinds of overtones on the bare meaning, and not being well-satisfied until he has done so, that the meaning is really won. And the sentences are built with great variety, with much characteristic parentheses and interjection, sometimes into excessive complexity, with a direct avoidance of rhetorical movement, and falling away down to a gentler level, like the end of an Italian sonnet. They are often simple; but even then, it is not too much to say, hardly one of them could have been written by any one else, unless it were an imitator of Pater himself. *He had fled to the South from the forbidding days of a hard winter which came at last.* Or again: *Angels might be met by the way, under English elm or beech tree*, the rhythm alone would make these individual. Some of Pater's pictures, like that of London, remind one of Girtin's noblest water-colours:

The great city with its weighty atmosphere, and portent of storm in the rapid light on dome and bleached stone steeples.

The ultimate test, it may be thought, of such a method is whether the result sounds natural—natural not only to the author, for authors acquire a terrible second nature—

but to the reader who has good-will. Pater, when he elaborates, cannot always be said duly to meet this test, or to earn the praise that he gives to Pascal's prose, when he calls it, 'a pattern of absolutely unencumbered expressiveness.' We could find passages confused in their minuteness, obscure in their conveyance of thought, where the labour is painfully felt and is not therefore rapid. Pater cannot be read aloud quickly—his movement is too clogged, and his music too ritualistically solemn for that. It is not, however, a fault, but a characteristic. Neither is elaboration a fault, when it is the right and only way of saying something subtle. This, on Pascal, could scarcely be simplified without loss, though it is not simple, or like Pascal's own style, in the least:—

Observe, he is not a sceptic converted, a returned infidel, but is seen there as if at the very centre of a perpetually maintained tragic crisis holding the faith steadfastly, but amid the well-poised points of essential doubt all around him and it. It is no mere calm suppression of a state of doubt by a state of faith; the doubts never die, they are only just kept down in a perpetual agony. Everywhere in the 'Letters' he had seemed so great a master—master of himself—never at a loss, taking the conflict so lightly with so light a heart: in the great Atlantean travail of the 'thoughts' his feet sometimes 'are almost gone'. In his soul's agony, theological abstractions seem to become personal powers. It was as if just below the surface of the green undulations, the stately woods, of his own strange country of Auvergne, the volcanic fires had suddenly discovered themselves anew.

Nevertheless the great things in literature are usually simple in expression and Pater's powers of thought and style are best displayed when he comes nearest to the traditional manner, reminding us of Thackeray at his best, and hinting how he might possibly have distinguished himself in that effort to treat contemporary life nobly, which he describes to Tennyson. It is in his brief imaginative sketches, like *The Child in the House*, or *Apollo in Picardy* that he thus succeeds. The aspirations of youth and the hidden memories of boyhood appeal to him especially, and link these little pieces for a moment with such famous productions of the romantic movement as Dream Children. Emerald Uthwart, the boy who has been condemned to military disgrace for bravery in defiance of instructions, comes home to die:

'In his worn military dress he seems a part of the ruin under which he creeps for a night's rest as darkness comes on. He actually came round again to the scene of his disgrace, of the execution; looked in vain for the precise spot where he knelt; then almost envying him who lay there, for the unmarked grave, passed over it, perhaps unrecognised for some change in that terrible place or rather in himself; wept then as never before in his life; dragged himself on once more, till suddenly the whole country seems to move under the rumour, the very thunder, of the crowning victory, he is made to understand.

It is not easy to fix on any definite or guiding models for Pater's English. It is unlike that of some of the writers whom he most admired, one of them was Newman. Nor is it like that of any of his favourite Greeks or Frenchmen—Plato or Victor Hugo. He is removed from all these, if only by his inveterate tessellating habit. The tones of Ruskin are traceable now and then in his earlier pages, but Ruskin is not master; that full tide of eloquence sweeping precious things and rubbish along with it, is not for him. Lamb and the fantasts account for something more. But Pater's origins are composite, and eclectic, and obscured. Historically he represents a sharp reaction from the dissipation and rhetoric of so much Victorian prose. For he wishes not to do much but to do what he does perfectly to determine on a clear, noble, not necessarily a large, design and to pack it close with beauty and meaning economically. The lesson was wanted: who shall say it has been learned? No one taught it better; yet we come back with some relief to the freer, more careless masters of prose, as they stride over the open down whistling".

Pater is one of those writers who put their theories into picture. Compton-Ricket has remarked in *A History of English Literature*: As a stylist we may regard in the first place, Pater's theories; in the second place, his practice.

The theories may be read in the *Essay on Style* which appears in the volume entitled *Appreciations*. The end, in his view, was beauty of expression and to achieve this end he advocated a consciously artistic prose where all superfluities should be eliminated, and where the words should be chosen with jealous and loving care, so as to express clearly and precisely the underlying thought. Words for him were

not merely connections of thought, but carried with them an aroma that might create the fitting mood for appreciating the drift of the writer's mind.

No man more conscientiously tried to put into practice his prospects than he. No essayist has been more sensitive to the colour and gradation of shade in words than he; and there is an amazing delicacy and subtlety in the critical nuances by which he endeavoured to actualise for the reader the object of his criticism. One has only to read the essays on Lamb and Rossetti to appreciate this. His best critical work is happily expressed in the words which he applied to one of his volumes—*Appreciations*. They are, in the exact sense of the word, appreciations—a subtly reasoned statement of the grounds for delighting in certain authors.

Pater treats artistic pleasure as Hawthorne treats ethical problems, by putting them under a microscope. It is a fascinating pursuit but apt to become wearisome if pursued too long. Thus Pater is best enjoyed in modest snatches and instalments; to read him thus is both a joy and a discipline.

Referring to Pater as an artist Cazamian has observed in *A History of English Literature*: As a writer Pater is of the first rank, but fails to be one of the greatest, because his creative strength is impoverished through an excess of refinement, and he lacks the constructive sense of a work as a whole. His crowning merit lies in details; in the perfection of single pages, occasionally of chapters or essays, the polished quality of which covers, without hiding, a robust concatenation of ideas. This style is enriched by the powers of Romanticism; it is flexibly modelled on the delicacies of a keen, sensitive perception, and shines with all the colours of a vivid imagination; it reaches at times, in the rendering of 'impressions', a degree of acuteness, and of evocative witchcraft which distinctly betokens a more modern, a more conscious art, capable of more intense effect than that of his predecessors whether one thinks of Landor, De Quincey or Ruskin. Pater's mastery resides in the sureness of the method with which this broader scale of artistic devices is handled. His prose is skilful music, nervous like that of recent composers, blending the more distant elements of nature and the soul into a harmony founded upon dissonance, subtle and yet as clear as classical records.

Giving an estimate of Pater as a prose-writer with special reference to his great book, *Marius, the Epicurian*, Benson has observed: the one artistic fault of the book is the introduction of alien episodes, of actual documents into the imaginary fabric; and these give the effect, so to speak, of pictures hung upon a tapestry. The style of which Pater was the inventor, it is not only easy to imitate but it is almost impossible, if one studies it closely, not to fall into the very mannerism of the writer. Of course, it is easy to say that it is languid, highly perfumed, luscious, over-ripe; but here again we fall into the error of analysing the essential quality and disapproving of it. It cannot be pretended that it is brisk, lucid, or lively; there is nothing of sonorous metal, blowing material sounds about it, rather it winds like a cloud of smoke on a still day, hanging in fine draw-veils and aerial weft. It is intensely deliberate, self-conscious, mannerised. Its fault is to fall into involved sentences, with long parentheses and melodious cadences. It never trips or leaps or runs; but always moves like a slow pontifical procession, stiff-robed, mystical, and profound. It never aims at crisp precision, but rather at a subtle refinement, a mysterious grace.

Its finest art is displayed in an economy of impression, whose very severity ends in a suggestiveness of picture which is attained, not by elaborate description but by haunted glimpses of beauty. These touches of perfect loveliness relieve the graver analysis, with the sudden sense of coolness and repose, as a student may look from a book into a sunny garden, and find in the golden light some hallowing, some confirmation of the inner mood. And the most severe passages of philosophical writing are again lit-up by exquisite similes or still more delicate metaphors, in which the whole sentence seems steeped and stained, as with the juice of a berry shut in upon the page.

Thus he writes:—

'He, too, paused at the apprehension of the constant motion of things—the drift of flowers, of little or great souls, of ambitious systems, in the stream around him the first must account with him as but a dim problem......He might reserve it as a fine, high visionary consideration, very remote upon the intellectual ladder, just at the point, indeed, where

that ladder seemed to pass into the clouds, but for which there was certainly no time left now by his eager interest in the objects so close to him, on the lowlier earthly steps nearest the ground.'

No one can say that these sentences are obvious, clear, sharply cut. But they are full of poetical suggestiveness, and sparkle with hidden lights like opalescent gems.

Indeed the writing of Pater may best be compared to the opal. It has not the clear facets, the limpid colour of the unclouded gem; but it is irridescent, rounded, shot with flashing lights and suffused with the milky mist of which one can hardly say whether it be near or far. It is this strange sense of depth, so inherent in a cloudy gem, that it gives one. One can measure to a millimeter the actual bulk of the jewel; but within that limit, what spent lights gleam, what misty textures roll ! it is like a little coloured eyehole, through which one can discern the orbits of pale stars, the swimming vapours of some uncreated world.

The style of the book is absolutely distinctive and entirely new; it is a revelation of the possibilities of poetical prose which the English language contains. The fact that it is not difficult to imitate is in its favour rather than otherwise, because the same is true of all great masters of individual style. But the feat was to discern and then to display a new capacity in English prose. It might have been said with truth that before the advent of Pater, English could display qualities of lucidity, vigour, force, that it could lend itself to stately rhetoric and even glowing ornament; but it had never before exhibited the characteristic of seductive grace. And this was effected by Pater by the pure instinct for what was beautiful and melodious; he has no special preference for either the use of Saxon terms or for more elaborate Latinism. He uses both impartially. Indeed his use of short, crisp, emphatic, homely words side by side with round, sonorous classicalities is one of the charms of the style. He never hesitates to employ technical, metaphysical language, but he contrives to fuse the whole into a singular unity; it is not even a fair criticism to say that his language is natural, for there are many sentences of an almost childish *naiveti*. The only thing of which one is almost invariably conscious is

of the art employed, and thus the writings of Pater appeal more, perhaps, to the craftsman than to the ordinary reader because of the constantly delightful sense of difficulties overcome and crooked places made straight. There will, of course, always be people who will feel a sense of constraint, a lack of freedom. But those who feel the charm will rightly discern in *Marius* the true impassioned poetical quality, guided and enforced by severe economy and delicate taste.

But, however much we may analyse the characteristics of the style, its inversions, its cadences, its peculiar use of metaphor, its accumulation of delicate touches, its swift pictorial quality, we cannot penetrate its secret any more than we can penetrate the secret of the painter or the musician. Unity, the due subordination, clearness of conception, subtle correspondence of language to emotion, these were the qualities which Pater used by a sort of fine native instinct. It is the natural consequence of our type of classical education, which encourages imitation rather than originality, and submission to authority rather than individual expansion, that we fail to do justice to such an achievement as Pater's. We need not desire that he should originate a school of similar writers but we may recognise gratefully the fact that he discovered and exhibited a new philosophy in the composition of English prose.

Estimating the importance of Pater as a prose-writer in English Literature, Benson has observed : In literature, Pater practically struck out a new line. The tendency of the best prose-writers of the century had been, as a rule, to employ prose in a prosaic manner. Landor had aimed at a Greek austerity of style. Macaulay had brought to perfection a bright, hard-balanced method of statement, like the blowing of sharp trumpets. This was indeed the prose that had recommended itself to the taste of the early Victorians, it was full of a certain sound and splendour; it rolled along it a kind of impassioned magnificence; but the object of it was to emphasise superficial points in an oratorical manner, to produce a glittering panorama, rich in detail. . . .it made no appeal to the heart or the spirit, awakening at best a kind of patriotic optimism, a serene glorification.

Carlyle had written from the precisely opposite point of view; he was overburdened with passionate metaphysics

which he, involved in a texture of rugged Eupheism, intensely mannered. But he had no catholicity of grasp, and his picturesqueness had little subtlety or delicacy because his intense admiration for certain qualities and types blinded him to finer shades of character. There was no restraint about the style, and thus, his enthusiasm turned to rant, his statement of preferences degenerated into a species of frantic bombast.

With these Pater had nothing in common, the writers with whom he is more nearly connected are Charles Lamb, De Quincey, Newman, and Ruskin. He was akin to Charles Lamb in the delicacy of touch, the subtle flavour of language, and still more in virtue of his tender observation, his love of interior domestic life. He has a certain nearness to De Quincey in the impassioned autobiographical tendency, the fondness for retrospect, which Pater considered the characteristic of the poetical temperament. He is akin to Newman in respect of the restraint, the economy of the effect, the perfect suavity of his work; but none of these probably exerted any very direct effect on the style of Pater. He learnt from Ruskin to realise intensely the suggestiveness of art, to pursue the subjective effect upon the mind of the recipient, though the rich and glowing style of Ruskin enlarged the vocabulary of Pater, yet we can trace the time when he parted company with him and turned aside in the direction of repression rather than volubility, of severety rather than prodigality.

It may be said, then, that Pater really strŭck out a new line in English prose, working on the principles enunciated by Flaubert in a widely different region. The essence of his attempt was to produce prose that has never before been contemplated in English, full of colour and melody, serious, exquisite, ornate. He devoted equal pains both to construction and ornamentation. Whether he is simple and stately, whether he is involved and intricate, he has the contrast always in view. His object was that every sentence should be weighed, charged with music, haunted with echoes; that it should charm and suggest rather than convince or state. The danger of the perfection to which he attained is the danger of over-influence, seductive sweetness, the value is to suggest the unexplored possibilities of English as a vehicle for a kind of

prose that is wholly and essentially poetical. The triumph of his art is to be metrical without metre, rhythmical without monotony. There will, of course, always be those whom this honeyed, laboured cadence will affect painfully with a sense of something stifling and over-perfumed; and indeed the merits of a work of art can never be established by explanation or defended by argument but to such as can apprehend, feel, enjoy, there is the pleasure of perfected art of language, that obeys and enriches the thought, of calculated effect, of realisation, with a supreme felicity of the intention of the writer.

One does not praise his works as the perfection of style; there is a limpidity and lucidity of prose style—prose as used by Newman, by Matthew Arnold, by Ruskin in chastened moods—to which no style that depends upon elaborateness and artifice can attain; but it may fairly be claimed for Pater that he realised his own conception of perfection. The style is heavy and ornate, supple with artifice. It is not so much a picture as an illumination. For sunlight, there is stiff, burnished gold; it is full of gorgeous conceits, jewelled phrases; it has no ease or simplicity; it is all calculated, wrought up, stippled; but it must be appraised rather than criticised, accepted rather than judged.

Pater and Arnold:

Both Pater and Arnold are great critics of the later nineteenth century, but in style both of them differ with each other. It is Arnold who gave a definiteness and solidarity to English criticism. It is Pater who gave exactness and perfect rightness to it, beginning with the single word, 'no surplusage'. It is he who professes the value of reserve in literature, and this he practises even to the point of sacrifice. Everywhere, the exact tint or wash of vocabulary is observed.

According to Arnold, criticism is an endeavour, in all branches of knowledge—theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is. He opposed the practice of bringing to the study of literature one's individual fancies. He propagated that in a critic what is needed most is the 'disinterested objectivity'. His theory was that a critic should, as far as possible, see an object with a perfectly detached attitude. Pater also approves this, but he puts it in other

words. He says that in aesthetic criticism, the first step towards seeing one's object as it really is, is to know one's own impressions, is to discriminate it, to realise it distinctly. Pater's opinion is in favour of treating an object subjectively, of recording one's sense of fact as distinguished from mere fact itself.

The difference between Arnold's and Pater's theories is, therefore, evident. Pater believes in subjective interpretation, whereas Arnold regarded the subjective interpretation as fatal 'to the dispassionate consideration of a work'. He was against all caprice, waywardness, and provinciality. He said, "the great art of criticism is to get oneself out of the way and let humanity decide". This means that in a literary criticism there is no place for subjective observation. To him, 'the personal element was of little justification in any critical estimate'. He expresses his views as under:—

> A poet or a poem may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves. Our personal affinities, likings, and circumstances have great power to sway our estimates of this or that poet's work, and to make us attach more importance to it as poetry than in itself it really possesses, because to us it is or has been, of high importance. Here, also, we overrate theo bject of our interest, and apply to it a language of praise which is quite exaggerated.

Arnold does not only disapprove the subjective outlook in a critic but he also ignores the importance and validity of age and the time in which the poet lived. To him historical importance is futile. He forgets that the poet or an artist is the product of his age. Though he is above his age also, yet the print of age on literature is infallible. Arnold does not mind this, he says that a poet or a poem may count to us historically. The course of development of a nation's language, thought and poetry, is profoundly interesting; and by regarding a poet's work as a stage in this development we may easily bring ourselves to make it of more importance as poetry than in itself it really is; we may come to use a language of quite exaggerated praise in criticising it; in short, to overrate it.

Thus we see that Arnold does not attach any importance to personal or historical backgrounds. He forgets that every

work of art is a complex product of personal temperament, social, economic and historical movements of the age in which the artist lives. Such a verdict implies that a critic should weigh any piece of art whether it be Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* or Milton's *Paradise Lost* or Tennyson's *Maud* on the same balance.

Pater, in this respect, is quite contrasted to Arnold. When Arnold says Art is for life, Pater's opinion is Art for Art's sake. He lays importance to both personal and historical. No doubt Pater himself was deficient in the historic sense, yet he was well aware of the significance of the broader historical perspective.

To Pater, individual's impressions count much. He tells how a critic should judge a piece of art: "What is this song or picture, this engaging personality presented in life or book to me? What effect does it really produce on me? Does it give me pleasure? And if so, what sort or degree of pleasure? All this means that a piece of art should be judged subjectively. Arnold emphasised that criticism should be free from the perverse caprice of the individual, but it should refer it back 'to the sensible mass of common people'. 'For the one, the object lay in the external world sharply clear for anybody who had not blinded himself with insular or provincial zeal'. For the other, the object had no existence save among the thoughts it had stimulated".

If we judge both Arnold and Pater as critics, we can easily say that Arnold's criticism is principled criticism and is based on firm and clear beliefs. His theory that poetry is the criticism of life stands good for all the time. He is consistent in consistency. He judged a piece of art great or small in proportion as it approximated to the supreme lives. To him 'disinterestedness, freedom from insularity and provinciality, scrupulous avoidance of individual caprice, and a knowledge of what is best in all literature—these, then, were to form the equipment of the true critic'. Matthew Arnold is one of the greatest critics in the English Literature for his being scholarly without being pretentious, enthusiastic without being rash. Arnold's place in the literature of criticism is not on account of his style, nor due to witty remarks, but on account of the solidarity of judgment.

Against this, Pater's style is more artistic; there are long sentences full of parentheses and punctuation marks. When Arnold's critical remarks are in the form of verdicts, Pater's remarks are for the most part capricious, always highly personal and, therefore, unacceptable to great majority of scholars. They are very often unprincipled, and lack solidity and definiteness. He is less weighty, less sound, less principled and less authoritative than Arnold.

Pater's Style:

Pater was a great lover of beauty. He has left no mark on the English Literature, neither as a philosopher, nor, as a scholarly critic. For the exquisite richness of his style, he is valued. His judgments are not principled and often capricious and individualistic, but he is no doubt the inventor of a new style in prose-writing. With Flaubert, he said single word for single idea without any surplusage—"Say what you have to say, what you have a will to say, in the simplest, the most direct and exact manner possible, with no surplusage". But though he preaches 'no surplusage,' he does not actually practise it. He writes certainly with great labour and careful thoughts, but often in the verbosity, his ideas become obscure.

Pater combines in himself the peculiar excellences of different prose writers. He has the subtle artistry of Lamb, the poetic fervour of De Quincey, the scholarly finish of Newman, the long-drawn sweetness of Browne. But Pater goes ahead of them in the sense that 'he uses the English language as if it were some musical instrument capable of infinite modulations'. His prose is poetic prose, he is a perfect artist in words, 'as meticulous in his choice of words as a painter is in the selection of his pigments'. His sentences are pregnant with strange echoes and half-lit hints. As we read his prose, for a few minutes we feel, as it were, we have been transported to the regions of pure poetry. The following extract from Leonardo da Vinci's *La Gioconda* is worth noting:

"The presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the wake of a thousand years men had come to desire. Here is the head upon which all 'the ends of the world are come' and the little eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and

fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed. All the thoughts and experiences of the world are etched and moulded there, in that which they have a power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative lovers, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the Vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with eastern merchants: and as Leda was mother of Helen of Troy, and as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this had been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands".

Reading the above piece, "We tend to forget that it is a passage about Leonardo da Vinici's most magnificent painting 'Mona Lisa' and are soon lost in a world of reveries....It is a musical fantasia, a fabric of dreams, rather than any attempt at critical analysis of an actual work of art". Pater's art, like Swinburne's, 'constantly aspires to the condition of music', which to him, is the true type of perfected art. The charm of such a style is a matter of feeling and not within the compass of scientific exposition. It is unchilled by the effects of time. It is always hauntingly beautiful.

Referring to this, Scott James says that he will give to words exactly that sort of attention which Marius studied to bestow on the facts of experience, disciplining himself to find in each just so much value as it fitted to hold. He will tolerate no short-cuts, no hackneyed illustrations, no affectation of learning designed for the unlearned. His scrupulous self-restraint in choosing words for their exact and their finer meaning will have for the susceptible reader the effect of a challenge for minute consideration; the attention of the writer, in every minutest detail being a pledge that it is worth the reader's while to be attentive to.

The great things in literature are usually simple in expression; and Pater's powers of thought and style are best displayed when he comes nearest to the traditional manner, reminding us of Thackeray at his best, and hinting how he might possibly have distinguished himself in that effort to treat contemporary life nobly, which he ascribes to Tennyson. It is in his brief imaginative sketches, like *The Child in the House* or *Apollo in Picardy*, that he thus succeeds. The aspirations of youth, and the hidden memories of boyhood, appeal to him especially, and link these little pieces for a moment with such famous productions of the romantic movement as *Dream Children*. Emerald Uthwart, the boy who has been condemned to military disgrace for bravery in defiance of instruction, comes home to die:

"In his worn military dress he seems a part of the ruin under which he creeps for a night's rest as darkness comes on. He actually came round again to the scene of his disgrace, of the execution; looked in vain for the precise spot where he knelt; then, almost envying him who lay there, for the unmarked grave; passed over it perhaps unrecognised for some change in that terrible place, or rather in himself; wept then as never before in his life; dragged himself on once more, till suddenly the whole country seems to move under the rumour, the very thunder, of the crowning victory, he is made to understand".

Pater's place in English Literature:

'Inferior only to Ruskin and Rossetti, in his influence upon the aesthetic movement was Walter Pater, a man whose work it is impossible to read without admiration, tinged with a certain regret; it is so admirable from the end in view, and yet it carries so unmistakably the marks of decadence'. Thus Hugh Walker has observed in his book *The Literature of the Victorian Era*: To him, Pater was one of those fastidious writers condemned, like Gray, by what is strongest as well as by what is weakest in their own nature to a certain meagreness of production, and his native tendency was increased by the view he took of the circumstances of the age in which he lived. Not Arnold himself was more impressed by its complexity. "That imaginative prose', he says, 'should be the special and opportune art of the modern world results from two important

facts about the latter; first, the chaotic variety and complexity of its interest, making the intellectual issue, the really master currents of the present time incalculable—a condition of mind little susceptible of the restraints proper to verse form, so that the most characteristic verse of the 19th century has been lawless verse; and secondly, an all-pervading naturalism, a curiosity about everything whatever as it really is, involving a certain humility of attitude, cognate to what must, after all, be the less ambitious form of literature'. This passage from the essay on *Style* belongs to the later period of Pater's authorship; but the ideas were his from the start, and it is evident that the man who was thus impressed by the complexity of the issues, and humbled by the wide range of curiosity, was not likely to rush prematurely into print to be very copious and facile as an author. His earliest contribution to literature was the Essay on Coleridge, first printed in 1866; and from that date onwards he slowly produced the papers gathered together in *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (1873), *Imaginary Portraits* (1887), *Appreciations* (1889), *Greek Studies* (1895), and *Miscellaneous Studies* (1895). *Plato and Platonism* (1893) was the outcome of lectures which he delivered with almost as much suffering as Carlyle, though lecturing was part of the business of Pater's life. His most ambitious, and on the whole his greatest work, *Marius, the Epicurean* (1885), was the fruit of six years of the most concentrated labour he ever gave. *Gaston de Latour* (1896), which might have rivalled *Marius*, remained unfinished at his death.

With the exception of Marius, the lectures on Plato and the unfinished *Gaston de Latour*, the whole of Pater's work belongs to the class of miscellaneous writings, and formally it is critical rather than creative; but, though the subjects are various, the impression conveyed is remarkably uniform. All that Pater wrote is as deeply marked with the personality of the writer as is the work of Ruskin himself. In both cases we may doubt whether the interpretation of the critic would have been accepted by the artist; but also in both cases, the work has a value independent of the question of the soundness of the interpretation. We may reasonably think Pater's description of La Gioconda overwrought, we may suspect that it puts too much into the picture, we may even doubt whether it be not, as an interpretation of Leonardo, wholly misleading; but, even

so, it remains a very beautiful piece of writing and in itself a valuable work of art. Pope's *Homer* may not be Homer, but if it is a very pretty poem, it has a solid value of its own.

Pater illustrates the complexity of the age, which so deeply impressed him, but the multitude of strands which are turned together in his own work, the Middle Ages and the Italian Renaissance, painting and poetry, classicism and romanticism, all contribute to it. No one carries the suggestion of more numerous and more various writers. The influence of Plato is pervasive, and that of Goethe only less so. Traces of Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites are less numerous than might be expected; for, though Pater had many sympathies in common with them, his methods were different. Breaths or whiffs of Sir Thomas Browne and Lamb and Hawthorne and Arnold, widely different as they are from one another and from Pater, are also borne by his sentences. And yet through all this he remains highly original and individual. Few writers are more completely non-dramatic than Pater. Whatever the character he depicts, it is always really Pater who appears upon the canvas. This is true of all the *Imaginary Portraits*, of *The Child in the House*, of *Emerald Uthwart*, and of *Marius, the Epicurean*. The mirror which Pater holds up to nature is one which can reflect only himself. There is nothing in the least degree objective in his work; it is hardly too much to say that the whole of it, whether intentionally or not, is autobiographic. The very artists and poets whom he passes in review have to take his colour, and it may be questioned whether he ever succeeds in putting himself in the place of the man he criticises. Hence he is best when brooding on nature, and he is unsatisfactory in dealing with a genius of the free and objective type, like Shakespeare. It can hardly be doubted that the elaborate passage in which he describes the effect of Oxford upon Uthwart is a transcript from his own experience. Uthwart, we are told, cares for beauties of Oxford, in themselves, and except through association, less when he is among them than in retrospect. But then, 'It was almost retrospect even now, with an anticipation of regret, in rare moments of solitude perhaps, when the oars splashed far up the narrow streamlets through the fields on May evenings among the fritillaries—does the reader know them? that strange remnant just here of a richer extinct flora—dry flowers, though

with a drop of dubious honey in each snake's head, the rusted blood, as if they grew from some forgotten battle-field, the bodies, the rotten armour—yet delicate, beautiful, waving proudly'—(*Miscellaneous Studies*).

It would be hard to find a passage more characteristic of Pater's peculiar imagination than this, or more illustrative both of his merits and his defects. There is a kind of uncanniness in it, as there is sometimes in Hawthorne, and in spite of its beauty the reader is tempted to ask whether it is altogether wholesome. This, certainly, would hardly do for 'human nature's daily food'. It is the product of a highly artificial, perhaps a decadent life, it is the air of the hot-house, to be breathed now and then for the sake of the strange and beautiful flowers that grow there but whence the escape into the free air of heaven is a joy and a relief.

In the case of Pater, then, the 'personal equation' is a thing for which liberal allowance must be made, and his judgment both of painters and of writers command themselves rather to a coterie than to the world at large. They are, in short, 'appreciations' rather than judgments. There is, however, another aspect to Pater's critical work. He can hardly be called technically a philosopher; his *Plato and Platonism* is essentially an attempt to get at the thought through sympathy with the thinker; and so far as he deals with abstract principles, he prefers principles of the emotional nature to principles of the understanding. But few have written more wisely upon style, and the sentence in which he concentrates the essence of his doctrine is unimpeachable:

"Say what you have to say, what you have a will to say, in the simplest, the most direct and exact manner possible, with no surplusage—there is the justification of the sentence so fortunately born, 'entire, smooth, and round', that it needs no punctuation, and also (that is the point) of the most elaborate period, if it be right in its elaboration". —(*Appreciations*.)

Few, again, have more wisely discriminated between the romantic spirit to be 'curiosity and love of beauty' that of the classical spirit, 'a comely order'. He quotes with qualified approval Stendhal's saying that 'all good art was romantic in its day'; and his own love for and affinity to the romantic spirit is obvious. But the true function of Pater is to make the romantic once more classical, superimpose the 'comely order'

upon beauty, and in doing so inevitably to reduce the strangeness. This he does almost in spite of himself, and yet with the approval of his own judgment. The influence of Goethe upon him is due to his sense that Goethe too, in a far larger way, did the same. In the essay on Winckelmann he points out that Goethe illustrates the union of the romantic spirit with Hellenism, and the preponderance of the Hellenic element. Of this union, says Pater, the art of the nineteenth century is the child. His point of view, therefore, is similar to that of Arnold; but that breath from the outer world which Arnold brings is never felt in Pater. He is cloistered,—a recluse looking out from the windows of a college upon a world in which he has no part or lot. The whole moral atmosphere of the two men is also different. Pater, from first to last, is epicurean, while through the playful banter of Arnold there is always audible the undertone of Stoicism.

Benson puts it in another way. He says, 'To feel the charm of Pater's writings it is necessary to be, to some extent, in sympathy with the philosophy of Pater. We see in him a naturally sceptical spirit, desiring to plunge beneath established systems and complacent explanations; and this, in common with an intense sensibility to every hint and intimation of beauty, apprehended in serious and sober spirit; not the spirit that desires to possess itself of the external elements, but to penetrate the essential charm. Yet it is not the patient and untroubled beauty of nature, of simple effects of sun and shade, of great mountains, of wide plains, but of a remote and symbolical beauty, seen by glimpses and in corners, of which he was in search—beauty with which is mixed a certain strangeness and mystery, that suggests an inner and a deeper principle behind, intermingled with a sadness, a melancholy that is itself akin to beauty.

There is always an interfusion of casuistical and metaphysical thought with Pater's apprehension of beauty; he seems to be ever desirous to draw near to the frankness, the unashamed happiness of the Greek spirit, but he for ever held back by a certain fence of scepticism, a malady or thought.

Yet the beauty of which he takes account is essentially of a religious kind; it draws the mind to the further issue, the inner spirit. All the charm of ritual and ceremonial in worship has for Pater an indefinable and constant attraction. He is for ever

recurring to it, because it seems to him to interpret and express an emotion, a need of the human spirit, whose concern is to comprehend if it can be what is the shadowy figure, the mysterious will, that moves behind the world of sight and sense.

We can trace the progress of thought in the case of Pater as clearly as it is possible to trace the thought of any recent writer; though reticent and even suavely ironical in talk, he was in his writings at once self-centred and *in time*. His own emotions, his own preoccupations were absorbingly important to him; yet while he shrank from giving them facile utterance he was irresistibly impelled to take the world into his confidence. He had none of the frank egotism of Wordsworth, none of the complacent belief in the interest of his revelations of himself; and yet there is no writer that speaks more persistently and self-consciously of his own point of view. He made little attempt to pass outside it, and hardly disguised what he would fain have concealed. The instinct, indeed, for expression triumphs at every point over the instinct for reticence.

We see the silent, self-contained boyhood, the intellectual awakening, the absorption in metaphysics, and their abandonment, the eager pursuit of recondite beauty, that from the days of his maturity never left him; we see in the candour, the urbanity, the delicate and gentle outlook, the intellectual strenuousness of his heroes, a reflection of his own personal ideals. We see how he was led to trust personal intuitions rather than intellectual processes; to listen rather to the simpler, sweeter message which comes from life, from experience, from sympathy, than to obey the logical conclusions of reason, which indeed arrives so soon at the consciousness of its own limitations; we see that he determined that the function of reason was rather to keep judgment suspended; that it should be applied as a solvent alike to philosophical and religious systems; but that the spirit should not thus be bound; that reason should indeed erect the framework of the houses, its walls and doorways—and that then its work was done; while the spirit should dwell within, drawing its strength from the tender observation of humanity, from humble service, from companionship, while it should all the time keep its eyes open to any faintest message flashed from afar, whether

it came through glance or word, through book or picture, through charm of form or colour, from tower or tree, from the clear freshness of the solitary dawn, or from the orange sunset dying softly over wide, glimmering fields.

"Behold, this dreamer cometh!' So, with an envious contempt, the petty-minded brethren of the inspired child beloved of God greeted him, as he came in unsuspecting innocence to join them in the field. He was to learn, even in the tender days of boyhood, how heavy a burden that secret knowledge was to be, that inheritance of the inner and deeper sight which could pierce behind the veil of mortality. If he could have foreseen the weary way he was to travel to the calm and prosperous eminence of the later years, would he not have hidden the visions which he revealed so guilelessly? Not even the certainty of the honour and comfort of the future would have made amends for the loneliness, the malignity of the labyrinth which he was so gently and faithfully to tread. This power of inner sight, this perception of the essence of things, must always, it seems, bring its possessor a certain isolation. These prosperous worldly spirits, that swim so vigorously on the surface of things, have always a suspicion, a jealousy, a contempt for one who dives deeper, and brings back tidings of the strange secrets that the depth holds. But if such clear-sighted spirits go tranquilly upon their way, and utter fearlessly the truth they discern, though the way be difficult and arduous, the honour comes at last unsought, unprized. And it is well, perhaps, that the conquest is so hard, because if the victory came at once, with it would doubtless come the relish for the easy, the obvious triumph; but by the time that it arrives, the pure spirit, chastened and refined, has reached a region where the only pleasure that fame brings is the knowledge that truth has somewhat prevailed. There is no taint of personal complacency, no luxurious yielding to lower satisfactions, nothing but the unstained delight that the mystery, discerned and interpreted, is bringing in other hearts its rich and reviving fruits.

Such is the life of Pater. It is the life of one who, through a dreamful and unpraised boyhood, through a silent and undistinguished youth, gradually discerned a principle of things; learned to see, with an impassioned zest, the truth that, in art and life alike, the victory is with those who attain

to a certain patient and appreciative attitude of soul; who learn through careful toil, through much sorting of accumulated thought and expression, to discriminate between what is facile, impressive, spacious, and what is deep, permanent, sincere. No taste can of course be wholly catholic; it is swayed by instinct, prepossession, and preference. But the point is, in however limited a sphere, to be able to detect with unfailing certainty the true quality of things.

He of whom we speak achieved this art of subtle discrimination, a gift which is shared by dumb and learned connoisseurs; but above this rise a few, who cannot only by a trained instinct recognise what is perfect but who can express their methods and powers so that cannons and standards can be formed. Then to but one or two in a generation is given a further gift; the creative, the poetical power to express in language of high and haunting beauty the deepest mysteries of art; who cannot only praise in noble and inspiring terms the beautiful thing, the exquisite work, the flashing of thought, but can disentangle the very essence of the secret, establish remote and subtle connections, and open, if only for one glorious instant, a door into the inner shrine, showing a vision of awful angels, bent on high service, interpreting the loud crying of mysterious voices, echoing the rising strain that fills the golden roofed palace, and giving perhaps an awestruck glimpse of the presence that sits enthroned there.

But not always on these august heights does the haunted spirit dwell. There is a spell unknown to those who live the eager life of affairs, who dwell in crowded cities, or who carry the busy, scheming mind abroad with them into lonelier places; the spell that broods over the wooded valley with its hazel-hidden stream, where the bird sings among the thickets; the spell that lies behind the dark tree-trunks of the grove that bar the smouldering sunset with shafts of shade; that trembles in the green twilight when the stars begin to glimmer, and winds are hushed. This too, and its appeal to the heart of man, the tinge that it lends to the dreams, the passionate desire to record, to represent, to give permanence of form to the hurrying moment—all this needs to be interpreted as well.

But here, to the true prophet of these mysteries, the thought that must be caught and touched and given shape,

is not so much the mystery itself—for that is dark and not to be comprehended—but the thrill which such visions have communicated to the hearts of other pilgrims, who have fared eagerly and sadly through the world before us, and have passed into the darkness, just leaving, in written signs and pictured symbols, the traces of passion, the desire, the yearning that such things have brought them. Such a task as this—this piecing together of personality, this testing recorded impressions, this imbuing of ancient, half-faded dreams with the sanguine vitality, the eager hope of to-day, needs one who is not less a poet than a critic. The dreamer that comes thus must not be absorbed in his own fruitful visions, but must be able, by an energy of sympathy, a lucid purity of soul: to enter no less eagerly into the dim and far-reaching visions of other inspired spirits."

Pater was the greatest exponent of the aesthetic doctrine. In their book *The Victorians and After*, the authors have observed that neither Newman nor Huxley was primarily concerned with 'literature', they emerged from their spheres to take their place as artists, and we can return to those who figure as professional men of letters. Pater is the most significant of the later ones, and stands in the popular eye as the great exponent of the 'aesthetic' doctrine, the 'Art for Art's sake' school. The movement is now regarded with tolerant contempt, but fundamentally it was sound, though its slogan, like most slogans, over-stated the case. The doctrine merely is that though art may be ultimately concerned with morals, religion and politics, and is finally to be judged in relation to a manner of living, it is itself autonomous, deals with a different grouping of emotions and has a different approach. The movement, however, became somewhat flabby and sickly; it became too much yearning after 'beauty' (Rossetti is perhaps a little to blame for this); it was fascinated by malady in both the physical and the moral sense. There is a good deal of the greenery-valley about it, the somewhat verdigrised langour of certain pre-Raphaelite windows, and it ended in the macawbre of Aubrey Beardsley. It became distorted by the moralists and flaunted in the nineties, died out in the first decade of the new century, except perhaps in the more enduring person of Arthur Symons, who endowed with considerable intellectual force, bravely kept flying the flag of a cause already decayed.

Pater himself, however, was a moralist, in the direct line of descent from Arnold. Though he wished life to be treated 'in the spirit of art', this itself was 'the moral significance of art and poetry'. He was afraid of his own view that life must be caught as a series of intensely appreciative moments and that none of the moments should be sacrificed to any system or abstract morality, so he expunged from the conclusion of *The Renaissance* the essay in which he brilliantly stated his theory. For him, art largely replaced religion, and even when after a period of flagrant antagonism to the Church he returned to the fold, what attracted him was the artistry of it—'You seem to think, Mr. Pater', Jowett said to him, 'that religion is all ritual'. It was, if the conclusion of *Marius, the Epicurean* is an indication. Pater, no doubt, had a considerable influence, and by no means a bad one, in educating people to a finer perception of the arts, and a realisation of their value. He continued Arnold's battle for culture, and if the result was not quite what he would have wished, that was not altogether his fault.

"Good as his essays are, and admirable as much of his criticism is, especially his essays on *Style*, on Wordsworth and on Coleridge, where he ceases to be impressionistic and becomes analytical, his great achievement was the *Imaginary Portraits*, with which we may include *Gastom de Latour*. *The Renaissance* was a fine piece of work but the *Imaginary Portraits* are living recreations of personalities, in a peculiar form, half short story and half essay, which owe a good deal of their effect to the careful modulations of the prose. It is the fashion now to look down on Pater and to abominate his prose; but his interpretation of his criticism has illuminating moments, and if his prose is languorous, it is with the languor of an athlete at rest. He is the conscious prose-artist of the period; he had a good ear, and a respect for words; and though he is not a model to be followed, there is much to be learnt from him."

APPRECIATION OF *APPRECIATIONS*

Pater's study of 'Wordsworth' is a very subtle piece of criticism. It is often taken for granted that Wordsworth valued tranquillity above ardour, and thus the essay is peculiarly felicitous in pointing out that not mere contemplation but

impassioned contemplation was the underlying purpose of the poet's life. Pater shows that Wordsworth's choice of incidents and situations from common life was made 'not for their tameness but for (their) passionate sincerity'. He indicates that the reason why Wordsworth selected the homelier figures of the world for his protagonists was that he might display 'all the pathetic episodes of their humbler existence, their longing, their wonder at fortune, their poor pathetic pleasures, like the pleasures of children, won so hardly in the struggle for bare existence; their yearning towards each other, in their darkened houses, or at their early toil'.

It is too customary with critics to draw a sharp line between Wordsworth in his moments of inspired passion and Wordsworth in the mood of solemn effectiveness; and thus those who write on Wordsworth too often view his work with a certain impatience, as if by an effort he could have criticised himself, and made a more emphatic selection of his own writings. But Pater, though he echoes the wish that Wordsworth could have been more severe in the matter of omission, shows the essential unity of his work, arising from the deliberate passivity with which he waited dutifully upon the gift of inspiration, and he compares him beautifully to 'one of those early Italian or Flemish painters, who, just because their minds were full of heavenly visions, passed, some of them, the better part of sixty years in quiet, systematic industry.'

In fact Pater realised, perhaps unconsciously, that what Wordsworth had written in the '*Poet's Epitaph*' was as true of Wordsworth himself,—'And you must love him, ere to you he will seem worthy of your love', and thus the spirit in which he deals with Wordsworth's work is one of a reverent tenderness, that cannot even bear to speak with the least roughness or harshness of the writings of one so sincere, so wise, so deep-hearted, even when engaged in the task of producing arid and pompous couplets, or rubbing, as Matthew Arnold says, like Indians in primeval forests, one dry stick upon another in the hope of generating a flame.

Pater is particularly alive to Wordsworth's deep sense of what may be called the *admonitus locorum*, the local sanctities, the far-reaching human associations with places, dealing with them largely, 'till the low walls, the green grounds, the half-obliterated epitaphs seemed full of voices.'

Again Pater skilfully divines Wordsworth's peculiar power 'of realising, and conveying impressions—silence, darkness, absolute motionlessness; or, again, the whole complex sentiment of a particular place, the abstract expression of desolation in the long white road, of peacefulness in a particular folding of the hills.'

It is abundantly clear that, in the case of Wordsworth, Pater felt himself drawing near to a highly congenial personality. He speaks in another essay of the poet's 'flawless temperament, his mountain atmosphere of mind.' The dignity, the seriousness, the quietness, the impassioned quality of the poet's life made a strong appeal to him, and not less the high purpose to which he dedicated his whole life; the rendering and interpreting of beautiful impression, the desire to impart to others what gave him joy and tranquillity, and thus the whole essay is redolent of a sort of trustful affection, the mood in which a man speaks simply and sincerely of a point of view which he instinctively admires, a character that is very dear to his heart. Pater goes, indeed, so far as to say in a later essay that a careful reading of Wordsworth is probably the very best thing that can be found to counteract the faults and offences of our busy and restless generation, as helping to remind us, 'amid the enormous expansion of all that is material and mechanical in life, of the essential value, the permanent ends, of life itself.'

The essay on *Charles Lamb* is another instance of Pater's power of selecting and emphasising the congenial elements of a character. It is not the inconsequent, the reckless humour of Charles Lamb that Pater values most, his power of pursuing a humorous image, of clinging to it, as Lamb did among the rubs and adversities of the world, as a man in a beating sea might cling to a spar for his life. Pater is rather in love with the contrast of Lamb's life, the tragic under-current of fate, that ran like a dark stream below his lightness, his pathetic merriment. He admires him as an artist first, because 'in the making of prose he realises the principle of art for its own sake, as completely as Keats in making of verse.' He values him for the 'little arts of happiness, he is ready to teach to others,' for his deep and patient friendliness; he sees in him 'a lover of household warmth everywhere,' a collector of things which gain a colour for him 'by the little accidents

which attest previous ownership'. He loves him because he 'has a care for the sighs, and the weary, humdrum preoccupations of very weak people, down to their little pathetic 'gentilities, even while, in the purely human temper, he can write of death, almost like Shakespeare. 'Unoccupied,' he says, 'as he might seem, with great matters, he is in immediate contact with what is real, especially in its caressing littleness, that littleness in which there is much of the whole woeful heart of things, and meets it more than half way with a perfect understanding of it.' He realises, too, the fineness and largeness of Lamb's criticism; he says that when Lamb comments on Shakespeare, he is 'like a man who walks alone under a grand stormy sky, and among unwonted tricks of light, when powerful spirits might seem to be abroad upon the air ;' and he does, too, full justice to Lamb's poetical appreciation of London. 'Nowhere,' he says, in the melodious concluding sentence, 'is there so much difference (as in London) between rain and sunshine, nowhere do the clouds roll together more grandly......the background of the great city with its weighty atmosphere, and portent of storm in the rapid light on dome and bleached stone steeples.

Perhaps it may be thought that Pater's judgment of Lamb is coloured by too strong an infusion of his own personality, and that the Charles Lamb of the essay is hardly recognisable, clothed as he appears to be, in his critic's wardrobe, that Pater puts aside certain broad aspects of Lamb's character as being less congenial to himself, but I should rather myself feel that he has indeed passed behind the smiling mask which Lamb often wore, or has, perhaps, persuaded him to doff it; and that he has thus got nearer, in fact, to this melancholy loving spirit, with its self-condemned indulgences, its vain of mockery, its long spaces of dreariness, its acute sensibilities. Lamb, one feels, was a pilgrim in hard places, and, like Bunyan's pilgrims, caught desperately at the fruits that hung over the wall, to relieve his sadness; and yet, in another mood, he was full of a tender quietism, with a large and loving outlook upon humanity and life. Pater seems to have come from reading Lamb like a friend who has been communing with a friend. They have talked without affectation and without disguises; and thus one feels that, though there has been, under the influence of sympathy, a certain suppression or

suspension of modes of speech, of aspects of thought that had a real bearing on Lamb's character, yet that Pater had seen the innermost heart of the man with the insight that only affection can give, an insight which subtler and harder critics seem to miss, even though the picture they may draw is incontestably truer to detail......

The essay on *Romanticism* has a high value. It is an attempt to find a definition for the two terms *Classical* and *Romantic*. Pater sees with perspicuous clearness that one of the difficulties of finding a praise formula for large terms, expressive of this tendency is the disentangling of them from the loose, conventional, and conversational sense that they came to bear. Thus he says of the word *classical*, that 'it has often been used in a hard, and merely scholastic sense, by the praises of what is old and accustomed, at the expense of what is new, by critics who would never have discovered for themselves the charm of any work whether new or old, who value what is old, in art or literature, for its accessories, and chiefly for the conventional authority that has gathered about it—fresh risen from the sea, and who praise the Venus of old Greece and Rome, only because they fancy they have grown now into something staid and tame'.

He says that the charm of classical literature is the charm of the 'well-known tale' to which we can, nevertheless; listen over and over again, because it is told so well. To the absolute beauty of its artistic form, is added the accidental, tranquil charm of familiarity,—'It comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times, as the measure of what a long experience has shown will at least never displease us'.

But the romantic spirit is that which craves for new motives, new subjects of interest, new modifications of style; its essence is the addition of strangeness to beauty; its danger is to value what is after all inartistic—anything that is bizarre, strained, exaggerated. Pater contrasts Pope and Balzae as instances of the defects of the two styles,—Pope's lack of curiosity producing insipidity, and Balzae's excess of curiosity not being duly tempered with the desire of beauty; and with singular felicity he selects the *Philoctetus* of Sophocles as a typically romantic book, but yet with all the tranquillity of the classical spirit.

Pater shows that romanticism generally arises, as in France

with Rosseau, after a long period of stagnation and ennui. But after all the essence of situation lies in the fact that, as Stendhal says, all good art was romantic in its day; and thus the charm of romanticism is the charm of the spring, of unfolding new forms, and strangely-shaped flowers, and scented fruits; the charm of classicism is the charm that creeps over the same landscape with the mellow richness of autumn; and Pater sums up the whole subject by saying that 'in truth, the legitimate contention is, not of one age or school of literary art against another, but of all successive schools alike, against the stupidity which is dead to the substance, and the vulgarity which is dead to form'.

The conclusion, then, for Pater, is that our work should unite the true qualities of both romanticism and classicism; that it should be fresh, new, spontaneous and unconventional, decorous, but not hampered by decorum; gaining soberness and richness from recognised methods and due authority; but in the truest sense a development, neither a new departure nor a servile imitation. We are not to think slightly of the old forms, or to neglect the hallowed influences of association; authority must control the manner, vitality suggest the matter. And in all this Pater is true to his creed, clinging as he did to the old forms of melodies and enriching them with new harmonies. He is content, indeed, to look backwards with reverent eyes upon the past; but he is alive with the problems of the present, the hopes of the future.

And thus the essay comes to have a direct value, because in it he summarises and reflects, stating the truth positively, and not by allusion and in allegories. It is in a sense one of the manifestoes scattered through his writings; and it testifies to his belief, which, one might forget in his dwelling upon the old and the established, that he was at heart upon the side of the new, the inquisitive, the expensive; that his work indeed is only critical in form, but essentially creative, in spirit.

In the essay on *Sir Thomas Browne* the same principle of autobiographical selection comes out which we see so constantly at work in Pater's mind. The charm for him in Browne is that whimsical mixture of scientific and poetical elements, the ceremonious piety, the strong sensitiveness to the human association of things, the thirst to record and express a point of view. Again, what gives Pater a strong interest in Browne's writings

is the fact that he exhibits at a remote point the evolution of native English prose, that evolution which was distracted, we would believe by the wave of classicism, the effect of the tide of the Renaissance, which beat, belated and enfeebled, on our solitary shores. The invasion of English prose by the wrong kind of classicism, the sonorous elaboration of Latinity instead of the lucid charm of native English, deferred, no doubt, the development of natural English prose, though it perhaps eventually ministered to its richness. Browne, like Montaigne in France, is the type of the essayist, the writer whose object is not the precise statement of a cause, but the saturation of a subject in his own personality. Such writing is often lacking in structure and conception, but it has an indefinable charm. 'It has,' writes Pater of Browne's style, 'its garrulity, its various levels of painstaking, its mannerism, pleasant of its kind or tolerable, together with much, to us intolerable, but of which he was capable of on a lazy summer afternoon, down at Norwich'. It is just that which is the charm; that brings before us the same elements that delight us in our own life, the summer, the freshness of the open air, the pleasant house with its gardens and studious chamber together with a venerable setting which but heighten the sense that though philosophic, political and religious theories may have shifted and developed, the greater part of men's lives and joys are made up out of far simpler and commoner elements, which hardly indeed change from century to century.

And then, too, there comes in the art of the psychologist, 'to whom all the world is but a spectacle in which nothing is really alien from himself, who has hardly a sense of the distinction between great and little among things that are at all, and whose half-pitying, half-amused sympathy is called out especially by the seemingly small interests and traits of character in the thing or the people around him.

The other points in which the character of Browne appealed strongly to Pater are his emotional interest in ecclesiastical ceremony, which made him rejoice in the return of the comely Anglican order to the Norwich churches at the time of the Restoration, which caused him to weep abundantly at the sight of solemn procession; and there is also the vein of curious speculation about death, his anatomical and antiquarian researches alike testifying to his preoccupation with

the thought of the mystery of decay and extinction of vital power; till his life becomes, as Pater says humorously, 'too like a lifelong following of one's funeral'.

Pater brings out very clearly the fact that the *Religio Medici* is perhaps a misleading title. One would expect a treatise dealing with scientific analysis, tending naturally to materialism and retaining a hold on religion, all the stronger for the speculative temptations that would seem to block the way. "But Browne," says Pater, "in spite of his profession of boisterous doubt, has no real difficulties, and his religion, certainly, nothing of the character of a confession". He is convinced theist, and confirmed pietist. '*The Religio Medici* is a contribution, not to faith but to piety; a refinement and correction, such as piety often stands in need of; a help not so much to religious belief in a world of doubt, as to the maintenance of the religious mood amid the interests of a secular calling.' He goes further, indeed, and shows that it is only Browne's method, not his mind, that is scientific. 'What he is busy in the recording of, are matters more or less of the nature of caprices; as if things, after all, were significant of their higher verity, only at random, and in a sort of surprise, like music in old instruments suddenly touched into sound by a wandering finger, among the lumber of people's houses'.

And thus, though Browne is in a sense an investigator, he misses the conclusion to which investigations are tending; because he does not really seek to arrive at a conclusion, but only to harmonise facts, as he investigates them, with a conclusion which he has inherited rather than drawn.

Pater begins the essay of *Style* by dismissing with a great subtlety of illustrations the ancient principle that a sharp distinction can be drawn between prose and poetry, showing that it is not true that poetry differs only from prose by the presence of metrical restraint; but that while a severe logical structure must underlie poetry, prose can exhibit high imaginative qualities; and that the real distinction in literature is between the literature that is imaginative, and the literature that attempts merely the transcription of fact. He points out that the moment that argument passes from the mere presentation of a theorem and becomes a personal appeal, that moment is the border-line crossed; and that in the work of the historian the poetical element is to be found in the personal element of

selection which is bound to come in, and which may then transform a statement into art.

"Just in proportion", he says, "as the writer's aim, consciously or unconsciously, comes to be the transcribing, not of the world, not of mere fact, but of his sense of it, he becomes an artist, his work fine art; and good art (as I hope ultimately to show) in proportion to the truth of his presentment of that sense; as in those humbler or plainer functions of literature also truth....truth to bare fact, there is the essence of such artistic quality as they may have. Truth! there can be no merit, no craft, at all, without that. And further, all beauty is in the long run only *fineness* of truth, or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within'.

He goes on to say that imaginative prose is the special art of the modern world, 'an instrument of many stops, meditative, observant, descriptive, eloquent, analytic, plaintive, fervid'.

He then passes to the proposition that the art of the craftsman of words must be essentially a scholarly art; that the best writer, with all the jealousy of a lover of words, will resist a constant tendency on the part of the majority of those who use them to efface the distinction of language; but there must be no hint of pedantry; the fact of the great writer being employed in seeing what new words and usages really enrich languages and make it elastic and spontaneous, as well as what additions merely debase it. And then, too, 'the word-artist' must employ 'a self-restraint, a skilful economy of means'; every sentence must have its precise relief, 'the logically filled space connected always with the delightful sense of difficulty overcome'. He must employ 'honourable artifice' to produce a peculiar atmosphere; and thus the perfect artist will be recognised by what he omits even more than by what he retains. 'For in truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work to be lying somewhere, according to Michelangelo's fancy, in the rough hewn block of stone'.

The one essential thing, then, is 'that architectural conception of work, which foresees the end in the beginning and never loses sight of it, and in every part is conscious of all the

rest, till the last sentence does, but with undiminished vigour, unfold and justify the first'.

'All depends upon the original unity, the vital wholeness and identity of the initiatory apprehension or view'. It must be composition, and not loose accretion. The literary artist must leave off 'not in weariness and because he finds *himself* at an end, but in all the freshness of volition'.

He admits that there are instances of great writers who have been no artists, who have written with a kind of unconscious tact; but he maintains that one of the greatest pleasures of really good literature is 'in the critical tracing out of that conscious artistic structure'.

He sums up this part of the subject by saying that all good literature must be directed both by *mind* and *soul*; the mind giving the logical structure, the soul lending the personal appeal.

He then diverges into an elaborate illustration drawn from the methods of Flaubert, whose theory it was that though there might be a number of ways of expressing a thought, yet there was one perfect way, if the artist could only find it, one unique word, one appropriate epithet, phrase, sentence, paragraph, which alone could express the vision within; and again he enforces his belief in the 'special charm in the signs of discovery, of effort and contention towards a due end'.

Truth, then, is the essential quality, truth of conception, truth of expression; and style must be characteristic and expressive of personality, and, though taking its form from the conception, must take its colour from the temperament; and indeed that it should be so, that it should indicate the personal colour, is but another manifestation of sincerity.

Thus it will be seen that whether art is good depends upon the soul of the creator, whether it is great depends upon the mind and then in memorable words he adds that if art 'be devoted further to the increase of men's happiness, to the redemption of the oppressed, or the enlargement of our sympathies with each other, or to such presentment of new or old truth about ourselves and our relation to the world as may ennoble and fortify us in our sojourn here, or immediately, as with Dante, to the glory of God, it will be also great art; if, over and above those qualities I summed up as a mind and soul—that colour and mystic perfume, and that

reasonable structure......it has something of the soul of humanity in it, and finds its logical, its architectural place, in the great structure of human life'.—(*Benson*).

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF PATER

Saintsbury:

The style, less exuberant, less far-reaching and versatile, and if anyone pleases to say so, less healthy than Mr. Ruskin's, is much more chastened, finished, and exquisite. It never at its best neglects the difference between the rhythm of prose and the metre of verse; if it is sometimes, and indeed usually, wanting in simplicity, it is never overloaded or gaudy. The words are picked; but they are seldom or never, as has been the case with others, not only picked but wrenched, not only adjusted to a somewhat unusual society and use but deliberately forced into uses and societies wholly different from those to which readers are accustomed. Above all, no one, it must be repeated, has ever equalled Mr. Pater in deliberate and successful architecture of the prose-paragraph —in what may, for the sake of a necessary difference, be called the scriptural in opposition to the oratorial manner. He may fall short of the poetic grandeur of Sir Thomas Browne, of the phantasmagoric charm of De Quincey at his rate best, of the gorgeous panoramas of Mr. Ruskin. But his happiest paragraphs are like *flamboyant* chantries, not imposing, not quite supreme in quality, but in their own kind showing wonderful perfection of craftsmanship.

A. C. Ward:

Pater in the essay '*On Style*', included in *Appreciations* (1889) had commanded an economical manner of writing, ruled by the determination to admit no 'surplusage'. Surplusage! (the writer) will dread that, as the runner on his muscles. For in truth all art does but consist in the removal of the surplusage, from the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest, divination of the finished work to be, lying somewhere, according to Michelangelo's fancy, in the rough-hewn block of stone.

His own practice did not always fit in the theory, though

in his chief creative work, *Marius, the Epicurean* (1885), the style was more austere than opulent. Opulence was a joy to Wilde, the opulence of jewels, of perfumes, and of exotic dyes. Pater's 'no surplusage' was not taken to heart until in the next century writers became too eager to unpack their prose. In so far as Pater meant no clutter, no orotundity, he was right; but if by no surplusage he means that writing should be cut to the bone, he forgot the generosity of abundant Nature, as well as the practice of most writers of English who had much to say. He was much impressed by Flaubert's laborious search for the inevitable word—the one only right word for the one particular place and moment—but inevitable should surely imply spontaneity also, a quality rare in Pater.

Oliver Elton:

Many of our critics have walked on the highroad of life, and written for all men in the language of the world. Such was Dryden; and such, when he dropped long words, was Johnson. In their pages, and in Matthew Arnold's too, there is abundance of fresh air; and the want of fresh air is the great deficiency in Walter Pater, and a source of the discomfort which he causes to most readers, unless they are like himself. Yet he is our greatest critic since Coleridge. He left behind him a little creative writing, and a sheaf of what he called *Appreciations*. Time has little dulled or worn that fabric: it is dyed too fast. What Pater may have lost by his esoteric and not healthy habit of mind, and his indifference to the broad energies of mankind, he more than recovers by his delicacy of sense and his unimpeded concentration......

His readings of the writers and painters mark a renewal in English criticism; or rather, a recovery of that direct sympathy and understanding which 'we associate with Lamb and his companions, and which Matthew Arnold, with his caprices and *excathedra* sentences, had a little interrupted. Pater was more widely read, and more steadily trained, than the romantic writers, and thus retrieves some of his inferiority to them in spirit and passion. He had also, more than most of them, the philosophic bent. Not, indeed, in the way or measure of Coleridge, whom he portrays as only defeated and distracted by his long pilgrimage towards metaphysical truth.

Pater studies, while he abjures metaphysics; but he studies them, not for the solutions they may offer, but as an ineradicable mode of expression for certain needs of the soul.

In his criticisms, Pater has never trampled artificiality to separate the soul from the body of literature, the idea from the expression; because he is alive to both, quality, and also to their contexture........His general way of writing is faithfully enough indicated by his essay on *Style*. He belongs to the cell-building tribe of authors, whom we know better among the poets: Gray and Tennyson belong to it. That is, he seeks for exact and perfect rightness, beginning with the single word, and working outwards. A 'minute and sensitive fidelity' to the single word, to the perfection of the cell, is ever with him. Another of his phrases, applied to Lamb, is 'the value of reserve in literature', and this he practises even to the point of sacrifice. Bold, emphatic words are kept out or only used for special effects. Everywhere, as may suit the matter, be it descriptive, or philosophy, or criticism, the exact tint or wash of vocabulary is observed. Pater may be said to invent new resources of prose for each of these species, superimposing all kinds of suggestion and overtones on the bare meaning, and not being well-satisfied, until he has done so, that the meaning is really won. And the sentences are built with great variety, with much characteristic parenthesis and interjection, sometimes into excessive complexity, with a direct avoidance of rhetorical movement, and falling away down at a gentler level, like the end of an Italian sonnet. They are often simple; but even then, it is not too much to say hardly one of them could have been written by anyone else, unless it were an imitator of Pater himself.

Graham Hough:

Pater's critical theory, sketchy and allusive though it is, is generally admirable. It provides a continual directive towards sincerity and irrelevance. But it must be confessed that by no means all of those admirable intentions are fulfilled in practice; the general impression is inconclusive, even more inconclusive than Pater would have desired. They are hardly criticism in any substantial sense: they convey an atmosphere, and help us to perceive some subtle tones that we should have hardly noticed for ourselves. His art criticisms too are reveries,

fantasies on pictorial themes; their value is in themselves rather than in any light they throw on the subject. They include too much of mere capricious personal associations to come within the critical field. This gives us something very different from the sense of purpose in the critic who is upholding what he believes to be the true principles of his art, attempting to shape the course of art of his own day. Pater's triumph, and he had his years of triumph, is the triumph not of a purpose but of a temperament. His work, for all its lack of definition, leaves its own special flavour in the mouth; and it is perhaps this which is his specific contribution to English literature.

A. C. Benson:

There is something of the same glowing use of words; something of the same charming *naivete* and transparency in best of the passages of both; but whereas Ruskin is remarkable for prodigality, Pater is remarkable for restraint; Ruskin drew his vocabulary from a hundred sources, and sent it pouring down in a bright cascade, whereas Pater chose more and more to refine his use of words, to indicate rather than to describe. Ruskin's in fact, is a natural style and Pater's is an artificial one; but he undoubtedly received a strong impulse from Ruskin in the direction of ornamental expression; and a still stronger impulse in the direction of turning a creative force into the criticism of beautiful things—a vein of subjective criticism, in fact.

The style of it (*Marius, the Epicurean*) is absolutely distinctive and entirely new; the thing had never been before; it is a revelation of the possibilities of poetic prose which the English language contains. The fact that it is not difficult to imitate is in its favour rather than otherwise, because the same is true of all great masters of individual style. But the fact was to discern and then to display a new capacity in English prose. It might have been said with truth that, before the advent of Pater, English prose could display qualities of lucidity, vigour, force; that it could lead itself to stately rhetoric and even glowing ornament; but it had never before exhibited the characteristics of seductive grace. And yet this was effected by Pater by the pure instinct for what was beautiful and melodious; he has no special preference for either the

use of Saxon words, or for more elaborate Latinism. He uses both impartially. Indeed, his use of short, crisp, emphatic, homely words side by side with rotund, sonorous, classicalities is one of the charms of the style. He never hesitates to employ technical, metaphysical language, but he contrives to fuse the whole into a singular unity; it is not even a fair criticism to say that his language is not natural, for there are many sentences of an almost childish nativete. The only thing of which one is almost invariably conscious is of the art employed, and thus the writings of Pater appeal more, perhaps to the craftsman than to the ordinary reader, because of the constantly delightful sense of difficulties overcome and crooked places made straight.

But, however much we may analyse the characteristics of the style, its inversions, its cadences, its peculiar use of metaphor, its accumulation of delicate touches, its swift pictorial quality, we cannot penetrate its secret any more than we can penetrate the secret of the painter or the musician. Unity, due subordination, clearness of conception, subtle correspondence of language to emotions, these were the qualities which Pater used by a sort of fine native instinct.

Cazamian:

Pater as a critic is eminent. His method is that impressionism which Hazlitt and Lamb had brilliantly illustrated. His intuition, no less acute, is still more personal than theirs, in so far as it is more limited, exclusively governed by the feeling of his own powers; in so far, too, as it readily utilizes semi-conscious states, the dim regions of the inner world, and his judgments more often are a divination of the obscure parts and of the reverse side of souls. Penetration, to that degree, has a touch of the morbid; many will deem it disquieting, it is made up of too composite a sympathy. Whatever the case may be, the appreciations of Pater are recreations, the substance of which is, we feel, drawn from himself. Pater's critical studies, do not aim at completeness nor at a cautious and unexceptionable accuracy; they seize upon moral and thus usually subtle and hidden elements of the individualities of writers and artists, and connect with these elements the particular modes and special accents of their art. These studies are far from accounting for everything; they do not leave the reader's

mind fully satisfied, and do not always carry conviction. But few are the cases in which they do not strike us as a sort of second sight deciphering, through a transparent medium the subconscious impulses at the root of expressions and forms.

Compton-Rickett:

As a stylist, we may regard, in the first place, Pater's theories, in the second place, his practice.

The theories may be read in the '*Essay on Style*' which appears in the volume of *Appreciations*. The end, in his view, was beauty of expression, and to achieve this end he advocated a consciously artistic prose, where all superfluities should be eliminated, and where the words should be chosen with jealous and loving care, so as to express clearly and precisely the underlying thought. Words for him were not merely connections of thought but carried with them an aroma that might create the fitting mood for appreciating the drift of the writer's mind.

No man more conscientiously tried to put into practice his prospects than he. No essayist has been more sensitive to the colour and gradation of shade in words than he; and there is an amazing delicacy and subtlety in the critical nuances by which he endeavoured to actualise for the reader the object of his criticism. One has only to read the Essays on Lamb and Rossetti to appreciate this. His best critical work is happily expressed in the words which he applied to one of his volumes—*Appreciations*. They are, in the exact sense of the word, Appreciations—a subtly reasoned statement of the grounds for delighting in certain authors.

Pater treats artistic pleasure as Hawthorne treats ethical problems, by putting them under a microscope. It is a fascinating pursuit but apt to become wearisome if pursued too long. Thus, Pater is best enjoyed in modest snatches and instalments; to read him thus, is both a joy and a discipline.

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STYLE

1. Since all progress of mind consists for the most part in differentiation, in the resolution of an obscure and complex object into its component aspects, it is surely the stupidest of losses to confuse things which right reason has put asunder, to lose the sense of achieved distinctions, the distinction between poetry and prose, for instance, or, to speak more exactly, between the laws and characteristic excellences of verse and prose composition. On the other hand, those who have dwelt most emphatically on the distinction between prose and verse, prose and poetry, may sometimes have been tempted to limit the proper functions of prose too narrowly; and this again is at least false economy, as being, in effect, the renunciation of a certain means or faculty, in a world where after all we must needs make the most of things. Critical efforts to limit art *a priori*, by anticipations regarding the natural incapacity of the material with which this or that artist works, as the sculptor with solid form, or the prose-writer with the ordinary language of men, are always liable to be discredited by the facts of artistic production; and while prose is actually found to be a coloured thing with Bacon, picturesque with Livy and Carlyle, musical with Cicero and Newman, mystical and intimate with Plato and Michelet and Sir Thomas Browne, exalted or florid, it may be, with Milton and Taylor, it will be useless to protest that it can be nothing at all, except something very tamely and narrowly confined to mainly practical ends—a kind of "good round-hand"; as useless as the protest that poetry might not touch prosaic subjects as with Wordsworth, or an abstruse

matter as with Browning, or treat contemporary life nobly as with Tennyson. In subordination to one essential beauty in all good literary style, in all literature as a fine art, as there are many beauties of poetry so the beauties of prose are many, and it is the business of criticism to estimate them as such; as it is good in the criticism of verse to look for those hard, logical, and quasi-prosaic excellences which that too has, or needs. To find in the poem, amid the flowers, the allusions, the mixed perspectives, of *Lycidas* for instance, the thought, the logical structure:—how wholesome! how delightful! as to identify in prose what we call the poetry, the imaginative power, not treating it as out of place and a kind of vagrant intruder, but by way of an estimate of its rights, that is, of its achieved powers, there.

2. Dryden, with the characteristic instinct of his age, loved to emphasise the distinction between poetry and prose, the protest against their confusion with each other, coming with somewhat diminished effect from one whose poetry was so prosaic. In truth, his sense of prosaic excellence affected his verse rather than his prose, which is not only fervid, richly figured, poetic, as we say, but vitiated, all unconsciously, by many a scanning line. Setting up correctness, that humble merit of prose, as the central literary excellence, he is really a less correct writer than he may seem, still with an imperfect mastery of the relative pronoun. It might have been foreseen that, in the rotations of mind, the province of poetry in prose would find its assertor; and, a century after Dryden, amid very different intellectual needs, and with the need therefore of great modifications in literary form, the range of the poetic force in literature was effectively enlarged by Wordsworth. The true distinction between prose and poetry he regarded as the almost technical or accidental one

of the absence or presence of material beauty, or, say ! metrical restraint; and for him the opposition came to be between verse and prose of course; but, as the essential dichotomy in this matter, between imaginative and unimaginative writing, parallel to De Quincey's distinction between "the literature of power and the literature of knowledge," in the former of which the composer gives us not fact, but his peculiar sense of fact, whether past or present.

3. Dismissing then, under sanction of Wordsworth, that harsher opposition of poetry to prose, as savouring in fact of the arbitrary psychology of the last century, and with it the prejudice that there can be but one only beauty of prose style, I propose here to point out certain qualities of all literature as a fine art, which, if they apply to the literature of fact, apply still more to the literature of the imaginative sense of fact, while they apply indifferently to verse and prose, so far as either is really imaginative—certain conditions of true art in both alike, which condition may also contain in them the secret of the proper discrimination and guardianship of the peculiar excellences of either.

4. The line between fact and something quite different from external fact is, indeed, hard to draw. In Pascal, for instance, in the persuasive writers generally, how difficult to define the point where, from time to time, argument which, if it is to be worth anything at all, must consist of facts or groups of facts, becomes a pleading—a theorem so longer, but essentially an appeal to the reader to catch the writer's spirit, to think with him, if one can or will—an expression no longer of fact but of his sense of it, his peculiar intuition of a world, prospective, or discerned below the faulty conditions of the present, in either case changed somewhat from the actual world. In science, on the other hand, in history

so far as it conforms to scientific rule, we have a literary domain where the imagination may be thought to be always an intruder. And, as in all science, the functions of literature reduce themselves eventually to the transcribing of fact, so all the excellences of literary form in regard to science are reducible to various kinds of painstaking; this good quality being involved in all "skilled work" whatever, in the drafting of an Act of parliament, as in sewing. Yet here again, the writer's sense of fact, in history especially, and in all those complex subjects which do but lie on the borders of science, will still take the place of fact, in various degrees. Your historian, for instance, with absolutely truthful intention, amid the multitude of facts presented to him must needs select, and in selecting assert something of his own humour, something that comes not of the world without but of a vision within. So Gibbon moulds his unwieldy material to a preconceived view. Livy, Tacitus, Michelet, moving full of poignant sensibility amid the records of the past, each, after his own sense, modifies—who can tell where and to what degree?—and becomes something else than a transcriber; each, as he thus modifies, passing into the domain of art proper. For just in proportion as the writer's aim, consciously or unconsciously, comes to be the transcribing, not of the world, not of mere fact but of his sense of it, he becomes an artist, his work *fine* art; and good art (as I hope ultimately to show) in proportion to the truth of his presentment of that sense; as in those humbler or plainer functions of literature also, truth to bare fact, there—is the essence of such artistic quality as they may have. Truth! there can be no merit, no craft at all, without that. And further, all beauty is in the long run only *fineness* of truth, or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within.

5. The transcript of his sense of fact rather than the fact, as being preferable, pleasanter, more beautiful to the writer himself. In literature, as in every other product of human skill, in the moulding of a bell or a platter for instance, wherever this sense asserts itself, wherever the producer so modifies his work as, over and above its primary use or intention, to make it pleasing (to himself, of course, in the first instance) there, "fine" as opposed to merely serviceable art, exists. Literary art, that is, like all art which is in any way imitative or productive of fact—form, or colour, or incident—is the representation of such fact connected with soul, of a specific personality, in its preferences, its volition and power.

6. Such is the matter of imaginative or artistic literature—this transcript, not of mere fact, but of fact in its infinite variety, as modified by human preference in all its infinitely varied forms. It will be good literary art not because it is brilliant or sober, or rich, or impulsive, or severe, but just in proportion as its representation of that sense, that soul-fact, is true, verse being only one department of such literature, and imaginative prose, it may be thought, being the special art of the modern world. That imaginative prose should be the special and opportune art of the modern world results from two important facts about the latter: first, the chaotic variety and complexity of its interests, making the intellectual issue, the really master currents of the present time incalculable—a condition of mind little susceptible of the restraint proper to verse form, so that the most characteristic verse of the nineteenth century has been lawless verse; and secondly, an all-pervading naturalism, a curiosity about everything whatever as it really is, involving a certain humility of attitude, cognate to what must, after all, be the less ambitious form of literature. And prose thus asserting

itself as the special and privileged artistic faculty of the present day, will be, however critics may try to narrow its scope as varied in its excellence as humanity itself reflecting on the facts of its latest experience—an instrument of many stops, meditative, observant, descriptive, eloquent, analytic, plaintive, fervid. Its beauties will be not exclusively "pedestrian"; it will exert, in due measure, all the varied charms of poetry, down to the rhythm which, as in Cicero, or Michelet, or Newman, at their best, gives its musical value to every syllable.[1]

7. The literary artist is of necessity a scholar, and in what he proposes to do will have in mind, first of all, the scholar and the scholarly conscience—the male conscience in this matter, as we must think it, under a system of education which still to so large an extent limits real scholarship to men. In his self-criticism, he supposes always that sort of reader who will go (full of eyes) warily, considerately, though without consideration for him, over the ground which the female conscience traverses so lightly, so amiably. For the material in which he works is no more a creation of his own than the sculptor's marble. Product of a myriad various minds and contending tongues, compact of obscure and minute association, a language has its own abundant and often recondite laws, in the habitual and summary recognition of which scholarship consists. A writer, full of matter he is before

1. Mr. Saintsbury, in his *Specimens of English Prose from Malory to Macaulay*, has succeeded in tracing, through successive English prose-writers, the tradition of that severer beauty in them, of which this admirable scholar of our literature is known to be a lover. *English Prose: from Mandeville to Thackeray*, more recently "chosen and edited" by a younger scholar, Mr. Arthur Galton, of New College, Oxford, a lover of our literature at once enthusiastic and discreet, aim at a more various illustration of the eloquent powers of English prose, and is a delightful companion.

all things anxious to express, may think of those laws, the limitations of vocabulary, structure, and the like, as a restriction, but if a real artist will find in them an opportunity. His punctilious observance of the proprieties of his medium will diffuse through all he writes a general air of sensibility, of refined usage. *Exclusiones debitae natuae*—the exclusions, or rejections, which nature demands—we know how large a part these play, according to Bacon, in the science of nature. In a somewhat changed sense, we might say that the art of the scholar is summed up in the observance of those rejections demanded by the nature of his medium, the material he must use. Alive to the value of an atmosphere in which every term finds its utmost degree of expression, and with all the jealousy of a lover of words, he will resist a constant tendency on the part of the majority of those who use them to efface the distinctions of language, the facility of writers often reinforcing in this respect the work of the vulgar. He will feel the obligation not of the laws only but of those affinities, avoidances, those mere preferences, of his language, which through the associations of literary history have become a part of its nature, prescribing the rejection of many a neology, many a licence, many a gipsy phrase which might present itself as actually expressive. His appeal, again, is to the scholar, who has great experience in literature, and will show no favour to short-cuts, or hackneyed illustrations, or an affectation of learning designed for the unlearned. Hence a contention, a sense of self-restraint and renunciation, having for the susceptible reader the effect of a challenge for minute consideration; the attention of the writer, in every minutest detail, being a pledge that it is worth the reader's while to be attentive too, that the writer is dealing scrupulously with his instrument, and therefore, indirectly, with the reader

himself also, that he has the science of the instrument he plays on, perhaps, after all, with a freedom which in such a case will be the freedom of a master.

8. For meanwhile, braced only by those restraints, he is really vindicating his liberty in the making of a vocabulary, an entire system of composition, for himself, his own true manner; and when we speak of the manner of a true master we mean what is essential in his art. Pedantry being only the scholarship of *le cuistre* (we have no English equivalent) he is no pedant, and does but show his intelligence of the rules of language in his freedoms with it, addition or expansion, which like the spontaneities of manner in a well-bred person will still further illustrate good taste.—The right vocabulary! Translators have not invariably seen how all-important that is in the work of translation, driving for the most part at idiom or construction; whereas, if the original be first-rate, one's first care should be with its elementary particles, Plato, for instance, being often reproducible by an exact following, with no variation in structure, of word after word, as the pencil follows a drawing under tracing-paper, so only each word or syllable be not of false colour, to change my illustration a little.

9. Well, that is because any writer worth translating at all has winnowed and searched through his vocabulary, is conscious of the words he would select in systematic reading of a dictionary, and still more of the words he would reject were the dictionary other than Johnson's; and doing this with his peculiar sense of the word ever in view, in search of an instrument for the adequate expression of that, he begets a vocabulary faithful to the colouring of his own spirit, and, in the strictest sense, original. That living authority which language needs lies, in truth, in its scholars, who recognising

always that every language possesses a genius, a very fastidious genius, of its own, expand at once and purify its very elements, which must needs change along with the changing thoughts of living people. Ninety years ago, for instance, great mental force, certainly, was needed by Wordsworth, to break through the consecrated poetic associations of a century, and speak the language that was his, that was to become in a measure the language of the next generation. But he did it with the tact of a scholar also, English, for a quarter of a century past, has been assimilating the phraseology of pictorial art; for half a century, the phraseology of the great German metaphysical movement of eighty years ago; in part also the language of mystical theology; and none but pedants will regret a great consequent increase of its resources. For many years to come its enterprise may well lie in the naturalisation of the vocabulary of science, so only it be under the eye of a sensitive scholarship—in a liberal naturalisation of the ideas of science too, for after all the chief stimulus of good style is to possess a full, rich, complex matter to grapple with. The literary artist, therefore, will be well aware of physical science; science also attaining, in its turn, its true literary ideal. And then, as the scholar is nothing without the historic sense, he will be apt to restore not really obsolete or really worn-out words, but the finer edge of words still in use: *ascertain*, *communicate*, *discover*—words like these it has been part of our "business" to misuse. And still, as language was made for man, he will be no authority for correctness which, limiting freedom of utterance, were yet but accidents in their origin; as if one vowed not to say "*its*", which ought to have been in Shakespeare, "*his*" and "*hers*", for inanimate objects, being but a barbarous and really inexpressive survival. Yet we have known many things like this. Racy Saxon monosyllables,

close to us as touch and sight, he will intermix readily with those long, savoursome, Latin words, rich in "second intention." In this late day certainly, no critical process can be conducted reasonably without eclecticism. Of such eclecticism we have a justifying example in one of the first poets of our time. How illustrative of monosyllabic effect, of sonorous Latin, of the phraseology of science, of metaphysic, of colloquialism even, are the writings of Tennyson; yet with what a fine, fastidious scholarship throughout!

10. A scholar writing for the scholarly, he will of course leave something to the willing intelligence of his reader. "To go preach to the first passer-by," says Montaigne, "to become tutor to the ignorance of the first I meet, is a thing I abhor;" a thing, in fact, naturally distressing to the scholar, who will therefore ever be shy of offering uncomplimentary assistance to the reader's wit. To really strenuous minds there is a pleasurable stimulus in the challenge for a continuous effort on their part, to be rewarded by securer and more intimate grasp of the author's sense. Self-restraint, a skilful economy of means, *ascesis*, that too has a beauty of its own; and for the reader supposed there will be an aesthetic satisfaction in that frugal closeness of style which makes the most of a word, in the exaction from every sentence of a precise relief, in the just spacing out of word to thought, in the logically filled space connected always with the delightful sense of difficulty overcome.

11. Different classes of persons, at different times, make, of course, very various demands upon literature. Still, scholars, I suppose, and not only scholars, but all disinterested lovers of books, will always look to it, as to all other fine art, for a refuge, a sort of cloistral refuge, from a certain vulgarity in the actual word. A perfect poem like *Lycidas*, a perfect

fiction like *Esmond*, the perfect handling of a theory like Newman's *Idea of a University*, has for them something of the uses of a religious "retreat". Here, then, with a view to the central need of a select few, those "men of a finer thread" who have formed and maintain the literary ideal, everything, every component element, will have undergone exact trial, and, above all, there will be no uncharacteristic or tarnished or vulgar decoration, permissible ornament being for the most part structural, or necessary. As the painter in his picture, so the artist in his book, aims at the production by honourable artifice of a peculiar atmosphere. "The artist," says Schiller, "may be known rather by what he *omits*"; and in literature, too, the true artist may be best recognised by his tact of omission. For to the grave reader words, too, are grave: and the ornamental word, the figure, the accessory form or colour or reference, is rarely content to die to thought precisely at the right moment, but will inevitably linger awhile, stirring a long "brain-wave" behind it of perhaps quite alien associations.

12. Just there, it may be, is the detrimental tendency of the sort of scholarly attentiveness of mind I am recommending. But the true artist allows for it. He will remember that, as the very word ornament indicates what is in itself non-essential, so the "one beauty" of all literary style is of its very essence, and independent, in prose and verse alike, of all removable decoration; that it may exist in its fullest lustre, as in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, for instance, or in Stendhal's *Le Rouge et Le Noir*, in a composition utterly unadorned, with hardly a single suggestion of visibly beautiful things. Parallel allusion, the allusive way generally, the flowers in the garden:—he knows the narcotic force of these upon the negligent intelligence to which any *diversion*, literally, is wel-

come, any vagrant intruder, because one can go wandering away with it from the immediate subject. Jealous, if he has a really quickening motive within, of all that does not hold directly to that, of the facile, the otiose, he will never depart from the strictly pedestrian process, unless he gains a ponderable something thereby. Even assured of its congruity, he will question its serviceableness. Is it worthwhile, can we afford, to attend to just that, to just that figure or literary reference, just then?—Surplusage! he will dread that, as the runner on his muscles. For in truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work to be, lying somewhere, according to Michelangelo's fancy, in the rough-hewn block of stone.

13. And what applies to figure or flower must be understood of all other accidental or removable ornaments of writing whatever; and not of specific ornament only, but of all that latent colour and imagery which language as such carries in it. A lover of words for their own sake, to whom nothing about them is unimportant, a minute and constant observer of their physiognomy, he will be on the alert not only for obviously mixed metaphors of course, but for the metaphor that is mixed in all our speech, though a rapid use may involve no cognition of it. Currently recognising the incident the colour, the physical elements or particles in words like *absorb*, *consider*, *extract*, to take the first that occur, he will avail himself of them, as further adding to the resources of expression. The elementary particles of language will be realised as colour and light and shade through his scholarly living in the full sense of them. Still opposing the constant degradation of language by those who use it carelessly, he will not treat

coloured glass as if it were clear; and while half the world is using unconsciously, will be fully aware not only of all that latent figurative texture in speech, but of the vague, laxy, half-formed personification—a rhetoric, depressing, and worse than nothing, because it has no really rhetorical motive—which plays so large a part there, and, as in the case of more ostentatious ornament, scrupulously exact of it, from syllable to syllable, its precise value.

14. So far I have been speaking of certain conditions of the literary art arising out of the medium or material in or upon which it works, the essential qualities of language and its aptitudes for contingent ornamentation, matters which define scholarship as science and good taste respectively. They are both subservient to a more intimate quality of good style: more intimate, as coming nearer to the artist himself, the otiose, the facile, surplusage: why are these abhorrent to the true literary artist, except because, in literary as in all other arts, structure is all-important, felt, or painfully missed, everywhere?—that architectural conception of work, which foresees the end in the beginning and never loses sight of it, and in every part is conscious of all rest, till the last sentence does but, with undiminished vigour, unfold and justify the first—a condition of literary art, which, in contradistinction to another quality of the artist himself, to be spoken of later, I shall call the necessity of *mind* in style.

15. An acute philosophical writer, the late Dean Mansel (a writer whose works illustrate the literary beauty there may be in closeness, and with obvious repression or economy of a fine rhetorical gift) wrote a book, of fascinating precision in a very obscure subject, to show that all the technical laws of logic are but means of securing, in each and all of its apprehensions, the unity, the strict identity with itself, of the

apprehending mind. All the laws of good writing aim at a similar unity or identity of the mind in all the processes by which the word is associated to its import. The term is right, and has its essential beauty, when it becomes, in a manner, what it signifies, as with the names of simple sensations. To give the phrase, the sentence, the structural member, the entire composition, song, or essay, a similar unity with its subject and with itself:—style is in the right way when it tends towards that. All depends upon the original unity, the vital wholeness and identity of the initiatory apprehension or view. So much is true of all arts, which therefore requires always its logic, its comprehensive reason—insight, foresight, retrospect, in simultaneous action—true, most of all, of the literary art, as being of all the arts most closely cognate to the abstract intelligence. Such logical coherency may be evidenced not merely in the lines of composition as a whole, but in the choice of a single word, while it by no means interferes with, but may even prescribe, much variety, in the building of the sentence for instance, or in the manner, argumentative, descriptive, discursive, of this or that part or member of the entire design. The blithe, crisp sentence, decisive as a child's expression of its needs, may alternate with the long-contending, vigorously intricate sentence; the sentence, born with the integrity of a single word, relieving the sort of sentence in which, if you look closely, you can see much contrivance, much adjustment, to bring a highly qualified matter into compass at one view. For the literary architecture, if it is to be rich and expressive, involves not only foresight of the end in the beginning but also development or growth of design, in the process of execution, with many irregularities, surprises, and after-thoughts; the contingent as well as the necessary being subsumed under the unity of the whole. As truly, to the

lack of such architectural design, of a single, almost visual, image, vigorously informing an entire, perhaps very intricate, composition, which shall be austere, ornate, argumentative, fanciful, yet true from first to last to that vision within, may be attributed those weaknesses of conscious or unconscious repetition of word, phrase, motive, or member of the whole matter, indicating, as Flaubert was aware, an original structure in thought not organically complete. With such foresight, the actual conclusion will most often get itself written out of hand, before, in the more obvious sense, the work is finished. With some strong and leading sense of the word, the tight hold of which secures true *Composition* and not mere loose accretion, the literary artist, I suppose, goes on considerately, setting joint to joint, sustained by yet restraining the productive ardour, retracing the negligence of his first sketch, repeating his steps only that he may give the reader a sense of secure and restful progress, readjusting mere assonances even, that they may soothe the reader, or at least not interrupt him on his way; and then, somewhere before the end comes, is burdened, inspired, with his conclusion, and betimes delivered of it, leaving off, not in weariness and because he finds *himself* at an end, in all the freshness of volition. His work now structurally complete, with all the accumulating effect of secondary shades of meaning, he finishes the whole up to the just proportion of that ante-penultimate conclusion, and all becomes expressive. The house he has built is rather a body he has informed. And so it happens, to its greater credit, that the better interest even of a narrative to be recounted, a story to be told, will often be in its second reading. And though there are instances of great writers who have been no artists, an unconscious tact sometimes directing work in which we may detect, very pleasurably, many of the effects of

conscious art, yet one of the greatest pleasures of really good prose literature is in the critical tracing out of that conscious artistic structure, and the pervading sense of it as we read. Yet of poetic literature too; for, in truth, the kind of constructive intelligence here supposed is one of the forms of the imagination.

16. That is the special function of mind in style. Mind and soul:—hard to ascertain philosophically the distinction is real enough practically, for they often interfere, are sometimes in conflict, with each other. Blake, in the last century, is an instance of preponderating soul, embarrassed, at a loss, in an era of preponderating mind. As a quality of style, at all events, soul is a fact, in certain writers—the way they have of absorbing language of attracting it into the peculiar spirit they are of, with a subtlety which makes the actual result seem like some inexplicable inspiration. By mind, the literary artist reaches us through static and objective indications of design in his work, legible to all. By soul he reaches us, somewhat capriciously perhaps, one and not another, through vagrant sympathy and a kind of immediate contact. Mind we cannot choose but approve where we recognise it; soul may repel us, not because we misunderstand it. The way in which theological interests sometimes avail themselves of language is perhaps the best illustration of the force I mean to indicate generally in literature, by the word *soul*. Ardent religious persuasion may exist, may make its way, without finding any equivalent heat in language: or, again, it may enkindle words to various degrees, and when it really takes hold of them, doubles its force. Religious history presents many remarkable instances in which, through no mere phrase-worship, an unconscious literary tact has, for the sensitive, laid open a privileged pathway from one to another.

"The altar-fire," people say, "has touched those lips!" The Vulgate, the English Bible, the English Prayer-Book, the writings of Swedenborg, the Tracts for the Times:—there we have instances of widely different and largely diffused phases of religious feeling in operation as soul in style. But something of the same kind acts with similar power in certain writers of quite other than theological literature, on behalf of some wholly personal and peculiar sense of theirs. Most easily illustrated by theological literature, this quality lends to profane writers a kind of religious influence. At their best, these writers become, as we say sometimes, "prophets"; such character depending on the effect not merely of their matter but of their matter as allied to, in "electric affinity" with, peculiar form, and working in all cases by an immediate sympathetic contact, on which account it is that it may be called soul, as opposed to mind, in style. And this too is a faculty of choosing and rejecting what is congruous or otherwise, with a drift towards unity—unity of atmosphere here, as there of design—soul securing colour (or perfume, might we say?) as mind secures form, the latter being essentially finite, the former vague or infinite, as the influence of a living person is practically infinite. There are some to whom nothing has any real interest, or real meaning, except as operative in a given person; and it is they who best appreciate the quality of soul in literary art. They seem to know a *person*, in a book, and make way by intuition: yet, although they thus enjoy the completeness of a personal information, it is still a characteristic of soul, in this sense of the word, that it does but suggest what can never be uttered, not as being different from, or more obscure than, what actually gets said, but as containing that plenary substance of which there is only one phase or facet in what is there expressed.

17. If all high things have their martyrs, Gustave Flaubert might perhaps rank as the martyr of literary style. In his printed correspondence, a curious series of letters, written in his twenty-fifth year, he records what seems to have been his one other passion—a series of letters which, with its fine casuistries, its firmly repressed anguish, its tone of harmonious grey, and the sense of disillusion in which the whole matter ends, might have been, a few slight changes supposed, one of his own fictions. Writing to Madame X, certainly he does display, by "taking thought" mainly, by constant and delicate pondering, as in his love for literature, a heart really moved, but still more, and as the pledge of that emotion, a loyalty to his work. Madame X, too, is a literary artist, and the best gifts he can send her are precepts of perfection in art, counsels for the effectual pursuit of that better love. In his love-letters it is the pains and pleasures of art he insists on, its solaces: he communicates secrets, reproves, encourages, with a view to that. Whether the lady was dissatisfied with such divided or indirect service, the reader is not enabled to see; but sees that, on Flaubert's part at least, a living person could be no rival of what was, from first to last, his leading passion, somewhat solitary and exclusive one.

"I must scold you," he writes, "for one thing, which shocks, scandalises me, the small concern, namely, you show for art just now. As regards glory be it so; there, I approve. But for art:—the one thing in life that is good and real—can you compare with it an earthly love?—prefer the adoration of a relative beauty to the *cultus* of the true beauty? Well! I tell you the truth. That is the one thing good in me; the one thing I have, to me estimable. For yourself, you blend with the beautiful a heap of alien things, the useful, the agreeable, what not?—

The only way not to be unhappy is to shut yourself up in art, and count everything else as nothing. Pride takes the place of all beside when it is established on a large basis. Work! God wills it. That, it seems to me, is clear—

"I am reading over again the *Aeneid*, certain verses of which I repeat to myself to satiety. There are phrases there which stay in one's head, by which I find myself beset, as with those musical airs which are for ever returning, and cause you pain, you love them so much. I observe that I no longer laugh much, and am no longer depressed. I am ripe. You talk of my serenity, and envy me. It may well surprise you. Sick, irritated, the prey a thousand times a day of cruel pain, I continue my labour like a true working man, who, with sleeves turned up, in the sweat of his brow, beats away at his anvil, never troubling himself whether it rains or blows, or hail or thunder. I was not like that formerly. The change has taken place naturally, though my will has counted for something in the matter.

"Those who write in good style are sometimes accused of a neglect of ideas, and of the moral end, as if the end of the physician were something else than heating, of the painter than painting—as if the end of art were not, before all else, the beautiful."

18. What, then, did Flaubert understand by beauty, in the art he pursued with so much fervour, with so much self-command? Let us hear a sympathetic commentator:—

"Possessed of an absolute belief that there exists but on way of expressing one word to call it by, one adjective to qualify, one verb to animate it, he gave himself to superhuman labour for the discovery, in every phrase, of that word, that verb, that epithet. In this way, he believed in some mysterious harmony of expression, and when a true word seemed to him to lack euphony still went on seeking another, with invincible patience, certain, that he had not yet got hold of the *unique* word. A thousand preoccupations would beset him at the same moment always with this desperate certitude fixed in his spirit: Among all the expressions in the world, all forms and turns of expression, there is but *one*—one form, one mode—to express what I want to say."

19. The one word for the one thing, the one thought amid the multitude of words, terms, that might just do: the problem of style was there!—the unique word, phrase, sentence, paragraph, essay, or song, absolutely proper to the single mental presentation or vision within. In that perfect justice, over and above the many contingent and removable beauties with which beautiful style may charm us, but which it can

exist without, independent of them yet dexterously availing itself of them, omnipresent in good work, in function at every point, from single epithets to the rhythm of a whole book, lay the specific indispensable, very intellectual, beauty of literature, the possibility of which constitutes it a fine art.

20. One seems to detect the influence of a philosophic idea there, the idea of a natural economy, of some pre-existent adaptation, between a relative, somewhere in the world of thought, and its correlative, somewhere in the world of language—both alike, rather, somewhere in the mind of the artist, desiderative, expectant, inventive—meeting each other with the readiness of "soul and body reunited," in Blake's rapturous design; and, in fact, Flaubert was fond of giving his theory philosophical expression—

"There are no beautiful thoughts," he would say: "without beautiful forms, and conversely. As it is impossible to extract from a physical body the qualities, which really constitute it—colour, extension, and the like—without reducing it to a hollow abstraction, in a word, without destroying it; just so it is impossible to detach the form from the idea, for the idea only exists by virtue of the form."

21. All the recognised flowers, the removable ornaments of literature (including harmony and ease in reading aloud, very carefully considered by him) counted certainly; for these too are part of the actual value of what one says. But still, after all, with Flaubert, the search, the unwearied research, was not for the smooth, or winsome or forcible word, as such, as with false Ciceronians, but quite simply and honestly, for the word's adjustment to its meaning. The first condition of this must be, of course, to know yourself, to have ascertained your own sense exactly. Then, if we suppose an artist, he says to the reader,—I want you to see precisely what I see. Into the mind sensitive to "form," a flood of random sounds, colours, incidents, ever penetrating from the world without,

to become, by sympathetic selection, a part of its very structure, and, in turn, the visible vesture and expression of that other world it sees so steadily within, nay, already with a partial conformity thereto, to be refined, enlarged, corrected at a hundred points; and it is just there, just at those doubtful points that the function of style, as tact or taste, intervenes. The unique term will come more quickly to one than another, at one time than another, according also to the kind of matter in question. Quickness and slowness, ease and closeness alike, have nothing to do with the artistic character of the true word found at last. As there is a charm of ease, so there is also a special charm in the signs of discovery, of effort and contention towards a due end, as often with Flaubert himself—in the style which has been pliant, as only obstinate, durable metal can be, to the inherent perplexities and recusancy of a certain difficult thought.

22. If Flaubert had not told us, perhaps we should never have guessed how tardy and painful his own procedure really was, and after reading his confession may think that his almost endless hesitation had much to do with diseased nerves. Often, perhaps, the felicity supposed will be the product of a happier, a more exuberant nature than Flaubert's. Aggravated certainly, by a morbid physical condition, that anxiety in "seeking the phrase," which gathered all the other small *ennuis* of a really quiet existence into a kind of battle, was connected with his lifelong contention against facile poetry, facile art—art, facile and flimsy; and what constitutes the true artist is not slowness or quickness of the process, but the absolute success of the result. As with those labourers in the parable, the prize is independent of the mere length of the actual day's work. "You talk," he writes, odd, trying lover, to Madame X.—

"You talk of the exclusiveness of my literary tastes. That might have enabled you to divine what kind of a person I am in the matter of love. I grow so hard to please as a literary artist, that I am driven to despair. I shall end by not writing an other line."

23. "Happy," he cries, in a moment of discouragement at that patient labour, which for him, certainly, was the condition of a great success—

"Happy those who have no doubts of themselves! who lengthen out, as the pen runs on, all that flows forth from their brains. As for me, I hesitate, I disappoint myself, turn round upon myself in despite: my taste is augmented in proportion as my natural vigour decreases, and I afflict my soul over some dubious word out of all proportion to the pleasure I get from a whole page of good writing. One would have to live two centuries to attain a true idea of any matter whatever. What Buffon said is a big blasphemy: genius is not long-continued patience. Still, there is some truth in the statement, and more than people think, especially as regards our own day. Art! art! art! bitter deception! phantom that glows with light, only to lead one on to destruction."

Again—

"I am growing so peevish about my writing. I am like a man whose ear is true but who plays falsely on the violin, his fingers refuse to reproduce precisely those sounds of which he has the inward sense. Then the tears come rolling down from the poor scraper's eyes and the bow falls from his hand."

24. Coming slowly or quickly, when it comes, as it came with so much labour of mind, but also with so much lustre, to Gustave Flaubert, this discovery of the word will be, like all artistic success and felicity, incapable of strict analysis: effect of an intuitive condition of mind, it must be recognised by like intuition on the part of the reader, and a sort of immediate sense. In every one of those masterly sentences of Flaubert there was, below all mere contrivance, shaping and afterthought by some happy instantaneous concourse of the various faculties of the mind with each other, the exact apprehension of what was *needed* to carry the meaning. And

that it fits with absolute justice will be a judgment of immediate sense in the appreciative reader. We all feel this in what may be called inspired translation. Well! all language involves translation from inward to outward. In literature, as in all forms of art, there are the absolute and the merely relative or accessory beauties; and precisely in that exact proportion of the term to its purpose is the absolute beauty of style, prose or verse. All the good qualities, the beauties, of verse also, are such, only as precise expression.

25. In the highest as in the lowliest literature, then, the one indispensable beauty is after all truth:—truth to bare fact in the latter, as to some personal sense of fact, diverted somewhat from men's ordinary sense of it, in the former; truth there as accuracy, truth here as expression, that finest and most intimate form of truth, the *vraie verite*. And what an eclectic principle this really is! employing for its one sole purpose—that absolute accordance of expression to idea—all other literary beauties and excellences whatever: how many kinds of style it covers, explains, justifies, and at the same time safeguards! Scott's facility, Flaubert's deeply pondered evocation of "the phrase," are equally good art. Say what you have to say, what you have a will to say, in the simplest, the most direct and exact manner possible, with no surplusage: —there is the justification of the sentence so fortunately born, "entire, smooth and round," that it needs no punctuation, and also (that is the point!) of the most elaborate period, if it be right in its elaboration. Here is the office of ornament: here also the purpose of restraint in ornament. As the exponent of truth, that austerity (the beauty, the function, of which in literature Flaubert understood so well) becomes not the correctness or purism of the mere scholar but a security against the otiose, a jealous exclusion of what does not really

tell towards the pursuit of relief of life and vigour in the portraiture of one's sense. Licence again, the making free with rule, if it be indeed, as people fancy, a habit of genius, flinging aside or transforming all that opposes the liberty of beautiful production, will be but faith to one's own meaning. The seeming baldness of *Le Rouge et Le Noir* is nothing in itself; the wild ornament of *Les Miserables* is nothing in itself; and the restraint of Flaubert, amid a real natural opulence, only redoubled beauty—the phrase so large and so precise at the same time, hard as bronze, in service to the more perfect adaptation of words to their matter. Afterthoughts, retouchings, finish, will be of profit only so far as they too really serve to bring out the original, initiative, generative sense in them.

26. In this way, according to the well-known saying, "The style is the man," complex or simple, in his individuality, his plenary sense of what he really has to say, his sense of the word; all cautions regarding style arising out of so many natural scruples as to the medium through which alone he can expose that inward sense of things, the purity of this medium, its laws or tricks of refraction: nothing is to be left there which might give conveyance to any matter save that. Style in all its varieties, reserved or opulent, terse, abundant, musical, stimulant, academic, so long as each is really characteristic or expressive, finds thus its justification, the sumptuous good taste of Cicero being as truly the man himself, and not another, justified, yet insured inalienably to him, thereby, as would have been his portrait by Raffaelle in full consular splendour, on his ivory chair.

27. A relegation, you may say perhaps—a relegation of style to the subjectivity, the mere caprice, of the individual, which must soon transform it into mannerism. Not so!

since there is, under the conditions supposed, for those elements of the man, for every lineament of the vision within, the one word, the one acceptable word, recognisable by the sensitive, by others "who have intelligence" in the matter, as absolutely as ever anything can be in the evanescent and delicate region of human language. The style, the manner, would be the man, not in his unreasoned and really uncharacteristic caprices, involuntary or affected, but in absolutely sincere apprehension of what is most real to him. But let us hear our French guide again.

"Styles," says Flaubert's commentator, "*Styles*, as so many peculiar moulds, each of which bears the mark of a particular writer, who is to pour into it the whole content of his ideas, were no part of his theory. What he believed in was *Style* : that is to say, a certain absolute and unique manner of expressing a thing, in all its intensity and colour. For him the *form* was the work itself. As in living creatures, the blood, nourishing the body, determines its very contour and external aspect, just so, to his mind, the *matter*, the basis, in a work of art, imposed, necessarily, the unique, the just expression, the measure, the rhythm—the *form* in all its characteristics."

28. If the style be the man, in all the colour and intensity of a veritable apprehension, it will be in a real sense "impersonal."

29. I said, thinking of books like Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*, that prose literature was the characteristic art of the nineteenth century, as others thinking of its triumphs since the youth of Bach, have assigned that place to music. Music and prose literature are, in one sense, the opposite terms of art; the art of literature presenting to the imagination, through the intelligence, a range of interest, as free and various as those which music presents to it through sense. And certainly the tendency of what has been here said is to bring literature too under those conditions, by conformity to which

music takes rank as the typically perfect art. If music be the ideal of all art whatever, precisely because in music it is impossible to distinguish the form from the substance or matter, the subject from the expression, then literature, by finding its specific excellence in the absolute correspondence of the term to its import, will be but fulfilling the condition of all artistic quality in things everywhere, of all good art.

30. Good art, but not necessarily great art; the distinction between great art and good art depending immediately, as regards literature at all events, not on its form but on the matter. Thackeray's *Esmond*, surely, is greater art than *Vanity Fair*, by the greater dignity of its interests. It is on the quality of the matter it informs or controls, its compass, its variety, its alliance to great ends, or the depth of the note of revolt, or the largeness of hope in it, that the greatness of literary art depends, as *The Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost*, *Les Miserables*, *The English Bible*, are great arts. Given the conditions I have tried to explain as constituting good art:—then if it be devoted further to the increase of men's happiness, to the redemption of the oppressed, or the enlargement of our sympathies with each other, or to such presentment of new or old truth about ourselves and our relation to the world as may ennoble and fortify us in our sojourn here, or immediately, as with Dante, to the glory of God, it will be also great art; if over and above those qualities I summed up as mind and soul,—that colour and mystic perfume, and that reasonable structure, it has something of the soul of humanity in it, and finds its logical, its architectural place, in the great structure of human life.

CHARLES LAMB

1. Those English critics who at the beginning of the present century introduced from Germany, together with some other subtleties of thought transplanted hither not without advantage, the distinction between the *Fancy* and the *Imagination*, made much also of the cognate distinction between *Wit* and *Humour*, between that unreal and transitory mirth, which is as the crackling of thorns under the pot, and the laughter which blends with tears and even with the sublimities of the imagination, and which, in its most exquisite motives, is one with pity—the laughter of the comedies of Shakespeare, hardly less expressive than his moods of seriousness or solemnity, of that deeply stirred soul of sympathy in him, as flowing from which both tears and laughter are alike genuine and contagious.

2. This distinction between wit and humour, Coleridge and other kindred critics applied, with much effect, in their studies of some of our older English writers. And as the distinction between imagination and fancy, made popular by Wordsworth, found its best justification in certain essential differences of stuff in Wordsworth's own writings, so this other critical distinction, between wit and humour, finds a sort of visible interpretation and instance in the character and writings of Charles Lamb:—one who lived more consistently than most writers among subtle literary theories, and whose remains are still full of curious interest for the student of literature as a fine art.

3. The author of the *English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*, coming to the humourists of the nineteenth, would

have found, as is true pre-eminently of Thackeray himself, the springs of pity in them deepened by the deeper subjectivity, the intenser and closer living with itself, which is characteristic of the temper of the later generation; and therewith, the mirth also, from the amalgam of which with pity humour proceeds, has become, in Charles Dickens, for example, freer and more boisterous.

4. To this more high-pitched feeling, since predominant in our literature, the writings of Charles Lamb, whose life occupies the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth, are a transition; and such union of grave, of terrible even with gay, we may note in the circumstances of his life, as reflected thence into his work. We catch the aroma of a singular, homely sweetness about his first years spent on Thames's side, amid the red bricks and terraced gardens, with their rich historical memories of old-fashioned legal London. Just above the poorer class, deprived, as he says, of the "sweet food of academic institution," he is fortunate enough to be reared in the classical languages at the ancient school, where he becomes the companion of Coleridge, as at a later period he was his enthusiastic disciple. So far, the years go by with less than the usual share of boyish difficulties; protected, one fancies, seeing what he was afterwards, by some attraction of temper in the quaint child, small and delicate with a certain Jewish expression in his clear, brown complexion, eyes not precisely of the same colour, and a slow walk adding to the staidness of his figure; and whose infirmity of speech, increased by agitation, is partly engaging.

5. And the cheerfulness of all this, of the mere aspect of Lamb's quiet subsequent life also, might make the more superficial reader think of him as in himself something slight,

and of his mirth as cheaply bought. Yet we know that beneath this blithe surface there was something of the fateful domestic horror, of the beautiful heroism and devotedness too, of old Greek tragedy. His sister, Mary, ten years his senior, in a sudden paroxysm of madness, caused the death of her mother, and was brought to trial for what an overstrained justice might have construed as the greatest of crimes. She was released on the brother's pledging himself to watch over her; and to this sister, from the age of twenty-one, Charles Lamb sacrificed himself, "seeking thenceforth," says his earliest biographer, "no connexion which could interfere with her supremacy in his affections, or impair his ability to sustain and comfort her." The "feverish, romantic tie of love," he cast away in exchange for the "charities of home." Only, from time to time, the madness returned, affecting him too, once; and we see the brother and sister voluntarily yielding to restraint. In estimating the humour of *Elia*, we must no more forget the strong undercurrent of this great misfortune and pity, than one could forget it in his actual story. So he becomes the best critic, almost the discoverer, of Webster, a dramatist of genius, so sombre, so heavily coloured, so *macabre*. *Rosamund Grey*, written in his twenty-third year, a story with something bitter and exaggerated, an almost insane fixedness of gloom perceptible in it, strikes clearly this note in his work.

6. For himself, and from his own point of view, the exercise of his gift, of his literary art, came to gild or sweeten a life of monotonous labour, and seemed, as far as regarded others, no very important thing, availing to give them a little pleasure, and inform them a little, chiefly in a retrospective manner, but in no way concerned with the turning of the tides of the great world. And yet this very modesty, this un-

ambitious way of conceiving his work, has impressed upon it a certain exceptional enduringness. For of the remarkable English writers contemporary with Lamb, many were greatly preoccupied with ideas of practice—religious, moral, political—ideas which have since, in some sense or other, entered permanently into the general consciousness; and, these having no longer any stimulus for a generation, provided with a different stock of ideas, the writings of those who spent so much of themselves in their propagation have lost, with posterity, something of what they gained by them in immediate influence. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley even—sharing so largely in the unrest of their own age, and made personally more interesting thereby, yet, of their actual work, surrender more to the mere course of time than some of those who may have seemed to exercise themselves hardly at all in great matters, to have been little serious, or a little indifferent regarding them.

7. Of this number of the disinterested servants of literature, smaller in England than in France, Charles Lamb is one. In the making of prose he realises the principle of art for its own sake, as completely as Keats in the making of verse. And, working ever close to the concrete, to the details, great or small, of actual things, books, persons, and with no part of them blurred to his vision by the intervention of mere abstract theories, he has reached an enduring moral effect also, in a sort of boundless sympathy. Unoccupied, as he might seem, with great matters, he is in immediate contact with what is real, especially in its caressing littleness, that littleness in which there is much of the whole woeful heart of things, and meets it more than half-way with a perfect understanding of it. What sudden, unexpected touches of pathos in him—bearing witness how the sorrow of humanity,

the *Welt-schmerz*, the constant aching of its wounds, is ever present with him: but what a gift also for the enjoyment of life in its subtleties, of enjoyment actually refined by the need of some thoughtful economies and making the most of things! Little arts of happiness he is ready to teach to others. The quaint remarks of children which another would scarcely have heard, the preserves—little flies in the priceless amber of his Attic wit—and has his "Praise of Chimney-sweepers" (as William Blake has written, with so much natural pathos, the Chimney-sweeper's Song), valuing carefully their white teeth, and fine enjoyment of white sheets in stolen sleep at Arundel Castle, as he tells the story, anticipating something of the mood of our deep humorists of the last generation. His simple mother-pity for those who suffer by accident, or unkindness of nature, blindness for instance, or fateful disease of mind like his sister's, has something primitive in its largeness; and on behalf of ill-used animals he is early in composing a *Pity's Gift*.

8. And if, in deeper or more superficial sense, the dead *do* care at all for their name and fame, then how must the souls of Shakespeare and Webster have been stirred, after so long converse with things that stopped their ears, whether above or below the soil, at his exquisite appreciations of them; the souls of Titian and of Hogarth too; for, what has not been observed so generally as the excellence of his literary criticism, Charles Lamb is a fine critic of painting also. It was as loyal, self-forgetful work for others, for Shakespeare's self first, for instance and then for Shakespeare's readers, that too was done: he has the true scholar's way of forgetting himself in his subject. For though "defrauded," as we saw, in his young years, "of the sweet food of academic institution," he is yet essentially a scholar, and all his work

mainly retrospective, as I said; his own sorrows, affections, perceptions, being alone real to him of the present "I cannot make these present times," he says once, "present to *me*."

9. Above all, he becomes not merely an expositor, permanently valuable but for Englishmen almost the discoverer of the old English drama. "The book is such as I am glad there should be," he modestly says of the *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare*; to which, however, he adds in a series of notes the very quintessence of criticism, the choicest savour and perfume of Elizabethan poetry being sorted, and stored here with a sort of delicate intellectual epicureanism, which has had the effect of winning for these, then almost forgotten, poets, one generation after another of enthusiastic students. Could he but have known how fresh a source of culture he was evoking there for other generations, through all those years in which, a little wistfully, he would harp on the limitation of his time by business, and sigh for a better fortune in regard to literary opportunities!

10. To feel strongly the charm of an old poet or moralist, the literary charm of Burton, for instance, or Quarles, or the Duchess of Newcastle; and then to interpret that charm, to convey it to others—he seeming to himself but to hand on to others, in mere humble ministration, that of which for them he is really the creator—this is the way of his criticism: cast off in a stray letter often, or passing note, or lightest essay or conversation. It is in such a letter, for instance, that we come upon a singularly penetrative estimate of the genius and writings of Defoe.

11. Tracking, with an attention always alert, the whole process of their production to its starting point in the deep places of the mind, he seems to realise the but half-conscious

intuitions of Hogarth or Shakespeare, and develops the great ruling unities which have swayed their actual work; or "puts up," and takes, the one morsel of good stuff in an old, forgotten writer. Even in what he says casually there comes an aroma of old English; noticeable echoes, in chance turn and phrase, of the great masters of style, the old masters. Godwin, seeing in quotation a passage from *John Woodvil*, takes it for a choice fragment of an old dramatist, and goes to Lamb to assist him in finding the author. His power of delicate imitation in prose and verse reaches the length of a fine mimicry even, as in those last essays of Elia on Popular Fallacies, with their gentle reproduction of caricature of Sir Thomas Browne, showing, the more completely, his mastery, by disinterested study, of those elements of the man which were the real source of style in that great, solemn master of old English, who, ready to say what he has to say with fearless homeliness, yet continually overawes one with touches of a strange utterance from worlds afar. For it is with the delicacies of fine literature especially, its gradations of expression, its fine judgment, its pure sense of words, of vocabulary—things, alas ! dying out in the English literature of the present, together with the appreciation of them in our literature of the past—that his literary mission is chiefly concerned. And yet, delicate, refining, daintly epicurean as he may seem, when he writes of giants such as Hogarth or Shakespeare, though often but in a stray note, you catch the sense of veneration with which those great names in past literature and art brooded over his intelligence, his undiminished impressibility by the great effects in them. Reading, commenting on Shakespeare, he is like a man who walks alone under a grand stormy sky, and among unwonted tricks of light, when powerful spirits might seem to be abroad upon the air, and the grim humour of Hogarth,

as he analyses it, rises into a kind of spectral grotesque; while he too knows the secret of fine, significant touches like theirs.

12. There are traits, customs, characteristics of houses and dresses, surviving morsels of old life, such as Hogarth has transferred so vividly into *The Rake's Progress*, or *Marriage a la Mode*, concerning which we well understand how, common, uninteresting, or even worthless in themselves, they have come to please us at last as things picturesque, being set in relief against the modes of our different age. Customs, stiff toilets, stiff dresses, stiff furniture—types of cast-off fashions, left by accident, and which no one ever meant to preserve—we contemplate with more than good-nature, as having in them the veritable accent of a time, not altogether to be replaced by its more solemn and self-conscious deposits; like those tricks of individuality which we find quite tolerable in persons, because they convey to us the secret of lifelike expressions, and with regard to which we are all to some extent humorists. But it is a part of the privilege of the genuine humorist to anticipate this pensive mood with regard to the ways and things of his own day; to look upon the tricks in the manner of the life about him with that same refined, purged sort of vision, which will come naturally to those of a later generation, in observing whatever may have survived by chance of its mere external habit. Seeing things always by the light of an understanding more entire than is possible for ordinary minds, of the whole mechanism of humanity, and seeing also the manner, the outward mode or fashion, always in strict connexion with the spiritual condition which determined it, a humorist such as Charles Lamb anticipates the enchantment of distance; and the characteristics of places, ranks, habits of life, are transfigured for him, even now and in advance of time, by poetic light; justifying what some might

condemn as mere sentimentality, in the effort to hand on unbroken the tradition of such fashion or account. "The praise of beggars," "the cries of London," the traits of actors just grown "old," the spots in "town" where the country, its fresh green and fresh water, still lingered on, one after another, amidst the bustle; the quaint, dimmed, just played-out farces, he had relished so much, coming partly through them to understand the earlier English theatre as a thing once really alive; those fountains and sun-dials of old gardens, of which he entertains such dainty discourse:—he feels the poetry of these things, as the poetry of things old indeed, but surviving as an actual part of the life of the present, and as something quite different from the poetry of things flatly gone from us and antique, which come back to us, if at all, as entire strangers, like Scott's old Scotchborder personages, their oaths and armour. Such gifts of appreciation depends, as I said, on the habitual apprehension of men's life as a whole —its organic wholeness, as extending even to the least things in it—of its outward manner in connexion with its inward temper; and it involves a fine perception of the congruities, the musical accordance between humanity and its environment of custom, society, personal intercourse; as if all this, with its meetings, partings, ceremonies, gestures, tones of speech, were some delicate instruments on which an expert performer is playing.

13. These are some of the characteristics of Elia, one essentially an essayist, and of the true family of Montaigne, "never judging," as he says, "system-wise of things, but fastening on particulars;" saying all things as it were on chance occasion only, and by way of pastime, yet succeeding thus, "glimpse-wise" in catching and recording more frequently than others "the gayest, happiest attitude of things;" a casual

writer for dreamy readers, yet always giving the reader so much more than he seemed to propose. There is something of the follower of George Fox about him, and the Quaker's belief in the inward light coming to one passive, to the mere wayfarer, who will be sure at all events to lose no light which falls by the way—glimpses, suggestions, delightful half-apprehensions, profound thoughts of old philosophers, hints of the innermost reason in things, the full knowledge of which is held in reserve; all the varied stuff, that is, of which genuine essays are made.

14. And with him, as with Montaigne, the desire of self-portraiture is, below all more superficial tendencies, the real motive in writing at all—a desire closely connected with that intimacy, that modern subjectivity, which may be called the *Montaignesque* element in literature. What he designs is to give you himself, to acquaint you with his likeness; but must do this, if at all, indirectly, being indeed always more or less reserved, for himself and his friends; friendship counting for so much in his life, that he is jealous of anything that might jar or disturb it, even to the length of a sort of insincerity, to which he assigns its quaint "praise"; this lover of stage plays significantly welcoming a little touch of the artificiality of play to sweeten the intercourse of actual life.

15. And, in effect, a very delicate and expressive portrait of him does put itself together for the duly meditative reader. In indirect touches of his own work, scraps of faded old letters, what others remembered of his talk, the man's likeness emerges; what he laughed and wept at, his sudden elevations, and longings after absent friends, his fine casuistries of affection and devices to jog sometimes, as he says, the lazy happiness of perfect love, his solemn moments of higher discourse with the young, as they came across him on occasion,

and went along a little way with him, the sudden, surprised apprehension of beauties in old literature, revealing anew the deep soul of poetry in things, and withal the pure spirit of fun, having its way again; laughter, that most short-lived of all things (some of Shakespeare's even being grown hollow) wearing well with him. Much of all this comes out through his letters, which may be regarded as a department of his essays. He is an old-fashioned letter-writer, the essence of the old fashion of letter-writing lying, as with true essay-writing, in the dexterous availing oneself of accident and circumstance, in the prosecution of deeper lines of observation; although, just as with the record of his conversation, one loses something, in losing the actual tones of the stammerer, still graceful in his halting, as he halted also in composition, composing slowly and by fits, "like a Flemish painter," as he tells us, so "it is to be regretted," says the editor of his letters, "that in the printed letters the reader will lose the curious varieties of writing with which the originals abound, and which are scrupulously adapted to the subject."

16. Also, he was a true "collector," delighting in the personal finding of a thing, in the colour an old book or print gets for him by the little accidents which attest previous ownership. Wither's *Emblems*, "that old book and quaint," long-desired, when he finds it at last, he values none the less because a child had coloured the plates with his paints. A lover of household warmth everywhere, of that tempered atmosphere which our various habitations get by men's living within them, he "sticks to his favourite books as he did to his friends," and loved the "town," with a jealous eye for all its characteristics, "old houses" coming to have souls for him. The yearning for mere warmth against him in another, makes him content, all through life, with pure brotherliness, "the

most kindly and natural species of love," as he says, in place of the *passion* of love. Brother and sister, sitting thus side by side, have, of course, their anticipations how one of them must sit at last in the faint sun alone, and set us speculating, as we read, as to precisely what amount of melancholy really accompanied for him the approach of old age, so steadily foreseen; make us note also, with pleasure, his successive wakings up to cheerful realities, out of a too curious musing over what is gone and what remains, of life. In his subtle capacity for enjoying the more refined points of earth, of human relationship, he could throw the gleam of poetry or humour on what seemed common or threadbare; has a care for the sighs, and the weary, humdrum preoccupations of very weak people, down to their little pathetic "gentilities," even; while, in the purely human temper, he can write of death, almost like Shakespeare.

17. And that care, through all his enthusiasm of discovery, for what is accustomed in literature, connected thus with his close clinging to home and the earth, was congruous also with that love for the accustomed in religion, which we may notice in him. He is one of the last votaries of that old world sentiment based on the feelings of hope and awe, which may be described as the religion of men of letters (as Sir Thomas Browne has his *Religion of the Physician*): religion as understood by the soberer men of letters in the last century: Addison, Gray, and Johnson; by Jane Austen and Thackeray, later. A high way of feeling developed largely by constant intercourse with the great things of literature, and extended in its turn to those matters greater still, this religion lives, in the main retrospectively, in a system of received sentiments and beliefs; received, like those great things of literature and art, in the first instance, on the authority of a long tradi-

tion, in the course of which they have linked themselves in a thousand complex ways to the conditions of human life, and no more questioned now than the feeling one keeps by one of the greatness—say, of Shakespeare. For Charles Lamb, such form of religion becomes the solemn background on which the nearer and more exciting objects of his immediate experience relieve themselves, borrowing from it an expression of calm; its necessary atmosphere being indeed a profound quiet, that quiet which has in it a kind of sacramental efficacy, working, we might say, on the principle of the *opus operatum*, almost without any co-operation of one's own, towards the assertion of the higher self. And, in truth, to men of Lamb's delicately attuned temperament mere physical stillness has its full value; such natures seeming to long for it sometimes, as for no merely negative thing, with a sort of mystical sensuality.

18. The writings of Charles Lamb are an excellent illustration of the value of reserve in literature. Below his quiet, his quaintness, his humour, and what may seem the slightness, the occasional or accidental character of his work there lies, as I said at starting, as in his life, a genuinely tragic element. The gloom, reflected at its darkest in those hard shadows of *Rosamund Grey*, is always there, though not always realised either for himself or his readers, and restrained always in utterance. It gives to those lighter matters on the surface of life and literature among which he for the most part moved, a wonderful force of expression, if at any moment these slight words and fancies might pierce very far into the deeper soul of things. In his writings, as in his life, that quiet is not the lowflying of one from the first drowsy by choice, and needing the prick of some strong passion or worldly ambition, to stimulate him into all the energy of which he is

capable; but rather the reaction of nature, after an escape from fate, dark and insane as in old Greek tragedy, following upon which the sense of mere relief becomes a kind of passion, as with one who, having narrowly escaped earthquake or shipwreck, finds a thing for grateful tears in just sitting quiet at home, under the wall, till the end of days.

19. He felt the genius of places; and I sometimes think he resembles the places he knew and liked best, and where his lot fell—London, sixty-five years ago, with Covent Garden and the old theatre, and the Temple Garden still unspoiled, Thames gliding down, and beyond to north and south the fields at Enfield or Hampton, to which, "with their living trees," the thoughts wander "from the hard wood of the desk" —feels fresher, and coming nearer to town then, but in one of which the present writer remembers, on a brooding early summer's day, to have heard the cuckoo for the first time. Here, the surface of things is certainly humdrum, the streets dingy, the green places, where the child goes a-maying, tame enough. But nowhere are things more apt to respond to the brighter weather, nowhere is there so much difference between rain and sunshine, nowhere do the clouds roll together more grandly; those quaint suburban pastorals gathering a certain quality of grandeur from the background of the great city, with its weighty atmosphere, and portent of storm in the rapid light on dome and bleached stone steeples.

POSTSCRIPT

1. The words, *classical* and *romantic*, although, like many other critical expressions, sometimes abused by those who have understood them too vaguely or too absolutely, yet define two real tendencies in the history of art and literature. Used in an exaggerated sense, to express a greater opposition between those tendencies than really exists, they have at times tended to divide people of taste into opposite camps. But in that *House Beautiful*, which the creative minds of all generations—the artists and those who have treated life in the spirit of art—are always building together, of the refreshment of the human spirit, these oppositions cease; and the *Interpreter* of the *House Beautiful*, the true aesthetic critic, uses these divisions, only so far as they enable him to enter into the peculiarities of the objects with which he has to do. The term *classical*, fixed, as it is, to a well-defined literature, and a well-defined group in art, is clear, indeed but then it has often been used in a hard, and merely scholastic sense, by the praisers of what is old and accustomed, at the expense of what is new, by critics who would never have discovered for themselves the charm of any work, whether new or old, who value what is old, in art or literature, for its accessories, and chiefly for the conventional authority that has gathered about it—people who would never really have been made glad by any Venus fresh-risen from the sea, and who praise the Venus of old Greece and Rome, only because they fancy her grown now into something staid and tame.

2. And as the term *classical* has been used in a too absolute and therefore in a misleading sense, so the term

romantic has been used much too vaguely, in various accidental senses. The sense in which Scott is called a romantic writer is chiefly this; that, in opposition to the literary tradition of the last century, he loved strange adventure, and sought it in the Middle Ages. Much later, in a Yorkshire village, the spirit of romanticism bore a more really characteristic fruit in the work of a young girl, Emily Bronte, the romance of *Wuthering Heights*; the figures of Hareton Earnshaw, of Catherine Linton, and of Heathcliffe tearing open Catherine's grave, removing one side of her coffin, that he may really lie beside her in death—figures so passionate, yet woven on a background of delicately beautiful moorland scenery, being typical examples of that spirit. In Germany, again, that spirit is shown less in Tieck, its professional representative, than in Meinhold, the author of *Sidonia the Sorceress* and the *Amber-Witch*. In Germany and France, within the last hundred years, the term has been used to describe a particular school of writers; and consequently when Heine criticises the *Romantic School* in Germany—that movement which culminated in Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*; or when Theophile Gautier criticises the romantic movement, in France, where, indeed, it bore its most characteristic fruits, and its play is hardly yet over where, by a certain audacity, or *bizarrerie* of motive, united with faultless literary execution it still shows itself in imaginative literature, they use the word with an exact sense of special aristic qualities, indeed; but use it nevertheless, with a limited application to the manifestation of those qualities at a particular period. But the romantic spirit is, in artistic temperament; and the qualities of thought and style which that, and other similar uses of the word *romantic* really indicate, are indeed but symptoms of a very continuous and widely working influence.

3. Though the words *classical* and *romantic*, then, have acquired an almost technical meaning, in application to certain developments of German and French taste, yet this is but one variation of an old opposition, which may be traced from the very beginning of the formation of European art and literature. From the first formation of anything like a standard of taste in these things, the restless curiosity of their more eager lovers necessarily made itself felt, in the craving for new motives, new subjects of interest, new modifications of style. Hence, the opposition between the classicists and the romanticists—between the adherents, in the culture of beauty, of the principles of liberty, and authority, respectively—of strength, and order.

4. Sainte-Beuve, in the third volume of the *Causeries du Lundi*, has discussed the question, *What is meant by a classic*? It was a question he was well fitted to answer, having himself lived through many phases of taste, and having been in earlier life an enthusiastic member of the romantic school: he was also a great master of that sort of "philosophy of literature," which delights in tracing traditions in it 'and the way in which various phases of thought and sentiment maintain themselves, through successive modifications, from epoch to epoch. His aim, then, is to give the word *classic* a wider and, as he says, a more generous sense than it commonly bears, to make it expressly *grandiose et flottant*; and in doing this, he develops, in a masterly manner, those qualities of measure, purity, temperance, of which it is the especial function of classical art and literature, whatever meaning, narrower or wider, we attach to the term, to take care.

5. The charm, therefore, of what is classical in art or literature, is that of the well-known tale, to which we can, nevertheless, listen over and over again because it is told so

well. To the absolute beauty of its artistic form is added the accidental tranquil, charm of familiarity. There are times, indeed, at which these charms fall to work on our spirits at all, because they fail to excite us. "*Romanticism*," says Stendhal, "is the art of presenting to people the literary works which, in the actual state of their habits and beliefs, are capable of giving them the greatest possible pleasure; *classicism*, on the contrary, of presenting them with that which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their grandfathers". But then, beneath all changes of habits and beliefs, our love of that mere abstract proportion—of music—which what is classical in literature possesses, still maintains itself in the best of us, and what pleased our grandparents may at least tranquillise us. The "classic" comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times, as the measure of what a long experience has shown will at least never displease us. And in the classical literature of Greece and Rome, as in the classics of the last century, the essentially classical element is that quality of order in beauty, which they possess, indeed, in a pre-eminent degree, and which impresses some minds to the exclusion of everything else in them.

6. It is the addition of strangeness to beauty, that constitutes the romantic character in art; and the desire of beauty being a fixed element in every artistic organisation, it is the addition of curiosity to this desire of beauty, that constitutes the romantic temper. Curiosity and the desire of beauty, have each their place in art, as in all true criticism. When one's curiosity is deficient, when one is not eager enough for new impressions, and new pleasures, one is liable to value mere academical proprieties too highly, to be satisfied with worn-out or conventional types, with the insipid ornament of Racine, or the prettiness of that later Greek sculpture,

which passed so long for true Hellenic work; to miss those places where the handiwork of nature, or of the artist, has been most cunning; to find the most stimulating products of art a mere irritation. And when one's curiosity is in excess, when it overbalances the desire of beauty, then one is liable to value in works of art what is inartistic in them; to be satisfied with what is exaggerated in art, with productions like some of those of the romantic school in Germany; not to distinguish, jealously enough, between what is admirably done, and what is not quite so well, in the writings, for instance, of Jean Paul. And if I had to give instances of these defects, then I should say, that Pope, in common with the age of literature to which he belonged, had too little curiosity, so that there is always a certain insipidity in the effect of his work, exquisite as it is; and coming down to our own time, that Balzac had an excess of curiosity—curiosity not duly tempered with the desire of beauty.

7. But, however falsely those two tendencies may be opposed by critics, or exaggerated by artists themselves, they are tendencies really at work at all times in art, moulding it, with the balance sometimes a little on one side, sometimes a little on the other, generating respectively, as the balance inclines on this side or that, two principles, two traditions, in art, and in literature so far as it partakes of the spirit of art. If there is a great overbalance of curiosity, then we have the grotesque in art: if the union of strangeness and beauty, under very difficult and complex conditions, be a successful one, if the union be entire, then the resultant beauty is very exquisite, very attractive. With a passionate care for beauty, romantic spirit refuses to have it unless the condition of strangeness be first fulfilled. Its desire is for a beauty born of unlikely elements, by a profound alchemy, by a difficult initiation, by the

charm which wrings it even out of terrible things; and a trace of distortion, of the grotesque, may perhaps linger, as an additional element of expression, about its ultimate grace. Its eager, excited spirit will have strength, the grotesque, first of all—the trees shrieking as you tear off the leaves; for Jean Valjean, the long years of convict life; for Redgauntlet the quicksands of Solway Moss; then, incorporate with this strangeness, and intensified by restraint, as much sweetness, as much beauty, as is compatible with that. *Energique frais, et dispos*—these, according to Sainte-Beuve, are the characteristics of a genuine classic—*les ouvrages ne sont pas classiques parce qu'ils sont vieux, mais parce qu'ils sont energiques, frais, et dispos.* Energy, freshness, intelligent and masterly disposition:—these are characteristics of Victor Hugo when his alchemy is complete, in certain figures, like Marius and Cosette, in certain scenes, like that in the opening of *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, where Deruchette writes the name of *Gilliatt* in the snow, on Christmas morning; but always there is a certain note of strangeness discernible there as well.

8. The essential elements, then, of the romantic spirit are curiosity and the love of beauty; and it is only as an illustration of these qualities, that it seeks the Middle Ages, because, in the overcharged atmosphere of the Middle Ages, there are unworked sources of romantic effect of a strange beauty, to be won, by strong imagination, out of things unlikely or remote.

9. Few, probably, now read Madame de Stael's *De l' Allemagne*, though it has its interest, the interest which never quite fades out of work really touched with the enthusiasm of the spiritual adventurer, the pioneer in culture. It was published in 1810, to introduce to French readers a new school of writers—the romantic school, from beyond the

Rhine; and it was followed, twenty-three years later, by Heine's *Romantische Schule*, as at once a supplement and a correction. Both these books, then, connect romanticism with Germany, with the names especially of Goethe and Tieck; and, to many English readers, the idea of romanticism is still inseparably connected with Germany—that Germany which, in its quaint old towns, under the spire of Strasburg or the towers of Heidelberg, was always listening in rapt inaction to the melodious, fascinating voice of the Middle Ages, and which, now that it has got Strasburg back again, has, I suppose, almost ceased to exist. But neither Germany, with its Goethe and Tieck, nor England, with its Byron and Scott, is nearly so representative of the romantic temper as France, with Murger, and Gautier, and Victor Hugo. It is in French literature that its most characteristic expression is to be found; and that, as most closely derivative, historically, from such peculiar conditions as ever reinforce it to the utmost.

10. For, although temperament has much to do with the generation of the romantic spirit, and although this spirit, with its curiosity, its thirst for a curious beauty, may be always traceable in excellent art (traceable even in Sophocles) yet still, in a limited sense, it may be said to be a product of special epochs. Outbreaks of this spirit, that is, come naturally with particular period—times, when, in men's approaches towards art and poetry, curiosity may be noticed to take the lead, when men come to art and poetry, with a deep thirst for intellectual excitement, after a long *ennui*, or in reaction against the strain of outward, practical things: in the later Middle Ages, for instance, so that medieval poetry, centering in Dante is often opposed to Greek and Roman poetry, as romantic poetry to the classical. What the romanticism of Dante, is, may be estimated, if we compare the lines in which Virgil describes

the hazelwood, from whose broken twigs flows the blood of Polydorus, not without the expression of a real shudder, at the ghastly incident, with the whole canto of the *Inferno*, into which Dante has expanded them, beautifying and softening it, meanwhile, by a sentiment of profound pity. And it is especially in the period of intellectual disturbance, immediately preceding Dante, amid which the romance languages define themselves at last, that this temper is manifested. Here, in the literature of Provence, the very name of *romanticism* is stamped with its true signification: here we have indeed a romantic world, grotesque even, in the strength of its passions, almost insane in its curious expression of them, drawing all things into its sphere, making the birds, nay! lifeless things, its voices and messengers, yet so penetrated with the desire for beauty and sweetness, that it begets a wholly new species of poetry, in which the *Renaissance* may be said to begin. The last century was pre-eminently a classical age, an age in which, for art and literature, the element of a comely order was in the ascendant; which, passing away, left a hard battle to be fought between the classical and the romantic schools. Yet, it is in the heart of this century, of Goldsmith and Stothard, of Watteau and the *Siecle de Louis XIV*—in one of its central, if not most characteristic figures, in Rousseau—that the modern or French romanticism really originates. But, what in the eighteenth century is but an exceptional phenomenon, breaking through its fair reserve and discretion only at rare intervals, is the habitual guise of the nineteenth, breaking through it perpetually, with a feverishness, an incomprehensible straining and excitement, which all experience to some degree, but yearning also, in the genuine children of the romantic school, to be *energique frais, et dispos*—for those qualities of energy, freshness, comely order; and often, in Murger, in Gautier, in

Victor Hugo, for instance, with singular felicity attaining them.

11. It is in the terrible tragedy of Rousseau, in fact, that French romanticism, with much else, begins: reading his *Confessions* we seem actually to assist at the birth of this new, strong spirit in the French mind. The wildness which has shocked so many, and the fascination which has influenced almost every one, in the squalid, yet eloquent figure, we see and hear so clearly in that book, wandering under the apple-blossoms and among the vines of Neuchatel or Vevey actually give it the quality of a very successful romantic incention. His strangeness or distortion, his profound subjectivity, his passionateness—the *cor laceratum*—Rousseau makes all men in love with these. *Fe me suis fait comme aucun de ceux que j' ai sus. Mais si je ne uaux pas mieux au moins je sius autre.*—"I am not made like any one else I have ever known: yet, if I am not better, at least I am different." These words, from the first page of the *Confessions*, anticipate all the Werthers, Renes, Obermanns, of the last hundred years. For Rousseau did but anticipate a trouble in the spirit of the whole world; and thirty years afterwards, what in him was a peculiarity, became part of the general consciousness. A storm was coming: Rousseau, with others, felt it in the air, and they helped to bring it down: they introduced a disturbing element into French literature, then so trim and formal, like our own literature of the age of Queen Anne.

12. In 1815 the storm had come, and gone, but had left, in the spirit of "young France," the *ennui* of an immense disillusion. In the last chapter of Edgar Quinet's *Revolution Francaise*, a work itself full of irony, of disillusion, he distinguishes two books, Senancour's *Obermann* and Chateaubriand's *Genie du Christianisme*, as characteristic of the first

decade of the present century. In those two books we detect already the disease and the cure—in *Obermann* the irony, refined into a plaintive philosophy of "indifference"—in Chateaubriand's *Genie du Christianisme*, the refuge from a tarnished actual present, a present of disillusion, into a world of strength and beauty in the Middle Ages, as at an earlier period—in *Rene* and *Atala*—into the free-play of them in savage life. It is to minds in this spiritual situation, weary of the present, but yearning for the spectacle of beauty and strength, that the works of French romanticism appeal. They set a positive value on the intense, the exceptional, and a certain distortion is sometimes noticeable in them, as in conceptions like Victor Hugo's *Quasimodo*, or *Gwynplaine*, something of a terrible grotesque, of the *macabre* as the French themselves call it; though always combined with perfect literary execution, as in Gautier's *La Morte Amoureuse*, or the scene of the "maimed" burial rites of the player, dead of the frost, in his *Capitaine Fracasse*—true "flowers of the yew." It becomes grim humour in Victor Hugo's combat of Gilliatt with the devil-fish, or the incident, with all its ghastly comedy drawn out at length, of the great gun detached from its fastenings on shipboard, in *Quatre-Vingt-Treize* (perhaps the most terrible of all the accidents that can happen by sea) and in the entire episode, in that book, of the *Convention*. Not less surely does it reach a genuine pathos; for the habit of noting and distinguishing one's own most intimate passages of sentiment makes one sympathetic, begetting, as it must, the power of entering, by all sorts of finer ways, into the intimate recesses of other minds; so that pity is another quality of romanticism, both Victor Hugo and Gautier being great lovers of animals, and charming writers about them, and Murger being unrivalled in the pathos of his *Scenes de la Vie*

de Feunesse. Penetrating so finely into all situations which appeal to pity above all, into the special or exceptional phases of such feeling, the romantic humour is not afraid of the quaintness or singularity of its circumstances or expression, pity, indeed, being of the essence of humour; so that Victor Hugo but turn his romanticism into practice, in his hunger and thirst after practical *justice*—a justice which shall no longer wrong children, or animals, for instance, by ignoring in a stupid, mere breadth of view, minute facts about them. Yet the romanticists are antinomian, too, sometimes, because the love of energy and beauty, of distinction in passion, tended naturally to become a little *vizarre*, plunging into the Middle Age, into the secrets of old Italian story. *Are we in the Inferno*? —we are tempted to ask, wondering at something malign in so much beauty. For over all a care for the refreshment of the human spirit by fine art manifests itself, a predominant sense of literary charm, so that, in their search for the secret of exquisite expression, the romantic school went back to the forgotten world of early French poetry, and literature itself became the most delicate of the arts—like "goldsmith's work," says Sainte-Beuve of Bertrand's *Gaspard de la Nuit*—and that peculiarly French gift, the gift of exquisite speech, *argute loqui*, attained in them a perfection which it had never seen before.

13. Stendhal, a writer whom I have already quoted, and of whom English readers might well know much more than they do, stands between the earlier and later growths of the romantic spirit. His novels are rich in romantic quality; and his other writings—partly criticism, partly personal reminiscences—are a very curious and interesting illustration of the needs out of which romanticism arose,. In his book on *Racine and Shakespeare*, Stendhal argues that all good art was romantic in its day, and this is perhaps true

in Stendhal's sense. That little treatise, full of "dry light" and fertile ideas, was published in the year 1823, and its object is to defend an entire independence and liberty in the choice and treatment of subject, both in art and literature, against those who upheld the exclusive authority of precedent. In pleading the cause of romanticism, therefore, it is the novelty, both of form and motive, in writings like the *Hernani* of Victor Hugo (which soon followed it, raising a storm of criticism) that he is chiefly concerned to justify. To be interesting and really stimulating to keep us from yawning even, art and literature must follow the subtle movements of that nimbly-shifting *Time-Spirit*, or *Zeit-Geist*, understood by French no less than by German criticism, which is always modifying men's tastes, as it modifies their manners and their pleasures. This, he contends, is what all great workmen had always understood. Dante, Shakespeare, Moliere, had exercised an absolute independence in their choice of subject and treatment. To turn always with that ever-changing spirit, yet to retain the flavour of what was admirably done in past generations, in the classics, as we say—is the problem of true romanticism. "Dante," he observes, "was pre-eminently the romantic poet. He adored Virgil, yet he wrote the *Divine Comedy*, with the episode of Ugolino, which is as unlike the *Aeneid* as can possibly be. And those who thus obey the fundamental principle of romanticism, one by one become classical, and are joined to that ever-increasing common league, formed by men of all countries, to approach nearer and nearer to perfection."

14. Romanticism, then, although it has its epochs, is in its essential characteristics rather a spirit which shows itself at all times, in various degrees, in individual workmen and their work, and the amount of which criticism has to estimate

in them taken one by one, than the peculiarity of a time or a school. Depending on the varying proportion of curiosity and the desire of beauty, natural tendencies of the artistic spirit at all times, it must always be partly a matter of individual temperament. The eighteenth century in England has been regarded as almost exclusively a classical period; yet William Blake, a type of so much which breaks through what are conventionally thought the influences of that century, is still a noticeable phenomenon in it, and the reaction in favour of naturalism in poetry begins in that century, early. There are, thus, the born romanticists and the born classicists. There are the born classicists who start with *form*, to whose minds the comeliness of the old, immemorial, well-recognised types in art and literature, have revealed themselves impressively: who will entertain no matter which will not go easily and flexibly into them; whose work aspires only to be a variation upon, or study from, the older master. " 'Tis art's decline, my son !" they are always saying, to the progressive element in their own generation; to those who care for that which in fifty years' time every one will be caring for. On the other hand, there are the born romanticists, who start with an original, untried *matter*, still in fusion; who conceive this vividly, and hold by it as the essence of their work; who, by the very vividness and heat of their conception, purge away, sooner or later, all that is not organically appropriate to it, till the whole effect adjusts itself in in clear, orderly, proportionate form; which form, after a very little time, becomes classical in its turn.

15. The romantic or classical character of a picture, a poem, a literary work, depends, then, on the balance of certain qualities in it; and in this sense, very real distinction may be drawn between good classical and good romantic

work. But all critical terms are relative and there is at least a valuable suggestion in that theory of Stendhals, that all good art was romantic in its day. In the beauties of Homer and Pheidias, quiet as they now seem, there must have been, for those who confronted them for the first time, excitement and surprise, the sudden, unforeseen satisfaction of the desire of beauty. Yet the *Odyssey*, with its marvellous adventure, is more romantic than the *Iliad*, which nevertheless contains, among many other romantic episodes, that of the immortal horses of Achilles, who weep at the death of Patroclus. Aeschylys is more romantic than Sophocles, whose *Philoctetes*, were it written now, might figure, for the strangeness of its motive and the perfectness of its execution, as typically romantic; while, of Euripides, it may be said, that his method in writing his plays is to sacrifice readily almost everything else, so that he may attain the fulness of a single romantic effect. These two tendencies, indeed, might be applied as a measure or standard, all through Greek and Roman art and poetry, with very illuminating results; and for an analyst of the romantic principle in art, no exercise would be more profitable, than to walk through the collection of classical antiquities at the Louvre, or the British Museum, or to examine some representative collection of Greek coins, and note how the element of curiosity, of the love of strangeness, insinuates itself into classical design, and records the effects of the romantic spirit there, the traces of struggle, of the grotesque even, though overbalanced here by sweetness; as in the sculpture of Chartres and Rheims, the real sweetness of mind in the sculptor is often overbalanced by the grotesque, by the rudeness of his strength.

16. Classicism, then, means for Stendhal, for that younger enthusiastic band of French writers whose unconscious method he formulated into principles, the reign of what is

pedantic, conventional, and narrowly academical in art; for him, all good art is romantic. To Sainte-Beuve, who understands the term in a more liberal sense, it is the characteristic of certain epochs, of certain spirits in every epoch, not given to the exercise of original imagination, but rather to the working out of refinements of manner on some authorised matter; and who bring to their perfection, in this way, the elements of order and beauty in manner. In general criticism, again, it means the spirit of Greece and Rome, of some phases in literature and art that may seem of equal authority with Greece and Rome, the age of Louis the Fourteenth, the age of Johnson; though this is at best an uncritical use of the term, because in Greek and Roman work there are typical examples of the romantic spirit. But explain the terms as we may, in application to particular epochs, there are these two elements always recognisable; united in perfect art—in Sophocles, in Dante, in the highest work of Goethe, though not always absolutely balanced there; and these two elements may be not inappropriately termed the classical and romantic tendencies.

17. Material for the artist, motives of inspiration, are not yet exhausted; our curious, complex aspiring age still abounds in subjects for aesthetic manipulation by the literary as well as by other forms of art. For the literary art, at all events, the problem just now is to induce order upon the contorted, proportionless accumulation of our knowledge and experience, or science and history, our hopes and disillusion, and, in effecting this, to do consciously what has been done hitherto for the most part too unconsciously, to write our English language as the Latins wrote theirs, as the French write, as scholars should write. Appealing, as he may, to precedent in this matter, the scholar will still remember, that

if "the style is the man" it is also the age: that the nineteenth century too will be found to have had its style justified by necessity—a style very different, alike from the baldness of an impossible "Queen Anne" revival, and an incorrect, incondite exuberance, after the mode of Elizabeth: that we can only return to either at the price of an impoverishment of form or matter, or both, although, an intellectually rich age as ours being necessarily an eclectic one, we may well cultivate some of the excellences of literary types so different as those : that in literature as in other matters it is well to unite as many diverse elements as may be: that the individual writer or artist, certainly, is to be estimated by the number of graces he combines, and his power of inter-penetrating them in a given work. To discriminate schools, of art, of literature, is, of course, part of the obvious business of literary criticism : but, in the work of literary production, it is easy to be overmuch occupied concerning them. For, in truth, the legitimate contention is, not of one age or school of literary art against another, but of all successive schools alike, against the stupidity which is dead to the substance, and the vulgarity which is dead to form.

NOTES

STYLE

Main Points of the Essay:

1. All progress of mind consists for the most part in differentiation, in analysing an obscure and complex object into its component aspects.

2. Speaking of prose, Pater says that many critics have been tempted to limit the proper functions of prose too narrowly. Prose may be found to be a coloured thing, picturesque, musical, mystical, exalted or florid, it is not very tamely and narrowly confined to mainly practical ends. In the same way it is wrong to say that poetry should not touch prosaic subjects, or an abstruse matter, or treat contemporary life.

3. In all literature as a fine art, there are many beauties in poetry, as well as in prose. It is the business of criticism to estimate them as such.

4. Dryden loved to emphasise the distinction between poetry and prose. His poetry was so prosaic that in truth, his sense of prosaic excellence affected his verse rather than his prose, which is not only fervid, richly-figured, poetic, but vitiated, all unconsciously, by many a scanning line. Setting up correctness as the central literary excellence, he is really a less correct writer than he may seem, still with an imperfect mastery of the relative pronoun.

5. Wordsworth has pointed the distinction between prose and poetry as the almost technical or accidental one of the absence or presence of metrical beauty, or metrical restraint.

6. De Quincey said one (poetry) the literature of power, and the other (prose) the literature of knowledge, in the former of which the composer gives us not fact, by his peculiar sense of fact, whether past or present.

7. Certain qualities of all literature as a fine art, if they apply to the literature of fact, apply still more to the literature

of the imaginative sense of fact. Certain condition of true art is found in both prose and poetry.

8. Only transcribing facts without something of one's humour, of a vision within, does not come in the domain of fine art. It is rather a skilled work as the drafting of an act of parliament, or the act of sewing; but even a historian who bases his writings on facts is artist if his work is coloured with his own humour, with his own vision. Thus Gibbon, Livy, Tacitus, Michelet are not transcribers but artists. "*For just in proportion as the writer's aim, consciously or unconsciously, comes to be the transcribing, not of the world, not of mere fact but of his sense of it, he becomes an artist, his work fine art.*" There can be no merit, no craft at all without *Truth.* All beauty is in the long run only *fineness* of truth, or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within.

9. In literature, as in every other product of human skill, wherever the producer so modifies his work as, over and above its primary use or intention, to make it pleasing there, *fine* as opposed to merely serviceable art, exists. Literary art, like all art which is in any way imitative or reproductive of fact—form, or colour, or incident—is the representation of such fact as connected with soul, of a specific personality, in its preferences, its volition and power.

10. The art which represents the sense—the soul-fact—is true; verse being only one department of such literature, and imaginative prose is the special art of the modern world—first the chaotic variety and complexity of its interests, making the intellectual issue, the really master currents of the present time incalculable, and secondly, an all-pervading naturalism, a curiosity about everything whatever as it really is, involving a certain humility of attitude, cognate to what must, after all, be the less ambitious form of literature.

11. The literary artist is of necessity a scholar having in mind the scholar and the scholarly conscience—with a sense of self-restraint and renunciation dealing scrupulously with his instrument he plays on with a freedom which in such case will be the freedom of a master.

12. The translators should be very particular with its elementary particles.

13. The living authority which language needs lies, in truth, in its scholars, who recognising always that every language possesses a genius, a very fastidious genius, of its own, expand at once and purify its very elements, which must needs change along with the changing thoughts of living people.

14. The literary artist will be aware of physical science.

15. A scholar writing for the scholarly, will leave something to the willing intelligence of his reader. Self-restraint has a beauty of his own.

16. Different classes of persons make various demands upon literature.

17. "The artist", says Schiller, "may be known rather by what *he omits*" and in literature, too, the true artist may be best recognised by his tact of omission.

18. The true artist will remember that, as the very word ornament indicates what is in itself non-essential, so the 'one beauty' of all literary style is of its very essence, and independent, in prose and verse alike, of all removable decoration.

19. In truth, all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage.

20. The elementary particles of language will be realised as colour and light and shade through his scholarly living in the full sense of it.

21. Matters which define scholarship as science and good taste, respectively, are both subservient to a more intimate quality of good style.

22. All the laws of good writing aim at a similar unity or identity of the mind in all the processes by which the word is associated to its import. All depends upon the original unity.

23. Gustave Flaubert is the martyr of literary style. To him one word expresses one thought. The end of all art is nothing but beautiful. By the term beauty he understood the mysterious harmony of expression. The one word for the one thing, the one thought amid the multitude of words is the end of all. In art, soul and body should be united. Flaubert used to say that there are no beautiful thoughts without beautiful forms. An artist does not desire to please others but to please himself.

24. Dubious words should be ignored and right words chosen.

25. All language involves translation from inward to outward. In literature, there are the absolute and the merely relative or accessory beauties.

26. The one indispensable beauty is truth. All art is entire, smooth and round.

27. The style is the man. By seeing the style, the artist can easily be judged.

28. To Flaubert the form was the main thing but it should be accompanied with matter.

29. All literature is impersonal.

30. Music and prose literature are the opposite terms of art. The art of literature presents to the imagination—a range of interests as free and various as those which music presents to it through sense.

31. The criterion of good art depends on the matter.

Central Idea:

The criterion of a good art is matter but according to Flaubert the form is also essential. All art embodies the soul of the artist, the artist is visible through his style, as the style is the man himself.

Para 1. **Differentiation:** scrutinising and finding out the difference.

Resolution: decomposition.

Obscure: dim, not clear.

Component: forming on a whole.

In the resolution of an obscure and complex object into its component aspects: It is worthy to break up a complex object into the minuter and simpler parts of which all the intellectual progress is consisted of.

Stupidest of losses: most foolish.

To put asunder: leaving.

False economy: 'an economy which results in greater loss than in gain, but excessive narrowing of the function of prose shall deprive it of many beauties which it can and often does attain.

We must needs make the most of things: we must derive the greatest advantage from.

A priori: before hand; arguing from cause to effect.

Liable to be discredited by the facts of artistic production: Critical efforts are proved wrong by the artistic excellence of the artistic work which sometimes transcends the limits usually employed.

Bacon: Francis Bacon (1561-1626) entered Parliament in 1584, and then wrote papers on public affairs, including a 'Letter of Advice to Queen Elizabeth, urging strong measures against the Catholics. He made the acquaintance of the Earl of Essex, who treated him with generosity and endeavoured to advance him in his career. He became Solicitor-General in 1607, Attorney-General in 1613, Lord Keeper in 1617, and Lord Chancellor in 1618. In 1621 he was charged before the House of Lords with bribery, and confessed that he had been guilty of corruption and neglect but denied that he had ever perverted justice. He was deprived of the great seal, fined, and condemned to confinement. He remained in the Tower only a few days. The remaining years of his life were spent in literary and philosophical work. Pope described him as 'the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.'

Bacon's works may be divided into three classes, the philosophical, the literary, and the professional. The principal and best known of the philosophical works are: (1) The *Advancement of Learning*, (2) The *Novum Organum*, (3) The *De Augmentis*. It was Bacon's ambition to create a new system of philosophy, based on a right interpretation of nature, to replace that of Aristotle. Of Bacon's literary works, the most important are the *Essays*, first published in 1597, and issued in final form, in 1625, the *New Atlantis* in 1626; and the *History of Henry the Seventh* in 1622. The most important of his professional works are the treatises entitled *Maxims of the Law* and *Reading on the Stature of Uses.*

Bacon wrote in Latin the works to which he attached importance, with a view, as he supposed, to their greater permanence. Yet he was capable of varied beautiful sytles in English, and there is a magnificence in much of his writing. Many of the sentences in the *Essays* have assumed almost the character of 'Proverbs'.

Livy: (Titus Livius) 59 B.C.—A.D. 17, the Roman historian, born at Patavium (Padua). He was a friend of the Emperor Augustus in spite of his republican leanings. His great work was the history of Rome (*Ab Urbe Cendita*) from the foundation of the city to the death of Drusus (9 B.C.). Of the 142 books in which it was contained we have 35, and epitomes of the greater part of the rest.

Carlyle: Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) was subsequently a schoolmaster, but soon took to literary work, studying German literature, and writing his *Life of Schiller*, which appeared in the *London Magazine* in 1823-4. In 1826 he married Jane Welsh, a Scottish lady of strong character and shrewd wit, one of the best letter writers in the English language, and retired to her farm at Cragenputtock. He contributed essays on German literature to the *Edinburgh* and other reviews, wrote *Sartor Resartus*, and the first part of the *French Revlou-tion*. He removed to Cheyne Row, Chelsea in 1834. The manuscript of the first volume of the *French Revolution* was accidentally burnt while in J. S. Mill's keeping, but Carlyle rewrote it and the work finally appeared in 1837. In the same and following years he gave several courses of popular lectures. In his *Chartism* (1839) and *Past and Present* (1843) he turned his attention to political problems of the day, and the present and future of Labour. Salvation, according to him, was to be sought in return, to medieval conditions and the rule of the strong just man, who was not to be got by popular election. The same views are to be found in his *Latter-Day Pamphlets* (1850). Carlyle's second great work was *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* published in 1845, and the *Life of John Sterling* in 1851. After this he spent fourteen years on the preparation of the *History of Frederick the Great* (1858-65)

Cicero: Marcus Tullius Cicero (106-13 B.C.), sometime referred to in English literature as *Tully*, became consul in 63. Owing to the enmity of Claudius, he was banished in 58 for a short time. In the Civil War between Caesar and Pompey he joined the party of the latter, but after Pharsalia was pardoned by Caesar. After Caesar's assassination he took the lead of the republican party and vigorously attacked Mark Antony in his philippic orations. On the formation of the triumvirate he was proscribed and put to death in 43 B.C. His works consist of writings on the art of rhetoric; on political

philosophy, on moral philosophy; and on theology; of a large number of orations and epistles.

Newman: John Henry Newman (1801-90), became a fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, where he came in contact with Keble and Pusey, and later with R. H. Froude. In 1832 he went to the south of Europe with R. H. Froude, and with him wrote in Rome much of the *Lyra Apostolica* (1836), sacred poems. In 1833 he composed the hymn *Lead Kindly Light*. In the same year he resolved with William Palmer, R. H. Froude and A. P. Perceval to fight for the doctrine of apostolical succession and the integrity of the Prayer-book, and began *Tracts for the Times*, in which he found a supporter in Dr. Pusey. In 1837-8 he published a number of treatises in defence of the Anglo-Catholic view, and in 1841 his famous Tract XC, on the compatibility of the Articles with Catholic theology; this tract brought the Tractarians under the official ban. He joined the Church of Rome in 1845. In 1847 he established the Oratory at Birmingham. In 1854 he was appointed Rector of the new Catholic University of Dublin, and in 1852, previous to his formal appointment, delivered his lectures on *The Scope and Nature of University Education*. He found the Irish clergy and The "New Catholic University" quite intractable and soon gave up his appointment.

In 1864, appeared his *Apologia pro vita sua*, in answer to Charles Kingsley, who in *Macmillan's Magazine* misrepresenting Newman did not consider truth as a necessary virtue. The *Apologia* came out serially, and when it was published as a book much of the controversial matter was omitted. It is an exposition, written with the utmost simplicity and sincerity and in a style of limpid clearness, of his spiritual history, and has obtained recognition as a literary masterpiece. In 1866 appeared his poem. *The Dream of Gerontius*, a dramatic monologue of a just soul leaving the body at death, which made a wide appeal to religious minds. Mention should also be made of his religious novels *Loss and Gain* (1848) and *Calliste* (1856). He was created a cardinal in 1879. He was one of the founders of the Tractarian Movement which aimed at asserting the catholicity of the English Church.

Plato: (427-348 B.C.), the great Greek philosopher, was born at Athens, or, according to some, at Aegina. He became a pupil and devoted admirer of Socrates and after his death in

399 retired to Megara, and subsequently resided for a time in Sicily. He returned to Athens about 386 B.C., and began to teach in the Academy. The remainder of his life was mainly occupied with instruction and the composition of the Dialogues in some of which Socrates figures as conducting the discussions. All these Dialogues are extant. They have their origin in the teaching of Socrates but indicate an evolution in Plato's thought.

One of his principal contributions to philosophical thought is his 'theory of ideas'—divine types or forms of material objects, which ideas are alone real and permanent, while individual material things are but their ephemeral and imperfect imitations.

Plato's principal dialogues were the *Protagoras*, *Gorgias*, *Phaedo*, *Symposium*, *Republic*, *Phaedrus*, *Parmenides*, *Theaetetus*, *Sophist*, *Philebus*, *Timaeus*, *Laws* and the *Apology*.

Michelet: (1798-1874) was the famous French historian whose principal work, *Histoire de France* is remarkable for its luminous and eloquent style.

Michelet also wrote a number of monographs on subjects allied to history in his broad conception of it.

Sir Thomas Browne: (1605-82) was the author of *Religio Medici*, *Pseudodoxia*, *Epidemica*, better known as 'Vulgar Errors', *Urn Burial* and *Garden of Cyrus*. His *Christian Morals* was not published till 1716. He is famous for his rich prose style and eloquent musings on mortality.

Exalted or florid: dignified or elaborately ornate.

Milton: author of *Lycidas*, *Comus*, *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*.

Taylor: Jeremy Taylor (1613-67), was chaplain to Laud and Charles I and was appointed Rector of Uppingham in 1638. He was taken prisoner in the Royalist defeat before Cardigan Castle in 1645, and retired to Golden Grove, Carmarthenshire, where he wrote most of his greater works. After the Restoration he was made Bishop of Down and Connor, and subsequently of Dromore. He died at Lisburn and was buried in the Cathedral of Dromore. His fame rests on the com-

bined simplicity and splendour of his style, of which his *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying* are perhaps the best examples. Among his other works, the *Liberty of Prophesying* appeared in 1646, *Eniautos* in 1653 and *The Golden Grove* in 1655.

Good round-hand: 'a language of practical utility but of little literary beauty, like the round-hand which though legible, has little artistic flourishes'.

Abstruse: hard to understand, profound.

Browning: Charges against him are his obscurities in his works. The best known works of Browning are *Paracelsus, Strafford, Sordello, Bells and Pomegranates, The Return of the Druses, Christmas Eve and Easter Day, Men and Women, Dramatis Personae, The Ring and the Book* etc.

Browning, though always esteemed by a small circle of readers, only achieved fame late in life, when he came to be ranked with Tennyson. The characteristics of his poems were a strong psychological interest in human emotions and motives and a tendency to obscure or deliberately tortuous language. His lyrics by contrast are often delightfully simple and musical.

Tennyson: The Poet-laureate. Among his best poems are *In Memoriam, the Morte d' Arthur, Locksley Hall, Ulysses, The Princess*, etc.

To estimate them as such: 'to regard them as beauties essentially belonging to prose'.

Quasi-prosaic: half prose-like.

Lycidas: a poem by Milton written in 1637, while at Horton. It is an elegy, in pastoral form, on the death of Edward King, a fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, who had been a student there at the same time as Milton. King was drowned while crossing from Chester Bay to Dublin, his ship having struck a rock and foundered in calm weather.

Not treating it........powers, there: Just as poetry need not always be highly imaginative and emotional, it can have logical and simplicity as well which we find in prose; similarly a prose piece can also have imagination and emotion. Thus imagination should not be regarded as the legacy of verse and not of prose.

Para 2. **Dryden:** (1631-1700) insisted on lucidity, clarity and simplicity in writing verse and prose. (Read more from any book of History of English Literature.)

Fervid: glowing. **Vitiated:** debased.

In the rotations of mind: 'in the regular succession of intellectual movements.'

Assertor: champion, advocate.

Wordsworth: the reference is made to Lyrical Ballads in which Wordsworth stated that there neither is nor can be any essential difference between the language of prose and that of metrical composition which completely reversed the doctrines of Dryden and Pope.

Dichotomy: division into two.

De Quincey: (1785-1859), after leading for some time a rambling life, went to Worcester College, Oxford, but took no degree. He there first began opium-eating. He was one of the early members of the staff of 'Blackwood's Magazine'', for which he wrote the *Confessions of an English Opium-eater* and *On Murder as One of the Fine Arts*. De Quincey produced a great variety of subjects. Mention should be made of his *Autobiographic Sketches* (1834-53), his articles on Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, and others and his tales. *The Spanish Military Nun* and *The Revolt of the Tartars*. Of his critical work, his essay *On The Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth* is best remembered. He wrote an ornate prose, sometimes marked by splendid imagery and humour. It is he who brought out the distinction between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power—the first is associated with prose, the second with poetry.

Sense of fact: 'the artist's view of fact as coloured and modified by his prejudices.'

Para 3. **Savouring:** flavouring.

Guardianship: administration.

Para 4. **Pascal:** Blaise Pascal (1623-62), French mathematician, physicist, and moralist, came early under the influence of Jansenism. His famous *Pensees* were fragments of an un-

completed Defence of the Christian Religion, directed principally against the free-thinkers.

Argument which......becomes a pleading: 'The statement of facts, on which the writer's arguments are based, gradually shades off into the presentation of a personal point of view'.

His peculiar intuition of a world: The writer thinks of a world to come or the real world lying hidden. In all cases the world of his vision is different from the actual world.

Prospective, or discerned: Concerned with future or distinguished below the faulty conditions of the present.

Intruder: uninvited comer. **Transcribing:** writing.

So all the excellences........painstaking: 'The greatest virtue of scientific literature is endless effort to attain the maximum accuracy.'

Selecting asserts something........within: 'The historian naturally selects only those facts which please him, which are in accordance to his personal theory. Thus, in the very process of selection, he reveals his own personality and his own preferences.

Gibbon: Edward (1737-94) was educated at Westminster and Magdalen College, Oxford, but derived little benefit from either. At the age of sixteen, he became a Roman Catholic, and was sent by his father to Lausanne, where he was reconverted to Protestantism and read widely. Here he became attached to Susanne Curchod (afterwards Madame Necker), but in defence to his father broke off the engagement. He returned to England in 1758 and published his *Essai sur l' Etude de la Literature* in 1761. In 1764, during a tour in Italy, he formed to plan his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. The death of his father, who had wasted his wealth, left him in some embarrassment but enough remained from the wreck to enable him to settle in London in 1772 and proceed with his great work.

He entered Parliament in 1774, voted steadily for Lord North, and was made a commissioner of trade and plantations. In 1776 appeared the first volume of his *History*, which was

very favourably received; but his chapters on the growth of Christianity provoked criticisms. To his theological critics Gibbon replied in 1779 in *A Vindication of Some Passages in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters.* The second and third volumes appeared in 1781, but were less warmly received. He retired to Lausanne in 1783, where he completed the work, of which the last three volumes were published in 1788.

Tacitus: Caius Cornelius (55-117 A.D.), the Roman historian, of whose works the following survive in whole or in part.

(1) *Dialogus de Oratoribus*, (2) *Vita Agricolae*, especially interesting for its account of the Roman conquest of Britain, (3) *Germania*, a description of the Germanic peoples and their institutions, (4) *Historial*, A.D. 68-96, of which we have only a portion, and (5) *Annales*, comprising of the period from the death of Augustus to the death of Nero in A.D. 68, of which again the extant portion is incomplete. Tacitus was the son-in-law of Agricola and the intimate friend of the younger Pliny. Tacitean prose is incisive, polished, and epigrammatic; it contrasts with the ample periods of the Ciceronian style.

Good art in proportion to........that sense: The more one conceives truthfully and imaginatively, the more artistic the work is.

And further, all beauty..........within: Pater conceives that all beauty consists in the perception and expression of truth. Truth does not mean the real facts without, but also sincerity of the writer's sense of it.

Para 5. **Literary art......power:** There are two types of art—the serviceable and the fine. All arts are imitative or reproductive as the literary art is. The difference between the two is that the crude art is satisfied with mere presentation of naked facts whereas the fine art is the expression of writer's personality. Style is the man himself.

Para 6. **Such is the matter..........varied forms:** All literature is the presentation of facts but different with different writers as in all fine arts lies the personality of the author. The greatness of any piece of literature is the presentation of the soul-fact.

Little susceptible of the restraint proper: unyielding to any restraint.

As varied in its....experience: Prose, as the vehicle of expression in an age of infinitely varied interests shall acquire different kinds of artistic beauty with different writers, as such it shall be as varied as are men's thoughts on their experience.

Pedestrians: literally footmen, here prosaic.

Para 7. **The male conscience:** The faculty of discrimination between the right and the wrong.

Warily: cleverly, wisely, thoughtfully.

Female conscience: the faculty of mind which accepts things thoughtlessly.

Product of myriad........consists: Language, being a soical growth, is 'a product of different peoples and dialects, and in its progress it gathers new meanings and associations and therefore is governed by its own obscure laws which are peculiar to its genius. The true scholar readily accepts such laws and abides by them'.

Abundant: in profusion. **Recondite:** abstruse, obscure, dealing in allusions.

Punctilious observance: punctual observance, keen insight.

Exclusions debitae nature: exclusions or rejections. Exclusions due to Nature, is one of the processes of elimination in Bacon's *Novum Organum*.

To efface....vulgar: "A punctilious writer should scrupulously avoid confusing the idiom of one language with that of another—for every language has its own idiom and genius—and thus rubbing off all distinctions between them, a habit which is very common among the majority of writers who, thereby, support the general tendency to corrupt the language."

To efface: To rub out. **Reinforcing:** strengthening.

Affinities: relations. **Neology:** a new word.

Gipsy phrase: a phrase of doubtful origin.

Hackneyed illustration: dull or obscure allusions.

Contention: difference.

A sense of self-restraint........consideration: He who avoids a vulgar expression and gipsy phrases in writing gives a challenge to the sensitive reader to discover a flaw.

He has the science of the instrument: He who knows the language well, can handle it freely and in a masterly manner.

Para 8. **Braced only by those restraints:** A true writer is never discouraged by restrain, but, on the other hand, he is stimulated to greater efforts.

Vindicating his liberty: maintaining the cause of his liberty successfully.

Pedantry: learning. **Le cuistre:** a hack-writer.

Which like the spontaneities....good taste: the writings of a master, like the manner of a well-lived man, will be naturally refined and polished without being studied or vulgar.

Para 9. **Winnowed:** examined.

Assimilating the phraseology of pictorial art: Pater is speaking of the works of pre-Raphaelites who chose the pictorial phraseology.

German metaphysical movement: In the latter half of the 18th century the German writers used words or phrases which derived their origin from theology or metaphysics.

The finer edge of words: The original meaning of the words still retained.

Ascertain, communicate, discover: All these three words are generally misused; *ascertain* means to make certain, the origin being acertaine (from French), *communicate* originally meant to commune with God; *discover* has been derived from the old French descovrir, meaning to uncover.

Racy Saxon monosyllables: monosyllable means single syllables, words as, hot, pot, touch, such. Saxon monosyllables could not retain traces of the original. Saxon was the name of a Germanic people which in the early centuries of the Christian era, dwelt in a region near the mouth of the Elba, and of which one portion, distinguished as Anglo-Saxon, conquered and occupied certain parts of south British in the 5th and 6th centuries, while the other, the Old Saxons, remained in Germany. The name *Anglo-Saxon* has been extended to the entire old English people and language before the Norman conquest.

Second intention: 'associated or secondary meaning as different from primary meaning'.

Eclecticism: 'borrowing freely from various sources'.

One of the first poets of our time: Tennyson.

Para 10. **Montaigne:** author of the famous *Essais*, first translated into English by John Florio (1603) and again by Charles Cotton (1685). The general conclusion of the essays is the recognition of the fallibility of the human reason and the relativity of human science. Montaigne influence dShakespeare among others.

Uncomplimentary assistance: 'help which insults the intelligence of the reader.'

Ascesis: self-discipline.

Frugal closeness: compactness of style.

Precise relief: short relief, here means just the amount of vividness required.

In the logically......space: A good writer connected his ideas with what he has said before and what he is going to say.

Para 11. **Refuge, a sort of cloistral refuge:** shelter, a sort of religious place of shelter.

Esmond: a novel by Thackeray (1852). The history of Henry Esmond is narrated by Henry Esmond himself. He is the son of the 3rd Viscount Castlewood. Henry then comes under the protection of the 4th Viscount, in whose household he serves as Castlewood, and particularly by Lady Castlewood, for whom he conceives a profound devotion. He has the misfortune to bring the smallpox into the household, by which Lady Castlewood loses some of her beauty, and in consequence much of her husband's love. The unprincipled Lord Mohun takes advantage of the estrangement between them to attempt to seduce Lady Castlewood. A duel follows, in which Lord Castlewood is mortally wounded. On his death-bed he reveals to Henry that he is the rightful owner of the title and property. Henry decides to sacrifice himself and not claim his rights, so as not to injure Lady Castlewood and her son, Frank. But Lady Castlewood bitterly upbraids Henry for allowing the duel to take place, and banishes him from her house.

Henry joins the army and serves with distinction in Marlborough's campaigns, from Blenheim to Malplaquet. In the

course of his service, he returns to England. Meanwhile Frank, the present Viscount, and Beatrix, his sister, have grown up. The latter is a girl of extraordinary beauty, but vain of her beauty and ambitious. Henry falls deeply in love with her, but she is too proud to consider an alliance with one whom she regards as of illegitimate birth. She becomes affianced to the Duke of Hamilton, but he is murdered by Lord Mohun. Finally, she causes the failure of a scheme for the proclamation of the Pretender, by flirting with the Prince and luring him to Castlewood at the moment when his presence in London is necessary. Completely disillusioned, Henry abandons her and marries Lady Castlewood. Henry and his wife migrate to Virginia and their subsequent history in that country is referred to in *The Virginians*. Thackeray gives a vivid picture of English society in the early years of the 18th century, introducing Dick Steele and his Prue, Marlborough and his Duchess, Swift, and Addison.

Idea of a University: (Read the note on Newman).

Men of a finer thread: Men of refined sensitive nature.

Schiller: (1759-1805) was no less great as a writer of reflective and lyrical poems and of ballads, and his best work of this kind belongs to the period of his intimacy with Goethe. Schiller was also author of philosophical and historical works. He was a German dramatist and a lyric poet. His principal works are *Die Rauber* (The Robbers); *Don Carlos* (1787) and *Wallenstein* (1799).

Accessory: additional.

Is rarely content to die.....................associations: When the writer uses picturesque expressions, they do not fade away from the memory of the reader at once but awake in the mind a train of associations which become hinderance to the clarity and emphasis of the particular idea.

Para 12. **Detrimental tendency:** harmful or destructive tendency.

Flaubert's Madame Bovary: Gustave (1821-80), French novelist, remarkable for his highly finished style and for his impersonal, objective method of narrative. His most famous novel is *Madame Bovary*, a realistic sordid tale of bourgeois life (1856).

Stendhal's Le Rouge et Le Noir: Pseudonym of Henri

Beyle (1783-1842), one of the greatest of French novelists. His two great novels are *La Rouge et le Noir* (1831), and *La Chartreuse de Parme* (1839), and on the strength of these he has been accorded by modern critics a place in French fiction equal in importance to that of Balzac. His chief characteristic of style lies in the objective, dispassionate analysis of complicated states of conscience.

The flowers in the garden: literary ornaments.

Narcotic force: great force; narcotic means substance inducing drowsiness.

Vagrant intruder: anything to pass time.

If he has a really quickening motive within: if he is really inspired.

Facile: fluent.

Otiose: useless, of no practical purpose.

Pedestrian process: prosaic method.

Surplusage: superfluous matter.

Back to. . . .stone: The sculptor removes all the superfluous pieces even when he has first conceived of the finished object in his imagination before carving out of the rough stone. In the same way, Pater says, all the artists first conceive of a finished art from beginning to the end and remove all superfluous matter.

Michelangelo: (1475-1564), the great Italian sculptor, painter, and poet, enjoyed in his study of art, the patronage of Lorenzo de' Medici. Of his principal works, the statue of David was begun in 1501. The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel at Rome was painted in 1508-12, and the great fresco of the 'Last Judgment' on the east wall of the Sistine Chapel was painted for Paul III during 1535-41. Michelangelo succeeded Sangallo in 1546 as architect of St. Peter's at Rome, but only the dome represents, in a measure, his design. As a poet, he has left a number of remarkable sonnets and madrigals, some of them are addressed to his friend Vittoria Colonna. He is the only artist of supreme excellence both as a painter and a sculptor.

Para 13. **The elementary particles. . . . . . . .them:** 'To a scholar every word is linked with certain sensations of light and colour, and he can, through his constant association with

words, distinguish subtle shades in their meanings.'

He will not treat coloured glass as if it were clear: The true artist will not use expression because it is beautiful, he will, before using it, judge its appropriateness.

Ostentatious ornament: a florid style.

Para 14. **They are both subservient etc. :** Both matter and manner are dependent upon good style. The otiose, the facile and the surplusages are to be avoided.

That architectural........first: 'Just as an architect plans the whole edifice at first before starting to finish it. In his imagination he knows what shape the final composition shall have; in the same way an author plans his composition in imagination first and then he proceeds with the work. The last sentence, he knows, shall give the final touch, hence it should be very impressive and to the point.

Para 15. **Dean Mansel** (1820—71): was a Victorian divine, author of works on logic and history. Pater says that he is a writer whose works illustrate the literary beauty. He wrote a book to show that all the technical laws of logic are but means of securing the unity of the apprehending mind.

All depends upon the original unity: 'The success of a composition depends on the unity and completeness of the original conception of it'.

Cognate: allied. **Victoriously:** successfully.

Born with the integrity of a single word: expressing elaborately the meaning of a single key-word.

The contingent as well as......whole: In any literary piece of work, the ornamental and the unornamental are the integral part of the whole.

With such foresight......the work is finished: Before planning to write a literary piece of work, an artist, with clear and complete conception of work, designs the whole framework in imagination. When he has been fully assured of his design, he proceeds with his pen.

Loose accretion: ill-organised subject-matter.

Sustained by yet restraining the productive ardour: a true artist is encouraged and supported by the desire to create and yet he checks himself from running wild.

And then somewhat........volition: 'Although weighed

down with the responsibility of giving it a perfect finish, he is at the same time stimulated to further efforts and in good time finishes the composition, not abruptly as if weary of his exertions but resolutely and in complete accord with his original plan.'

Loose accretion: loose composition.

Assonances: resemblances of sound between two syllables.

Secondary shades of meaning: images and associations that are born in mind.

Ante-penultimate: opposite to last syllable but one.

Para 16. **Blake** (1757-1827): was a precursor of the Romantic Movement in England. He was a mystic poet, which he showed at first in the *Songs of Innocence.* In 1790 Blake engraved his principal prose work, the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, in which he takes up his revolutionary position, of which the main features are the denial of authority. The *Songs of Experience* (1794) are in marked contrast with the *Songs of Innocence*. The brightness of the earlier work gives place to a sense of gloom and mystery, and of the power of evil. They include the famous *Tiger, Tiger ! Burning Bright.* In 1804 Blake began to engrave his final symbolical works, *Milton* and *Jerusalem.* His later minor poems include some beautiful lyrics such as *The Morning* and *The Land of Dreams*; also the fragmentary. *The Everlasting Gospel*, his own interpretation of the Gospel of Christ.

Blake made, and sometimes engraved, designs in illustration of many works besides his own poems, notably Young's *Night Thoughts*, Blair's *Grave*, Gray's Poems, the Book of Job, and the *Divina Comedia*, designs which reveal his greatness as an artist. 'In his poetry can be heard the melodies of the soul in its moments of emotion.

Preponderating soul: Musing over soul.

The way they have......are of : 'the manner in which their style is steeped in spirituality.'

Inexplicable inspiration: inspiration that cannot be explained.

Through static and objective indications of design in his work, legible to all: 'He influences his readers by his

intellectual force exercised through, and exhibited in, the never changing and objective structural harmony of the composition which is obvious to all.'

By soul............contact: In some mysterious manner he effects some by stirring in them vague feelings of spiritual affinity and making them share in his experience.

One and not another: only a few, not all. One can understand the structural design but the spirituality of his work can be felt by sensitive souls only.

The Vulgate: the Latin version of the Bible made by St. Jerome in the fourteenth century. **Swedenborg:** (1688-1772), a Swedish philosopher, scientist, and mystic. He enjoyed visions culminating in 1745 in a revelation, and thereafter devoted his life to the interpretation of the Scriptures. According to his theosophic system, God, as Divine Man, is infinite love and infinite wisdom, from whom emanate the two worlds of nature and spirit, distinct but closely related. He was the author of *Arcana Colestia* and other apocalyptic works.

Tracts for the Times: a series of theological treatises of which the principal authors were Newman, Keble, and R. H. Froude. They were issued 'with the object of contributing something towards the revival of doctrines which although held by the great divines of our Church, at present have become obsolete with the majority of her members' and were directed against undue interference by the State in religious affairs of the nation.

Profane writers: writers not belonging to what is sacred or biblical.

Eclectic affinity: 'matterinforming and moulding the form'.

Immediate sympathetic contact: 'direct imaginative participation in another's spiritual experience'.

What is congruous or otherwise: what is fitting or nonfitting'.

They seem to know............intuition: The writer's personality is dormant in his works, so the reader knows the writer intimately through his writings which is like a mirror in which the author is vividly reflected but the reader knows him not so much by reason as by insight.

Plenary substance etc. : Literature, though expressive of

the writer's entire soul, is largely suggestive rather than descriptive. It presents explicitly only one facet of his personality.

Plenary: entire, whole.

Para 17. **Gustave Flaubert:** referred to before. The substance of Flaubert's letter is, "Art is good and real. In it there lies true beauty as opposed to earthly love or earthly beauty. The only way to be happy is to shut oneself up in art, and count everything else as nothing. Those who write in good style are sometimes accused of a neglect of ideas, and of the moral end, as if the end of the physician were something else than healing, of the painter than painting as if the end of art were not, before all else, the beautiful."

Aeneid: a poem in Latin hexameters by Virgil, recounting the adventures of Aeneas from the fall of Troy.

Para 18. One commentator of Flaubert's doctrine of beauty says that to him 'there is but one—one form, one mode—to express' what he wanted to say.

Euphony: pleasing sound.

Para 19. **Omnipresent:** all present.

Pater suggests here that Flaubert was right in saying that the choice of the right word, right phrase, right sentence, brings out the true beauty in literature.

Para 20. **Natural economy:** 'consisting in the employment of only those words which are indispensable for the precise expression of the idea.'

Desiderative: 'expressing the desire to act.'

Soul and body reunited: Blake made a very beautiful painting in which he showed the union of soul and body.

N.B. As the body and soul are represented in Blake's painting as united; in the same way, Flaubert believed that the form cannot be detached from the idea, for the idea only exists by virtue of the form, and there are no beautiful thoughts without beautiful forms.

Para 21. **The visible vesture............points:** Into the mind sensitive to form, a number of ideas, sounds, colours and forms are entering. The sensations of light and sound are always entering into the sensitive mind of the artist. These sensations constitute the image of the world as he sees it in his mind, but the image remains faint and indecisive.

The function of style is to avoid all the otiose, the facile and the surplusage and give it a polished shape.

Recusancy: unsubmissiveness.

Para 22. **Ennui:** mental weariness. Here Pater points out that the characteristic of a true artist is not the slowness or quickness of the process, but the absolute success of the result.

As with those labourers etc. : The parable referred to here is of St. Matthew XX. The parable runs that all the labourers hired by a householder were paid the same wages irrespective of the work they had done.

"And when they came that were hired at the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny."

"But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; and they likewise receive every man a penny."

N.B. Pater means by quoting this parable that whether an artist writes slowly or quickly he will receive the same credit if his work is marked with beautiful style—the combination of soul with body.

The prize is independent of the mere length of the actual day's work: 'the actual time taken in the composition of a work of art matters little if the desired artistic excellence is achieved.'

Para 23. **Dubious:** doubtful.

Buffon: (1707-88) French naturalist, author of a remarkable *Histoire Naturell.* He said, "Style is the man himself."

Pater again quotes from Flaubert that those are happy who have no doubts of themselves, who can write anything they want to write, but as regards himself he is very unhappy as he has to select appropriate words, phrases or sentences to express his own ideas for which he wrote, "one would have to live two centuries to attain a true idea of any matter."

Para 24. **Concourse:** crowd, confluence of things.

Immediate sense: direct contact with the spirit of the writer.

All language involves translation from inward to outward: all language expresses inner ideas into words.

And precisely..............verse: Whether you write

verse or prose, the intrinsic beauty of style lies in the exact adjustment of expression to thought.

Para 25. **Vraie verite:** the absolute truth.

Eclectic principle: distinctive doctrine.

Evocation: calling up of feelings.

Entire, smooth, and round: This is the English version of Horace's *totus teres atque rotundus* meaning the style should be whole, smooth and pleasing.

Purism: scrupulous purity in language.

The portraiture of one's sense: the presentation of one's feelings or views.

Faith to one's own meaning: "by throwing by the board all that interferes with his freedom to create beautiful work the artist is true to himself in giving perfect expression to his vision".

Le Rouge et Le Noir: a novel by the French novelist, Stendhal.

Les Miserables: a French novel of great repute.

Para 26. **Plenary sense:** entire sense.

Yet insured inalienably to him: inseparably connected with him.

Raffaell: (1483-1520) was the great Italian painter. He is famous for his paintings of Madonnas.

Consular splendour: great splendour.

Para 27. **Relegation:** release, emancipation.

Evanescent: fading.

N. B. To Flaubert, style is a certain absolute and unique manner of expressing a thing in all its intensity and colour. For him the form was the work itself.

Para 28. **If the style.................impersonal.** Style can be called impersonal only when the author adheres to truth and tries his all to discover the exact impression for expressing any idea of manner. Then, it shall rise above any mere caprice.

Para 29. **Victor Hugo:** (1802-85) French poet and novelist, the leader of the French Romantic movement. He entered political life after the Revolution of 1848, and showed

himself an eloquent defender of liberty. He spent the years 1851-70 in exile. Hugo introduced flexibility, sonority, and melody into the rigid verse that had prevailed during many generations. His important plays were *Hernani* (1830), *Marion de Lorme* (1831), *Le Roi s' Amuse* (1832) and *Ruv Blas* (1838). His most famous novels are *Notre Dame de Paris* (1831), *Les Miserables* (1862), *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* (1866) and *Quatre-vingt-treize* (1879).

Bach: (1685-1750), 'a great German musician, the author of many preludes and fugues'.

Para 30. **Esmond: Vanity Fair** (written above).

The Divine Comedy: the greatest work of Dante, probably begun about 1300, comprising into the *Inferno*, the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso.*

The *Inferno* is a description of Hell, conceived as a graduated conical funnel, to the successive circles of which the various categories of sinners are assigned. The *Purgater is* a description of Purgatory, a mountain rising in circular ledges, on which are the various groups of repentant sinners. In his visit to Hell and Purgatory, Dante has for guide the poet Virgil. The *Paradiso* is a vision of a world of beauty, light, and song, where he sees a vision of Beatrice, the lady whom he loved. "The poem is not only an exposition of future life but a work of moral edification, replete with symbolism and recondite allusions."

Redemption: emancipation.

Dante: a great Italian poet (1265-1321). His greatest work is *Divina Commedia.*

CHARLES LAMB

Main Points of the Essay:

It should be remembered that Pater was attracted to Lamb, first of all, through his friend Mr. R. C. Jackson, the grandson of Lamb's Captain Jackson. Pater wrote the essay in Mr. Jackson's library which had all the Lamb's books and other relics. The essay shows that Pater admired Charles Lamb greatly, for his humour, his pathetic merriment. He was also attracted by Lamb's heroism, as Lamb remained bachelor throughout his life for the sake of his sister who grew insane very often.

Lamb, though an essayist, was a poet in true sense as he was alive for ever to the sad music of humanity. He thought a great deal and thought more about the sufferings of the humanity. He expressed much in his essays, which is more subjective rather than *they are* objective. In the *Dream Children* and in the *Bachelor's Complaint* he has poured out his heart. But, Pater was influenced only by Lamb's epicureanism. There was much common in Pater and Lamb. Pater wanted the self-portraiture and conscious artistry in words. It seems that he wants to enter into the inner recesses of mankind. It is his humour that appeals to him most.

(The criticism of the essay may be seen in Questions and Answers.)

Para 1. **Subtleties:** senses. **Transplanted:** removed and planted in another place.

Fancy: 'Delusion, unfounded belief; faculty of calling up things not present, of inventing imagery; mental image; arbitrary supposition, caprice, a whim, individual taste'.

Imagination: 'imagining; mental faculty of forming images of external objects not present to the senses, creative faculty of mind'.

N.B. "Some English critics at the beginning of the present century (*i.e.*, in the 19th *c.*) had a great deal to say concerning a distinction of much importance, as they thought,

in the true estimate of poetry, between *Fancy*—the *Imagination.* This metaphysical distinction, borrowed originally from the writings of German philosophers, and perhaps not always clearly apprehended by those who talked of it, involved a far deeper and more vital distinction, with which indeed all true criticism more or less directly has to do, the distinction, namely, between higher and lower degrees of intensity in the poet's perception of his subject, and in his concentration of himself upon his work of those who dwelt upon the metaphysical distinction between the Fancy and Imagination, it was Wordsworth who made the most of it, assuming it as the basis for the final classification of his poetical writings."

—(Pater on Wordsworth.)

Wit: 'That unreal and transitory mirth, which is as the crackling of thorns under the pot'—(*Pater*). The Dictionary meaning of the word is—intelligence, understanding, but from the literary point of view Pater's definition is correct.

Humour: Four chief fluids of body (blood, phlegm, choler and melancholy). "The laughter which blends with tears and even with the sublimities of the imagination, and which, in its most exquisite motives, is one with pity—the laughter of the comedies of Shakespeare, hardly less expressive than his moods of seriousness or solemnity, of that deeply stirred soul of sympathy in him, as flowing from which both tears and laughter are alike genuine and contagious".—(*Pater*).

Contagious: communicating disease by contact.

Para 2. **A sort of visible interpretation:** Pater wants to say that in the writings of Charies Lamb one can easily notice the distinction between wit and humour.

Consistently: perpetually.

Para 3. **Thackeray:** William Makepeace (1811—63), educated at Charter House, and at Trinity.

The author of the English Humourists of the Eighteenth c.: Thackeray College, Cambridge. Here he studied little, and left in June 1830 without a degree, after making friends with Edward Fitzgerald, Tennyson, and others. In 1831 he entered the Middle Temple, but soon gave up the legal profession. In 1833 he became proprietor of 'The National Standard', for which he wrote and drew. It had a short existence, and Thackeray settled in Paris to study Drawing. He returned

to England in 1837 and contributed to "Fraser's Magazine," *The Yellowplush Correspondence* (in which Mr. Yellowplush, an illiterate footman, relates his social experiences) and wrote reviews for '*The Times*' and other papers. Thackeray began his contributions to '*Punch*' in 1842; of these the best known are 'The Snobs of England' (1847, afterwards published as '*The book of Snobs*') a denunciation of social pretentiousness. Even before the 'Snobs' were completed, the serial numbers of *Vanity Fair* had begun to appear, followed by those of *Pendennis* in November 1848, *Esmond* in 1852, and *Newcomes* in 1853-5.

Thackeray lectured on *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century* in 1851 (published in 1853) and on *The Four Georges* in 1855-6 (published in 1860). In 1852 he went on a lecturing tour to America, and the result was the sequel to *Esmond*, *The Virginias*, published in serial numbers in 1857-9. Mention should be made of Thackeray's ballads and other rhymes, written at various periods of his life, and in various moods.

The sparings of pity....generation: The Nineteenth Century humorists were, so to say, romanticists. They lacked the humorist note in their works, on the other hand, they had the strong note of egoism, they had developed the habit of judging their own emotions and ideas superior to others. This brought subjectivity in them and developed the sense of pity.

Later generation: Romanticist.

Amalgam—literally mixture of a metal with mercury; here it means mixture.

Charles Dickens: (1812-72), 'the son of a government clerk, underwent in early life, as the result of his family's poverty (his father was imprisoned in the Marshalsea), experiences similar to some of those depicted in *David Copperfield*, and received little education. He became reporter of debates in the Commons to the '*Morning Chronicle*' in 1835, and contributed to other periodicals articles subsequently republished as '*Sketches by Boz*' (1836-37). These were immediately followed by *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, of which the publication in twenty monthly numbers began in April 1836 (the author being then 24). In this work Dickens suddenly reached the plentitude of his powers as a humorist and achieved success and financial ease. *Oliver Twist* (1857-8)

followed in *Bentley's Miscellany* and *Nickolas Nickleby* (1838-39) in monthly numbers. His next two novels *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*, Dickens published as parts of the serial *Master Humphrey's Clock* (1840-1), an unnecessary device which he soon abandoned. In 1842 he went to America, where he advocated international copyright and the abolition of slavery. The literary results of the voyage were *American Notes* (1842) and *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843-4). *A Christmas Carol* appeared in 1843, a Christian book that was followed in each of the succeeding years by *The Chimes*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, *The Battle of Life*, and *The Haunted man*, works which added greatly to his popularity. He paid a long visit to Italy in 1844, and to Switzerland in 1846, where he wrote *Dombey and Son*, published in 1848. In 1850 Dickens started the weekly periodicals *Household Words* succeeded in 1859 by *All the Year Round*, and this he carried on until his death. *David Copperfield* appeared in monthly numbers in 1849-50, *Bleak House* in 1852-3, the unsuccessful *Child's History of England* in 1852-4, *Hard Times* in 1854, *Little Dorrit* in 1857-8, *A Tale of Two Cities* in 1859, *Great Expectations* in 1860-1, and *Our Mutual Friend* in 1864-5. Dickens had begun to give public readings in 1858, which he continued during his second visit to America in 1867-8. After his return he began, in 1870, *Edwin Drood* but died suddenly before finishing it.

Dickens was one of the greatest of Victorian writers and perhaps of English novelists. His immense vitality and originality, his vivid power of characterization, compensate for a tendency to caricature and for occasional lapses into sentimentality."

Para 4. **Transition:** change.
Aroma: fragrance, sweet smell.
Homely: comfortable.
Reared: nourished.

Quaint: attractive or piquant in virtue of unfamiliar, esp., old-fashioned, appearance, ornamentations, manners etc.

Para 5. **Cheaply bought:** frivolous.
Blithe: happiness.

Greek tragedy: As a Greak tragedy is marked with courage, heroism and calm resignation to fate, in the same

way Lamb's life was full of heroism, courage and calm resignation. For his own sister, he took a vow to remain always bachelor.

Paroxysm: fit of disease.

Released: acquitted.

Impair: mar.

Feverish, romantic tie of love: all the attachments of passion.

Charities of home: meaning to comfort her.

Voluntarily yielding to restraint: Both Lamb and his sister submitted themselves to restraint lest some heinous crime should again happen.

Elia: Charles Lamb.

Webster: John Webster (1580 ?—1625 ?), collaborated with Dekker and other dramatists in a number of comedies, *Westward Hoe* and *Northward Hoe* in 1603-4 (printed in 1607) and with Rowley in *A Cure for a Cuckold* (printed in 1661). He completed for the stage Marston's *Malcontent* (1604). His tragedies, founded on Italian *novelle*, show that he approached in tragic power nearest of his contemporaries to Shakespeare; they are *The White Devil*, *Appius and Virginia* and *The Duchess of Malfi*. Charles Lamb has praised the last one excessively.

Macabre: grim. Read more in notes on Postscript.

Rosamund Grey: It is a simple tragic tale of a young girl, the victim of an undeserved misfortune.

Para 6. **Monotonous:** dull. **Enduringness:** courage.

Monotonous labour: the duties of a clerk.

Ideas of practice: concrete ideas as to what they should practise.

Having no longer..........stock of ideas: These ideas of practice failed to receive any response from the general public.

Posterity: coming generation.

Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley: Poets of the Romantic age.

Surrender more to the mere course of time: Even Poets like Coleridge, Wordsworth and Shelley lose part of their importance with the march of time as what their own time demanded failed to receive warmth after their own age.

Para 7. **Disinterested servants of literature:** Literary artists who wrote for themselves and who gave expressions to their own thoughts and feelings.

Keats: The great poet of the Romantic age. As Keats regarded 'art for its own sake' so did Lamb.

And working over......sympathy—Lamb chose only concrete objects. He did not miss even the minutest possible details of the things or of the men he described. He kept himself strictly confined to his work by avoiding all the abstract political or social theories. Thus, he achieved an 'unlimited and all-embracing sympathy'.

Caressing littleness: 'Small events full of tender feelings'.

Whole woeful heart of thing—Things or events which do not appease one; small things having tragic effect but symbolize tragedy of human race.

Sorrow of humanity: 'Sad music of humanity'.

Welt-Schmerze: Expression of Goethe meaning "concentrated sorrow of the whole world".

The constant aching of its wounds: eternal pains of sorrow.

Little arts of happiness he is ready to teach to others: Lamb believes in making life happy with little things.

Quaint: funny. **Scarcely:** hardly.

Little flies in the priceless amber of his Attic wit—This is the expression of children but how beautifully has Pater used it figuratively, meaning that Lamb uses little things with his wit and gives them the real shape.

Attic—Greek, therefore simple.

Amber: A kind of preservative.

Has something primitive in its largeness: He has a great sympathy for the suffering humanity, which is unsophisticated and comprehensive in its universality.

Para 8. **Superficial:** of no use, useless, artificial.

And if....criticism: If it should be believed that even the dead aspire for name and fame, Shakespeare and Webster must be glad to hear the praises of Lamb.

Things......ears: earth.

Titian: the name by which Tiziano Vecelli (1477-1556), the great painter of Venice, is usually known. He excelled as a painter of portraits, and of sacred and mythological subjects. His best known painting is that of *Bachhus and Ariadnoe.*

Hogarth: Though William Hogarth (1697—1764) was a great painter, yet he is better known as an engraver of social and political caricature. He established his reputation by the illustrations which he engraved for Butler's *Hudibras* (1726). Most of his engravings were preceded by oil-paintings of the same subjects, including the four famous series of *The Rake's Progress*, *The Harlot's Progress*, *Marriage a la Mode*, and *The Election.* He was the author of *The Analysis of Beauty* (1753).

N.B. Here Pater refers to the critical side of Lamb and states that he was not only the literary critic but also a fine critic of painting. Lamb appreciated the arts of Titian and Hogarth and condemned the art of the modern age being barren in the imaginative faculty.

Defrauded of the sweet food of academic institution: Lamb could not enjoy the academic career for a long time. His student-life was very short and so he could not get proper education, even then he was a profound scholar. He devoted his nights and days and with the sweat of his brow came to be known as one of the great essayists.

Retrospective: Introspective means looking within (*i.e.*, subjective); Extrospective, looking without (*i.e.*, objective); Retrospective means the faculty of seeing backward, surveying of past time or events.

I cannot make these present times....present to me: Lamb says once that he is unable to look forward. He can only see the past which is to him *present* but the age in which he lives is to him far beyond the apprehension.

Para 9. **Expositor:** bringer to light, commentator.

Quintessence—According to the ancient philosophers it is the fifth substance, apart from four elements, composing the heavenly bodies entirely and latent in all things; most essential part of any substance, refined extract; purest and most perfect form, manifestation, or embodiment, of some quality or class.

Choicest savour and perfume of Elizabethan poetry—the chief characteristics of Elizabethan poetry.

Epicureanism: Epicurus (341-270 B.C.) was the founder of the school of philosophy that bears his name, after teaching philosophy in various places, he finally established his school in Athens. His will and some fragments of his writings survive, but his philosophy may be best read in the *De Rerum Natura* of Lucretius. He adopted the atomic theory of Democritus, concerning the universe, and in ethics regarded the absence of pain, or repose of mind—as the greatest good. Since virtue produces this repose, it is virtue that we should pursue. The believers in the philosophy of Epicurus are called Epicureans, and the philosophy Epicureanism.

Delicate intellectual epicureanism: fine intellectual delight and not the sensuous.

Wistfully: affecting wit.

Sigh for a better fortune: It should be remembered that Lamb was a clerk at the South Sea House. This profession was opposed to his literary genius.

Para 10. **Burton**—Robert Burton (1577-1640), was an eccentric humanist of the seventeenth century. He is famous for his treatise *Anatomy of Melancholy*. In purpose the treatise is a medical work. The introduction sets out that melancholy is 'an inbred malady in every one of us'. But the subject is expanded until it covers the whole life of man. The treatment is marked by a sense of humour and pathos, and a tolerant spirit in religion. In the exposition and illustration of his argument, Burton uses quotation (or paraphrase) to an extreme degree, drawing on a very wide field of literature.

Quarles: Francis Quares (1592-1644) was a metaphysical poet. He went abroad in the suite of the Princess Elizabeth on her marriage with the Elector Palatine. He wrote pamphlets in defence of Charles I, which led to the sequestration of his property. He is chiefly remembered for his *Emblems*, published in 1635. It is a book of short devotional poems which are in various metres, each poem is based on some scriptural text, followed by appropriate quotations, from the Fathers, and an epigram, and illustrated by quaint engravings.

The Duchess of Newcastle: (1624 ?—74) wrote a multitude of verses, essays, and plays (1653—68), and a biography of her husband. She is principally remembered for Pepy's

condemnation of her as 'a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman'.
Stray: wander.

Defoe: "Daniel (1660 ?—1731) born in London, the son of James Foe, a butcher. He changed his name to Defoe. He took part in Monmouth's rebellion, and joined William III's army in 1688. In 1701 he published '*The True-born Englishman*', a satirical poem combating the popular prejudice against a king of foreign birth. In 1702 appeared *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, a notorious pamphlet in which Defoe, himself a Dissenter, ironically demanded the total suppression of dissent, to show the absurdity of ecclesiastical intolerance. For this he was fined, imprisoned (May—November, 1703), and pilloried: the sense of his unjust treatment appears to have affected his character. Under the influence of this and of pecuniary distress—he attributed his ruin to his imprisonment—he became shifty and mercenary in public affairs. He wrote his *Hymn to the Pillory*, a mock Pindaric Ode, while imprisoned, and started his newspaper, '*The Review*' in 1704. In 1706 appeared his *True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal*, a vivid piece of reporting of a current ghost story. During the following years he was employed as a secret agent, largely in Scotland. Certain ironical anti-Jacobite pamphlets in 1712—13 led to his prosecution by the Whigs for treasonable publications and to a brief imprisonment. He now started a new trade journal *Mercater* in place of *The Review*.

He published the first volume of his best-known work, *Robinson Grusoe* in 1719, the *Farther Adventures* of his hero following a few months later. The next five years saw the appearance of his most important works of fiction: *Captain Singleton* in 1720; *Moll Flanders*, *A Journal of the Plague Year*, and *Colonel Jack* in 1722; *Roxana* in 1724. His *Tour Through the Whole Island of Great Britain*, a delightful guide-book, in three volumes, appeared in 1724-27. In addition to the works mentioned above, Defoe produced a vast number of pamphlets on all sorts of subjects; in all, he published over 250 works. Defoe was not only extraordinarily prolific and versatile but also a liberal and humane writer".—(*O. Dict.*)

Para 11. **Tracking:** Tracing back. **Intuition:** Immediate apprehension by the mind without reasoning; immediate apprehension by sense.

Tracking..................writer: With keen insight and great consciousness, Charles Lamb analyses and criticises the works of ancient artists like Hogarth or that of Shakespeare and traces back the source and entire process of creation of their works from old artists. He, then, tries to understand what stimulus goaded them to produce that type of art. He does not also fail to distinguish the contrast between their unities of atmosphere and impression and the classical unities. In doing this he does not pose to be antagonistic to them but picks up from their works what is palatable and acceptable, the rest he discards.

Aroma of old English: Whatever Lamb says brings out the fragrance of old English literature—from the works of the old masters.

Godwin: William Godwin (1756—1836) was at first a dissenting minister, but became an atheist, and a philosopher of anarchical views. He believed that man acted according to reason, and that rational creatures could live in harmony without laws and institutions. He married Mary Woolstonecraft in 1797, who died at the birth of her daughter, the future wife of Shelley. Godwin subsequently married Mrs. Clairmont, whose daughter by her first marriage, Clara Mary Jane Clairmont bore a daughter, Allegra, to Lord Byron.

Godwin published in 1793 his *Enquiry Concerning Political Justice* in which he stated his philosophical and political views, in 1794 the *Adventures of Caleb Williams* and in 1799 *St. Leon*, novels designed to propagate these views. This last contains a portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft, of whom he also wrote a remarkable life. He exercised a great influence on Shelley and at one time on Wordsworth.

John Woodvil: In 1802 Lamb published it. It was first called *Pride's Cure*. It is a tragedy written in the Elizabethan style.

Mimicry: Thing that ridicules another by imitation.

Sir Thomas Browne: (1605—82), studied medicine at Montpellier, Padua, and Leyden, and graduated at this last university as doctor. In 1637 he settled at Norwich, where he practised physic. His *Religio Medici* appeared in 1643, though written some years earlier; his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* better known as *Vulgar Errors*, appeared in 1646; *Urn Burial*

and *Garden of Cyrus* in 1658, his *Christian Morals* was not published till 1716, after his death, and was later (1756) edited by Samuel Johnson. He is famous for his rich prose style and eloquent musings on morality.

Solemn: serious, grave.

Homeliness: frankness.

Overawes: astonishes.

Pure sense of words: words appropriate to sense.

Daintily epicurean: one who is pleased to enjoy intellectual delights rather than the sensuous.

Veneration: respect.

Brooded: thought.

Brooded over his intelligence: murmured about his capacity of thinking.

Impressibility: that cannot be pressed.

His undiminished........them: The impression of the great works of art of the old masters of literature never fades from their mind.

Reading........air: When Lamb reads or criticizes any work of Shakespeare, he feels himself one with the atmosphere, sometimes he seems walking with the hero under the clouded heavens, at others, flying with the spirits, ghosts and witches. Pater means that in any circumstance Lamb does not fail to enjoy the real spirit of the play.

Grim humour of Hogarth etc: As Lamb does not fail to value the terrible grandeur and the supernatural atmosphere in Shakespeare's plays, so he does not fail appreciating the grim humour in Hogarth's paintings.

Para 12. **Traits:** touch of humour etc.
Morsels of old life: remnants of old.

The Rake's Progress, Marriage a la Mode: engravings of Hogarth. (Read more in *Para* 8).

Picturesque: vivid, strikingly graphic.

Contemplate: think.

Accident: chance.
Veritable: real, actual, genuine.

With more than good nature: lovingly.

Solemn and self-conscious deposits: old things, old works are pleasing in themselves, they should not be interchanged with our mode of thinking of living.

Tricks of individuality: 'personal idiosyncracies'.

More entire: fully.

Anticipates the enchantment of distance: Humorist like Lamb expects that works of his age shall have a charm for the coming generations.

Some might condemn as mere sentimentality: Some people might think that the artist had done the piece of work as mere sentimentality. He was not aware of it beforehand that his work will have any relation with the future.

But surviving........strangers: Charles Lamb, like Scott, was fascinated towards the romances of old. To him the romance of the old always seemed to be living present. He took delight in them as if they would, although unfamiliar, attract them.

Antique: old.

Congruities: familiarities; similarities.

Para 13. **Elia:** Charles Lamb.

Montaigne: The full name is Michel Eyquem De Montaigne (1553-92). He was educated at Bordeaux, where he had among other teachers George Buchanan. He was the author of the famous *Essais* of which Books I and II appeared in 1580, and a definitive edition in 1595. They were first translated into English by John Florio in 1603 and again by Charles Cotton in 1685. The essays reveal the author as a man of insatiable intellectual curiosity. The general conclusion of the essays is the recognition of the fallibility of the human reason and the relativity of human science. Montaigne influenced Shakespeare among others. His chief characteristic is his frank egotism. He takes the reader completely into his confidence about himself. The essays reveal the author as a man of insatiable intellectual curiosity, kindly and sagacious, condemning pedantry and lying, but tolerant of an essay morality. The general conclusion of the essays is the recognition of the fallibility of human reason and the relativity of human science.

Pastime: amusement.

Frequently: often than not.

Casual: accidental.

George Fox: (1624-90). He was the founder of the Society of Friends. His '*Journal*', revised by a committee under William Penn's superintendence (1694), is a narrative, in simple and direct style, of his spiritual experience and of the troubles to which he and his followers were exposed by persecution. He refused to recognise the validity of orders or sacraments of any kind and believed in the truth of everyman's individual spiritual experience. His society was named as the Society of Quakers.

Wayfarer: The author wants to say that Lamb took no active part in the movements of the time but kept an open mind receptive to all kinds of influences and therefore he missed nothing of any value.

Half-apprehensions: half-understandings.

Para 14. **To acquaint you with his likeness:** Charles Lamb reveals himself but only indirectly. He knew that complete self-revelation was bound to hurt his friends, so 'he sometimes exaggerates things to the extent of becoming insincere in his professions'.

Para 15. **Scraps of faded old letters:** remains of past letters.

Elevation: height; longings; desires.

Casuistries of affection: failures in love.

Devices to jog sometimes: methods to arouse attention.

Apprehension of beauties in old literature: finding out aesthetic element in the literature of the olden days.

Dexterous availing oneself of accident etc. : Lamb often made a skilful use of chances that happened in life and depicted through them the motive spring of human action. He called it the mechanism of humanity.

Stammerer: one who speaks with halting articulation.

Scrupulously: carefully to offend none.

Flemish Painter: There had been a Flemish School of Painting. Painting in the 'Low Countries' (outside Holland) had two great periods. The School of Bruges (1366-1550)

produced painters of religious subjects much influenced by Italian art; the brothers Van Eyck, Hans Memling, Rogier Vander Weyden, Quentin Matsys, and Mabuse, were the masters of this period. The second great period in the 17th century produced such portraitists as Rubens and Vandyck and genre painters such as Teniers.

Para 16. **Wither's Emblems:** Emblem-book contained Pictorial representations whose symbolic meaning is expressed in words. This kind of literature was begun by Alciati, a Milanese. The best known of his English followers were Quarles and Wither. Emblematic verses sometimes also took the form of verses themselves shaped in various forms, such as crosses, altars, bottles etc. Wither wrote a rhomboidal dirge. Wither's work was published in 1634-35, which contained pictorial representations whose symbolic meaning was expressed in words.

Yearning: keen desire.

Precisely: briefly.

While, in the purely human temper, he can write of death, almost like Shakespeare: Death to Charles Lamb was a release from life, a transition from life's fitful fever to eternal peace as it was with Shakespeare.

Para 17. **Congruous:** accordant; conformable to.

Old world sentiment: 'In the good old days people were filled with a hope for the betterment of humanity and with awe at the mystery of the universe'.

Religion of the Physician: *Religio Medici*, a work by Sir Thomas Browne, first printed without his sanction in 1642, reissued with his approval in 1643. It is a confession of Christian faith (qualified by an eclectic and generally sceptical attitude), and a collection of opinions on a vast number of subjects more or less connected with religion, expressed with a wealth of fancy and wide erudition. The work contains two beautiful prayers in verse.

Addison (1672-1719): Joseph Addison, poet, dramatist, and essayist, educated at the Charter House with Steele, and at Queen's College and Magdaler, Oxford, was distinguished as a classical scholar and attracted the notice of Dryden by his Latin poems. He travelled on the continent to qualify for the diplomatic service. In 1704, he published *The Cam-*

paign, a poem in heroic couplets, in celebration of the victory of Blenheim. He was appointed under-secretary of state in 1706, and was M. P. from 1708 till his death. He formed a close friendship with Swift, Steele, and other writers, and was a member of the Kit-Cat Club. Addison lost office on the fall of the Whigs in 1711. Between 1709 and 1711, he contributed a number of papers to Steele's *Tatler* and joined with him in the production of the *Spectator* in 1711-12. His tragedy *Cato* was produced with great success in 1712, and during the same year he contributed to Steele's periodical, the *Guardian*, and during 1714 to the revived *Spectator*. On the return of the Whigs to power, Addison was again appointed chief secretary for Ireland, and started his political newspaper, the *Freeholder* (1715-16). In 1716 he became a lord commissioner of trade, and married the Countess of Warwick. In 1718 he retired from office with a pension, lamented in a noble elegy by Tickell. He was satirized by Pope in the character of *Atticus*.

Addison is remarkable in the history of English literature for his simple and unornamental prose style which marked the end of the mannerism and eccentricities of the 17th century. His most famous works are the *Coverley Essays*, originated by Steele, and contributed to the *Spectator*.

Gray: (1716-71) Thomas Gray was educated at Eton and with Horace Walpole at Cambridge. He accompanied Horace Walpole on a tour on the continent in 1739-40, but they quarrelled in 1741, and returned home separately. Their friendship was renewed in 1744. Gray then resided at Cambridge, refused the Laureateship in 1757, and was appointed professor of history and modern languages at Cambridge in 1768. He was buried at Stoke Poges in Bucks, a village with which the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* is traditionnally identified.

His work as an English poet began in 1742, when he wrote his odes *On Spring*, *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College* and *On Adversity* and the *Sonnet on the Death of West*. About the same year he began the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* which was finished in 1750. The *Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat* was written about 1747. In 1754 Gray finished his Pindaric ode on *The Progress of Poesy* and in 1757 a second Pindaric ode *The Bard*. These were published by Walpole in 1757. The popularity of his *Elegy* led to his recognition as one of

the foremost poets of the day and to the offer of the laureateship on the death of Colley Cibber. In his later years he devoted attention to Icelandic and Celtic verse and in imitation of this wrote the lays *The Fatal Sisters* and *The Descent of Odin* (1761). In 1769 he took a journey among the English Lakes, which is commemorated in the *Journal* published in 1775, his most finished prose work. His letters are among the best in the language.

Johnson (1709-84): Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield. He was the son of a bookseller of that town, educated at Lichfield Grammar School and at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he spent fourteen months but took no degree. His father died in 1731 and left his family in poverty, and Johnson's career for a time is not clearly known. In 1735 he published anonymously a condensed translation of a French version of Father Lobo's *Voyage to Abyssinia*. In the same year he married Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, a widow considerably older than himself, and started a private school at Edial, near Lichfield. This was not successful, and in 1737, accompanied by one of his pupils, David Garrick, he set out for London. He entered the service of Edward Cave, the painter (1691—1754), who had founded *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1731. To this, he contributed essays, poems, Latin verses, biographies, and reports of parliamentary debates. In 1738 he published his poem *London*. In 1744 appeared his notable *Life of Mr. Richard Savage*. In 1747 he issued the *Plan* of his *Dictionary*, addressed to Lord Chesterfield. In 1749 he published *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, his longest and best poem, and in the same year his tragedy *Irene* was produced by Garrick. In 1750 he started the *Rambler*, a periodical written almost entirely by himself, which ran until 1752 (when his wife died), appearing twice a week. From March 1753 to March 1754 Johnson contributed regularly to Hawkesworth's *Adventure*. The *Dictionary* was published in 1755, and an abridgement in 1756. During 1758-60 he contributed the *Idler* series of papers to the *Universal Chronicle*. In 1759 appeared his *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*. In 1762 Johnson received, on Wedderburn's application, a pension of £300 a year from Lord Bute, and in 1763 made the acquaintance of James Boswell, his biographer. It was in the same or next year that 'The Club', later on known as the 'Literary Club' was founded, including

among its original members, besides Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, and Goldsmith, to whom Garrick, C. J. Fox, and Boswell were shortly added. Besides a number of writings of minor importance, he worked at his edition of Shakespeare, which after much delay was published in 1765. In 1775 Johnson undertook a journey with Boswell to the Scottish Highlands and Hebrides; recorded in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* (1775) and in Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* (1785). In 1777 he underook at the request of a number of booksellers to write the *Lives of the Poets*, published in 1779-81. In 1784, after two melancholy years, he died at his house in Bolt Court and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Johnson's literary output bears no proportion to his reputation. The latter is due in great measure to the fortunate accident by which an ideal biographer was found in Boswell to record for us the humour, wit, and sturdy common-sense of his conversation, and a kindness of heart sometimes concealed under a gruff exterior.

Jane Austen (1715—1817): was born at Steventon in Hampshire, of which her father was Rector, and lived an uneventful life at her birthplace, Bath, Southampton and Chawton. She is buried at Winchester. Of her complete novels, *Sense and Sensibility* appeared in 1811; *Pride and Prejudice* in 1813; *Mansfield Park* in 1814; *Emma* in December 1815. *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion*, posthumously in 1818. The order in which they were written is somewhat different. Besides these, Jane Austen was author of two works which she did not publish, *Lady Susan* and *The Watsons*. A further fragment, written in 1817, known to her family as *Sanditon* was published in 1825.

Thackeray: William Makepace (1811-63) wrote *Esmond, The Virginias, Vanity Fair* and *Snobs*. (Read more about him in the *Postscript*.)

Retrospectively: Looking back to the old faith.

Sacramental efficacy: Of religious effect.

Opus Operatum: A theological term, denoting the efficacy of the sacrifice of Christ to redeem the soul of the individual, apart from any effort of his own. The old religion which he had inherited from the past was so deeply rooted in him that even the most exciting events would be imbued with a spirit of profound peace.

Assertion: declaration; contention.

Mystical sensuality: 'Such finely tempered souls as Lamb's hunger for physical quietitude, because for them it has a mystical significance, being but an expression of the eternal calm in all things.'

Para 18. **Rosamund Grey:** It is a simple tale by Lamb of a young girl, who became the victim of an undeserved fate. It is tragic in tone.

Low-flying: superficial.

Dark and insane as in old Greek tragedy: In Greek tragedy Fate is depicted as having no feeling for the ills of mankind, hence she seems to be insane or mad.

Para 19. **Covent Garden:** In London, the old Covent Garden of Westminster. Many celebrated people lived there, and the Bedford Coffee-house, and those of Will and Button were in the neighbourhood. Covent Garden is frequently mentioned in 17th and 18th century literature, generally as a centre of dissipation. It is still the principal wholesale market in London for vegetables, fruits and flowers.

Temple Garden: The Temple is a district of London lying between Fleet Street and the Thames. It took its name from the Knights Templars who owned it from about 1160 until their suppression. The Temple Garden is the scene in Shakespeare's *Henry VI* and *Henry IV*.

Hampton: Hampton Court was built by Cardinal Wolsey on the Thames, and was ceded by him to Henry VIII. For two centuries, it was a favourite residence of the English sovereigns. In William III's reign part of it was rebuilt by Wren.

A-maying: Playing cheerfully as in the month of May.

Quaint stubborn pastorals: Curious and unyielding pastures.

Portents of storm: Forecastng of coming thunder.

POSTSCRIPT

Postscript: The abbreviation is P. S. meaning additional paragraph especially at the end of a letter after signature. Here the word is used as the additional chapter.

This essay was originally entitled *Romanticism* but it appeared as a postscript to the volume of *Appreciations*. In this essay Pater discusses that the difference between the terms *Classicism* and *Romanticism* is mostly unreal. Those who admire the literature and works of the ancients call their literature as classical. The term has been used in a hard and mainly scholastic sense.

The Oxford Dictionary of English Literature defines classicism as a quality of the Augustan Age usually regarded in English literature, which affected a great admiration of the ancients and a right code of critical values and literary forms. The artificialities of the period, however—as exemplified, for example, in Pope's translations from Homer—make the comparison true as regards aim rather than achievement. The term is used mainly by way of contrast with the *Romantic* Age which followed.

Augustan Age is a period of literary eminence in the life of a nation, so named because during the reign of the Emperor Augustus (27 B.C.—A.D. 14) Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tibulius etc., flourished. The term is usually applied in the history of English literature to the period of Pope and Addison. Among other famous writers of the time were Steele, Swift, Defoe, Gray, Prior, and Congreve. It was notable for the perfection of the heroic couplet and the development of a clear logical prose style. Some of these qualities are to be found in the time of Dryden, but the Elizabethan qualities of rhetoric and eloquence in prose, conceits and bombast in verse, still remained. The 'Age of Pope' had a classical evenness, a preference for wit and elegance, and for intellectual rather than emotional satisfaction. Its traditions survived throughout the greater part of the 18th century, notably in the writings of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Sheridan. In French literature the term is applied to the period of Corneille, Racine and Moliere.

The word *Romantic* has no generally accepted definition.

The Oxford English Dictionary says, Characterized....by, invested........with, romance or imaginative appeal,' where romance appears to mean 'redolence or suggestion of, association with, the adventurous and chivalrous,' something remote from the scene and incidents of ordinary life.

The name 'Romantic Revival' is given to a movement in European literature which marked the last quarter of the 18th century. The old narrow intellectual attitude gave place to a wider outlook which recognized the claims of passion and emotion, and in which the critical was replaced by the creative spirit, and wit by humour and pathos.

In English literature it was marked by a revolt against the conventional language and meters of Augustan poetry. The revolt is usually dated from the publication of *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798, but its beginnings can be traced much earlier, *e.g.*, in the antiquarian researches of the Wartons, the poems of Collins, Ossian, the neo-Gothic affectations of Horace Walpole etc.

On the prose side, the Romantic Revival is connected with the vogue for novels of mystery and terror, and with the historical romances of Scott and others.

The Main Points of the Essay (*As stated by Pater*):

1. Very few enter the real spirit of the two terms *Classicism* and *Romanticism*, but they understand or define them as two real tendencies in the history of art and literature. To Pater the contradiction or difference between these two terms is very largely unreal. The unreal distinction has created a gulf between man and man. In the *House Beautiful* described in the *Pilgrim's Progress* wherein we find creative minds of all the generations, such a distinction is not at all seen.

2. 'The term classical has often been used in a hard, and merely scholastic sense, by the praisers of what is old and accustomed, at the expense of what is new.'

To a critic, both these terms *Classic* and *Romantic* are not two poles apart from each other, as the aim of them is the same—to please and instruct, the creation of the *good*, the *beautiful* and the *truth*.

3. Critics or writers who have a great regard for the classicism, have it only because they think what is old and familiar is praiseworthy.

People who have little sense of appreciating *Beauty* worship ancient works of art only because it is old and familiar whereas they find little in the modern art.

Here it should be noticed 'all that is old is not always praiseworthy.' We may quote here Tennyson's famous lines "*Old order changeth yielding place to new Lest one good custom should corrupt the world*".

4. Both the terms are used in a misleading sense. Giving an example of Walter Scott, Pater says that he is called a romantic writer only because he loved strange adventure, and sought it in the Middle Ages in opposition to the literary tradition of the last century (17th century).

5. Sainte-Beuve has discussed the question "What is meant by a classic" in the third volume of the *Causeries du Lundi* that it is marked with those qualities of measure, purity, temperance, of which it is the especial function of classical art and literature.

6. To Stendhal, "Romanticism is the art of presenting to people the literary works which, in the actual state of their habits and beliefs, are capable of giving them the greatest possible pleasure; classicism, on the contrary, of presenting them with that which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their grandfathers," Pater thinks that what pleased our grandparents may at least tranquillise us. The 'classic' comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times. In the classical literature of Greece and Rome, as in the classics of the last century, the essential classical element is the quality of order in beauty.

7. It is the addition of strangeness to beauty that constitutes the romantic character in art. It is the addition of curiosity to this desire of beauty, that constitutes the romantic temper. The excess of both is fatal as Pope's works lacked curiosity and Balzac had an excess of curiosity. Curiosity not duly tempered with the desire of beauty is fatal. These two tendencies may be opposed by critics, or exaggerated by artists, are the tendencies really at work at all times in art, sometimes a little on one side, sometimes a little on the other.

According to Sainte-Beuve, energy, freshness, intelligent and masterly disposition are the characteristics of a genuine classic.

8. The essential elements of the romantic spirit are curiosity and love of beauty, and it is on account of these that it seeks the Middle Ages because there are sources of romantic effect of a strange beauty.

9. Madame de Steel's *De l' Allemagne* and Heine's *Romantische Schule* connect romanticism with Germany with names especially of Goethe and Tieck, but neither Germany, with its Goethe and Tieck, nor England with its Byron and Scott represent the romantic temper more than France with Murger, Gautier, and Victor Hugo.

10. The romantic spirit may be always traceable in excellent art, but still, in a limited sense, it may be said to be a product of special epochs. Medieval poetry, centering in Dante is often opposed to Greek and Roman poetry, as romantic poetry is to the classical. What the romanticism of Dante is, may be estimated, if we compare the lines in which Virgil describes the hazelwood, from whose broken twigs flows the blood of Polydorus, not without the expression of a real shudder, at the ghastly incident, with the whole canto of the *Inferno*, into which Dante has expanded them, beautifying and softening it by a sentiment of profound pity. Here, in the literature of Provence, the very name of *romanticism* is stamped with its true signification. The romantic school has the qualities of energy, freshness and comely order.

11. It is in the terrible tragedy of Rousseau that French Romanticism begins: reading his *Confessions* we seem actually to assist at the birth of this new, strong spirit in the French mind.

12. Pity is another quality of romanticism. The romantic humour is not afraid of the quaintness or singularity of its circumstances or expression, pity, being of the essence of humour.

13. Stendhal's novels are rich in romantic quality; his other writings—partly criticism, partly personal reminiscences —are a very curious and interesting illustration of the needs out of which romanticism arose. Stendhal argues that all good art was romantic in its day. In pleading the cause of

romanticism, it is the novelty, both of form and of motive in writings, that he is chiefly concerned to justify. To be interesting and really stimulating, art and literature must follow the subtle movements of that nimbly-shifting *Time-Spirit*. "Dante", he observes, "was pre-eminently the romantic poet." He adored Virgil, yet he wrote the *Divine Comedy*, with the episode of Ugolino, which is as unlike the *Aeneid* as can possibly be. And those who thus obey the fundamental principle of romanticism, one by one become classical.

14. Romanticism then, although it has its epochs, is in its essential characteristics rather a spirit than the peculiarity of a time or a school. The Classicists start with *form*, to whose minds the comeliness of the old, immemorial, well-recognised types in art and literature, have revealed themselves impressively; on the other hand, these are the born romanticists, who start with an original, untried matter, still in fusion.

15. The romantic or classical character of a picture, a poem, literary work, depends on the balance of certain qualities in it; and in this sense, very real distinction may be drawn between good classical and good romantic work. The element of curiosity and the love of strangeness are romantic but they insinuate into classical designs also.

16. Classicism, according to Stendhal, is the reign of what is pedantic, conventional, and narrowly academical in art; for him, all good art is romantic. To Sainte-Beauve it means orderliness. In general criticism, it means the spirit of Greece and Rome, the age of Louis, the Fourteenth, the age of Johnson, but the romantic and classical arts are always interfused in each.

17. The individual writer or artist, certainly, is to be estimated by the number of graces he combines, and his power of inter-penetrating them in a given work.

Para 1. The Greek quotation means, "He praises old wine, but the flowers of newer songs."

Abused: misunderstood, hence used vaguely and loosely.

Too vaguely......too absolutely: Both the terms *classical*

and *romantic* have been used by critics and writers very vaguely and misunderstandingly.

Exaggerated sense: praising a thing beyond limit.

To divide. . . .camps: Describing a vast distinction between the two, thus making a deep ditch among men of taste and putting them in two water-tight compartments of *classical* and *romantic*.

House Beautiful: The term has been borrowed from John Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress* or *From This World to That* which is to come, an allegory written in 1678. The elegy takes the form of a dream by the author. In this he sees Christian, on the advice of Evangelist, fleeing from the city of Destruction. Part I of this book describes his pilgrimage through the Slough of Despond, the Valley of Humiliation, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Vanity Fair, the Delectable Mountains, the House Beautiful, the Country of Beulah to the Celestial City. Part II relates how Christian's wife, Christiana, moved by a vision, sets out with her children on the same pilgrimage, accompanied by her neighbour Mercy. 'The work is remarkable for the beauty and simplicity of its language, the vividness and the author's sense of humour and feeling for the world of nature.'

But in that. . . .oppositions cease: The difference between the *classical* and *romantic* vanishes itself when we think that the work of an artist is to please and enliven the human spirit by creating the Beautiful, the House Beautiful.

Accessories: Things which help, here it means not only purely artistic but also other qualities pleasing head and heart alike.

Conventional: not natural, not spontaneous, following tradition.

Conventional authority: classical authority.

Venus: 'Identified with the Aphrodite of the Greeks and the Astarte of the Syrians, was the Roman name for the goddess of beauty and love. Zeus gave her in marriage to Hephaestus (Vulcan). She was unfaithful to him, was found in the arms of Aries (Mars), and was exposed to the ridicule of the gods. By various gods she became mother of Eros

(Cupid), Harmonia, Hermaphroditus, and Priapus. She became enamoured also of Adonis, and of Anchises (by whom she was mother of Aeneas). In the contrast with Hera and Athene for the golden apple, the prize was awarded to her by Paris. The most celebrated of her statues was that in her temple at Cnidos, by Prasciteles'.

Venus fresh risen from the sea: a new work of art '*romanticism*.'

Venus of old......Rome: an old work of art '*classicism*'.

Fancy: imagine.

Staid: of steady and sober character.

People who......tame: Those who possess little artistic sense in them praise th ancient works of art (classicism) because they have been old and familiar to them and find nothing artistic in the modern creation.

Para 2. **Misleading:** vague.

Accidental: happening by chance, undesignedly.

Scott: Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) had his interest in the old Border-tales and ballads. He had been early awakened to them and was stimulated by Percy's *Reliques*, and by the study of the old romantic poetry of France and Italy and of the modern German poets. He devoted much of his leisure to the exploration of the Border country. In 1802-3 appeared the three volumes of Scott's *Border Minstrelsy* (a collection of ballads, historical, traditional, and romantic with imitations in a separate section), and in 1805 his first considerable original work, the romantic poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* In 1808 was published *Marmion* followed by *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), *Rokeby* and *The Bride of Triermain* (1813). The *Lord of Isles* (1815) and *Harold, the Dauntless* (1817). His novels appeared anonymously in the following order—*Waverley* (1814), *Guy Mannering* (1815), *The Antiquary* (1816), *The Black Dwarf* (1816), *Old Mortality* (1816), *Rob Roy* (1817), *The Heart of Midlothian* (1818), *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *The Legend of Montrose* (1819), *The Monastery* and *The Abbot* (1820). Others are *Kenilworth* (1821), The *Pirate* (1822), *The Fortune of Nigel* (1822), *The Talisman* (1825) and *Woodstock*

in 1826. There are other plays written by him also but need no mention. Students may consult any book on the history of English Literature.

Middle Ages: The period from 5th century A.D. to the Renaissance (about 1500 A.D.)

Emily Bronte (1818-48): daughter of Patrick Prunty or Bronte, an Irishman, perpetual curate of Haworth, Yorkshire, 'sister of Charlotte and Anne Bronte was part author with her sisters of *Poems by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell* (1846), and author under the pseudonym of Ellis Bell, of *Wuthering Heights*, *Last Lines* and *Remembrance*. She was, at her best, a great poet.'

Wuthering Heights: a novel by E. Bronte (1847). 'The central figure of this sombre and highly imaginative story is Heathcliff, a gipsy waif of unknown parentage, picked up by Mr. Earnshaw in the streets of Liverpool and brought home and reared by him as one of his own children. Bullied and humiliated after the elder Earnshaw's death by Earnshaw's son Hindley. Heathcliff's passionate and ferocious nature finds its complement in Earnshaw's daughter, Catherine, and he falls passionately in love with her. Overhearing her say that it would degrade her to marry him, he leaves the house. Returning three years later he finds Catherine married to the insignificant Edgar Linton. Being possessed of money, he is welcomed by Hindley, a coarse-natured gambler, who is now married. Heathcliff's vindictive nature henceforth has full play. His violent love for Catherine brings her to her grave at the birth of her daughter Cathy. He marries Edgar's sister Isabella, not loving her, and cruelly maltreats her. He gets Hindley and his son Hareton completely in his power, brutalizing the latter in revenge for Hindley's treatment of himself when a child. His attempt to destroy the house of Earnshaw and Linton falls in the end from lack of resolution, and at his death Hareton and Cathy are left to be happy together'.

Moorland: 'Country abounding in heather—various species of genus Erica (called in the North, *Ling*)'.

Tieck (1773-1853): was one of the greatest representatives of German romanticism. His principal works are *Phantasus*, a collection of medieval tales and the completion of Schlegel's classical translation of Shakespeare.

Meinhold (1797-1856): was a German theologian. He wrote two highly romantic stories—*Sidonia the Sorceress* and the *Amber-Witch*.

Heine (1797-1856): was a famous German poet, an active critic of philosophy. It was he who checked the growth of the romantic movement in Germany and badly criticised it.

Culminated: resulted in, reached to its highest point.

Goethe (1749-1832): spent the greater part of his life in Weimar, occupying positions in the government of increasing importance until 1786. In 1791 he was appointed director of the ducal theatre, a post which he retained for twenty-two years. Throughout his life he devoted much time to the study of painting for which he had only a mediocre gift. Apart from this, he divided his energies mainly between scientific research and literature.

In the sphere of literature, apart from his great dramatic poem *Faust*, his principal works were (1) *Goetz von Berlichingen* (1771), a drama dealing with the story of a predatory knight of the German Empire in the 16th century. The play was translated by Sir Walter Scott. (2) *The Sorrows of Young Werther* (1774, then in 1784), a romance in epistolatory form. (3) *Egmount*, a play dealing with the revolt of the Netherland against the power of Spain. (4) *Hermann and Dorothea*, a poem published in 1797. (5) *Dichtung and Wahrhelt* ('Poetry and Truth') compiled in 1831, an autobiography in which those experiences are selected which had most influenced the author's development. (6) *Wilheim Meister's Lehrjahre*, written at intervals between 1786 and 1830, a romance of biographical interest. It was translated by Carlyle. Mention should also be made of Goethe's beautiful lyrics, ballads, and love-songs.

Goethe and Schiller came together in 1794, and were much associated until the latter's death in 1805. From 1803 to the end of his life Goethe was attended by Johann Eckermann, whose faithful record of Goethe's conversations has been translated into English.

Goetz von Berlichingen: read above.

Theophile Gauntier (1811-72): a French poet and novelist

of the Romantic movement. As a novelist he is remembered by his *Madamoiselle de Maupin* (1835) and his short stories.

Audacity: impudence or extravagance.

Bizarrerie: whimsicality, extravagance.

Execution: handling of the subject-matter.

Enduring: lasting.

Symptoms: signs.

The qualities......influence: The quality of thought and style is not the characteristic of romanticism but this quality of thought and style is prevalent in the literature of all times and of all countries.

Para 3. **Variation:** difference.

Restless: unfading.

Cravings: desires.

Motives: aims.

Adherents: believers; those who stick to some principle. The Greek word means orderliness.

Para 4. **Sainte-Beuve:** Charles Augustin (1804-69), French critic and poet, is famous chiefly for his critical writings, the first great French critic to break away from the dogmas of the classical school. He did much to promote the Romantic movement in France.

Causeries du Lundi: It is a critical book promoting romanticism, in this book the author has discussed, *What is meant by classic*?

Phases of taste: aspects of their choice or liking.

Epoch to epoch: age to age.

Grandiose of flottant: 'Comprehensive and inclusive'.

His aim........to take care: Sainte-Beauve aimed at giving the word *classic* a wider scope. He wished to make it more comprehensive and inclusive. While doing this he developed the qualities of measure, purity and temperance

which are the chief characteristics of the classical art and literature. Thus even in the romantic there must be or there are present the qualities of measure, purity and temperance.

Para 5. **It is told so well:** The classical art is so perfect that we never tire to hear it again and again and if the same quality is found in the romantic art, it is also classical, so there is no difference between the two as both aim at giving delight and food to the human head and heart.

Stendhal: pseudonym of Henri Beyle (1783-1842), one of the greatest of French novelists. His two great novels are *Le Roughe Et le Noir* (1831) and *La Chartreuse de Parme* (1839), and on the strength of these he has been accorded by modern critics a place in French fiction equal in importance to that of Balzac. He has differentiated *romanticism* from *classicism*. He says that romanticism is the art of presenting to people the literary works which, in the actual state of their habits and beliefs, are capable of giving them the greatest possible pleasure, whereas *classicism* presents them that which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their grandfathers.

Tranquillise: becalm.

Pre-eminent: extraordinary.

Exclusion: prevention from.

(Even in the classical literature of Greece and Rome and of England there is found the quality of order in beauty which predominates above all.)

Para 6. **Constitutes:** makes.

Deficient: lacking.

Proprieties: fitness, rightness.

Conventional: traditional.

Worn out: old.

Insipid: dull, tasteless.

Racine: Jean Racine (1639-99): French dramatic poet. As a tragedian, he presented his characters in a more human and natural form than did Corneille and depicted the society around him.

Hellenic: The term is derived from Hellen. It is applied 'to the civilization, language, and literature, Greek in its general character, but pervading people not exclusively Greek, current in Asia Minor, Egypt, Syria, and other countries after the time of Alexander the Great.'

Hellenic work: is that which has *beauty* combined with *truth*. Compare Keats "Beauty is truth and truth, beauty."

To find the.........irritation: People lacking in artistic taste take delight only in those literary works which are familiar to them on account of putting no strain on their imagination. It is therefore works of freshness and originality of conception which seem to be irritating or insipid to them.

Jean Paul: a frequent abbreviation of the name of J. P. F. Richter (Johann Paul Friedrich, 1765-1825), a German romantic novelist, who wrote under the name 'Jean Pual'. He was at his best in idyllic representations of the village life he knew, and had also a certain gift of humour, wnich earned the enthusiastic praise of Carlyle.

Pope: Alexander Pope (1688-1744): was the son of a Roman Catholic linen-draper of London. He became intimate with Wycherley who introduced him to London life. His *Essay on Criticism* made him known to Addison's circle, and his *Messiah* was published in the 'Spectator' in 1712. His *Rape of the Lock* was published enlarged, in 1714. He is thought to be a classicist. (Students are advised to read more about him in any history of English Literature.)

Balzac: 'Honore De Balzac (1799-1850): was a French novelist, author of the great collection of romances entitled *La Comedie Humaine* in which he endeavoured to represent faithfully and minutely, the whole complex system of French society'. His most famous novels are *Pere Goriot* and *Eugene Grandet*.

Tempered: mixed with.

Para 7. **Generating:** producing, evolving.

Partakes: shares.

Grotesque: distorted, bizzare, ludicrous from incongruity, absurd.

Resultant beauty: beauty arising from it.

Exquisite: great.

Profound: great.

Alchemy: the supposed science of changing the base metal into gold.

Initiation: origination.

Wrings: twists forcibly.

Distortion: grotesqueness.

By a difficult initiation: by a mysterious process.

Jean Valjean: is the main character in *Les Miserables* by Victor Hugo. Jean Valjean is represented as a convict who has passed many years in prison. One day he escapes from the prison, and enters into the house of a Bishop whom he tries to stab. The Bishop's generous treatment changes the brutality of the convict.

Red Gauntlet: the hero in the novel of the same name by Sir Walter Scott. 'The story centres in an apocryphal return of Prince Charles Edward to England some years after 1745, to try once more his fortunes, an attempt that meets with inglorious failure. Though not generally accounted one of the three or four greatest Waverley novels, '*Red Gauntlet*' (written in the last years of Scott's prosperity) contains some of his finest writing, notably in *Wandering Willer's Tale*, a perfect example of the short story.'

Compatible: consistent, able to co-exist (*with*).

Energique, frais, et dispos: "Ancient works are classical, not because they are old but because they are energetic, fresh and lively."

Les ouvrages......dispos: explained above.

Victor Hugo: 'Victor-Marie Hugo (1802-85), French poet and novelist, the leader of the French Romantic movement. He entered political life after the Revolution of 1848, and showed himself an eloquent defender of liberty. He spent the years 1851-70 in exile. Hugo introduced flexibility and melody into the rigid verse that had prevailed during many generations. His important plays are *Hernani* (1830), *Marion de Lorme* (1831), *Le Roi s' Anuse* (1832), and *Ruy Blas* (1838). His most famous novels are *Notre Dame de Paris* (1831), *Les Miserables* (1862), *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* (1866) and *Quatre-vingt-treize* (1879).

Marious and Cosette: are characters in Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables.*

Les Travailleurs de la Mer: a novel written by Victor Hugo in 1866.

Para 8. **Middle Ages:** The period of time from the 5th century A.D. to about 1500.

Remote: distant.

Para 9. **Madame de Stael:** Anne Louise Germaine De Stael (1766-1817), the daughter of Jacques Necker, the French minister of finance, and of Suzanne Curhod, the 'first and only love' of Gibbon. She married the Baron de Stael, Swedish ambassador in Paris. A woman of remarkable intellectual gifts and openness of mind, she received in her Paris salon, on the eve of the Revolution, the most progressive elements in French society. She rendered her greatest service to literature in *De l' Allemagne* (1810-13), in which she introduced to the French the great literary and philosophic movement that had been proceeding in Germany during the previous half-century. Madame de Stael also wrote two novels, *Delphine* (1802) and *Corinne* (1807), which reflect her passionate relation with Benjamin Constant. She was exiled by Napoleon for her political views.

De l' Allemagne: (1810-13) by Madame de Stael. In this book was introduced to the French the great literary and philosophical movement that had been proceeding in Germany during the previous half-century. It was to introduce to French reader a new school of writers—the romantic school, from beyond the Rhine.

Byron: George Gordon Byron (1788-1824): was the son of Captain John Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. While at Cambridge, he got printed his *Hours of Idleness* which was published in 1807, and was severely criticized in the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' From 1809 to 1811 he travelled abroad, visiting Portugal, Spain, Greece and the Levant. On his return, he published the first two Cantos of *Childe Harold.* Other works, *The Giaurr*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Corsair*, *Lara*, *Parisina*, *The Siege of Corinth*, *Hebrew Melodies* and *The Dream* were published during the next four years. In 1815 he married Anne Isabella Milbanke. The marriage proved an unhappy one and he left England in 1816 for good. In the company of Shelleys

he travelled to Switzerland and Venice and made his headquarters at Ravenna, Pisa and Genoa.

He continued writing and Canto III of the *Childe Harold* appeared in 1816, Canto IV in 1818. *Don Juan* (1818), *Beppo* (1818). He published some plays at Ravenna and Pisa—*Manfred, Cain, Marino Faliero, The Two Foscari, Sardana Palus, Heaven and Earth, Mazeppa* and the later cantos of *Don Juan.*

In 1822 Byron and Leigh Hunt began publishing 'The Liberal' magazine. In 1823 Byron set out to join the Greek insurgents, and died of fever at Missolonghe in April 1824.

'Byron's poetry, though much criticized on moral grounds, was immensely popular at home, and also abroad, where it exerted great influence on the Romantic movement. This popularity it owed to the author's persistent attacks on 'cant political, religious, and moral,' to the novelty of his oriental scenery, to the romantic character of the Byronic hero, and to the ease and fluency, and the real beauty, of his verse.

Murger: (1821-61): wrote *La Vie De Boheme* in which he gave very beautiful descriptions of student life in Paris.

Gauntier: (1811-72): French poet and novelist of the Romantic movement. As a novelist he is remembered by his *Mademoiselle de Maupin* (1835) and his short stories.

Para 10. **Sophocles:** (495-406 B.C.)—'one of the three great Attic tragedians. He won his first victory in 468 B.C. when he defeated Aeschylus. After this he was regarded as the favourite poet of the Athenians. His tragedies are more human, less heroic, than those of Aeschylus; but he differed from Euripides, to use his own words, in representing men as they ought to be, while Euripides exhibited them as they are. He is the most effective of the three poets as dramatists, both by his use of tragic contrast in his situations and by his gift of depicting character. His extant plays are *Oedipus the King, Oedipus at Colonus, Antigone, Electra, Trachiniae, Ajax* and *Philoctetes*.

Ennui: mental weariness from lack of occupation of interest.

Dante: Dante Aligheiri (1265-1321) was a great Italian poet. We know little about his life; only the *Life of Dante* by Boccaccio is our main source. His first of his three principal works is *Vita Nuova* in which he states that he saw

the glorious lady of the mind, who was called Beatrice. She was then nine, and to whom he became devoted. Nine years later he saw her again in the street, when she courteously saluted him; and subsequently on diverse occasions. Then Beatrice died in the year 1290, and Dante mourned her. Presently another lady came into his life, whom he first beheld gazing with pity at him from a window. These and other short poems Dante incorporated in the *Vita Nuova*.

Dante joined the party of the Bianchi and, incurring the special displeasure of the Pope, was sentenced to fine and imprisonment. He fled from Florence in 1301 and his subsequent movements are obscure, but we know that he led a wretched wandering life, that he was for a time in Paris, and that he ended his days at Ravenna.

Dante's second principal work, probably written about 1300, was the *Convivio* or *Convito* or *Feast*, an unfinished philosophical work. It should be remembered that Dante was an Aristotelian. The third was his *Divina Commedia*. He also wrote two Latin treatises, on the philology of the Romance languages and poetical metre, and on the relations of Pope and Prince. He was really the founder of the Italian language: down to his time it was uncertain whether Provencal or some other southern French dialect would become the speech of northern Italy and spread southwards. Dante made his Tuscan into Italian.

Polydorous: The character is found both in Virgil's *Aeneid* and Dante's *Inferno*.

Polydorous was the son of Priam, who was murdered by his host, the king of Thrace. The king buried his body. Aeneas plucks a branch from a tree which grows on a mound. The branch bleeds, and a voice from the mound narrates the story of the murder.

Provence: 'This is the Languedoc, where the Troubadours sang their songs of love and war in the courts of the nobility in the Middle Ages. The vernacular poetry of France and Italy originated with the Troubadours.'

Here........begin: In the Provencal literature, we find the spirit of medieval songs of love and war which *Romanticism* made a theme of. In this literature are visible true symptoms of romanticism, as therein we find a romantic world of love, strong passions, non-worldly utterances, the world

described wherein goes to the extent of being grotesque. What to say of birds, even inanimate objects are used as messengers. The desire for beauty and sweetness so permeates that it created an absolutely new kind of poetry, the seed of which may be traced in the European Renaissance.

Ascendant: zenith.

Goldsmith: Oliver (1728-74), the second son of an Irish clergyman. He was the poet, playwright, and essayist. Among his principal works are *The Traveller*, *History of England in a Series of Letters*, *Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Good-Natured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer*. *The Deserted Village*, *History of Greece* and *Animated Nature* are his other principal works.

Stothard: (1735-1834) was a famous engraver and book-illustrator.

Watteau: Jean Antoine (1684-1721), French genre-painter, famous for his pictures of *fetes champetres*, and of shepherds and shepherdesses in the fashionable costumes of the early 13th century.

Rousseau: Jean-Jacques (1712-78), was born at Geneva, son of a watch-maker, and he led a wretched erratic life. This life he has described in his masterpiece, the *Confessions* (published after his death).

He came early into notice by the works in which he expounded his revolt against the existing social order. *La Nouvelle Heloise*, a novel in which the question of the return to nature was discussed in its relation to the sexes and the family, appeared in 1761. *Du Contrat Social*, setting forth his political philosophy, was published in 1762, and *Emile*, his views on education, in the same year. The *Contrat Social* had a profound influence on French thought and prepared the way (if indeed it did not largely cause) to the Revolution.

Rousseau attributed evil, not to sin, but to society, as a departure from the natural state, in which man is both good and happy. In political philosophy, Rousseau held the view that society is founded on a contract, and that the head of the state is the people's mandatory, not their master.

Feverish: excited, fitful, restless.

Straining: effort.

Yearning: longing.

Energique: explained before.

Felicity: being happy, intense happiness.

Para 11. **Confessions:** a book by Rousseau in which his wild, irregular life is fully exposed; morbid but extraordinarily frank piece of autobiographical self-revelation.

Squalid: dirty, mean.

Cor laceratum: the broken heart.

Jene suis......autre: "I am not made like anyone else I have ever known: yet if I am not better, at least I am different."

Werthers: Goethe's famous romance which 'opened the gates of sentimentalism' all over Europe.

Renes: (1408-80): Titular king of Naples, the two Sicilies and Jerusalem. His daughter, Margaret of Anjou, was wife of Henry VI. There is a picture of his court in Scott's *Anne of Geierstein.* He figures in Shakespeare's *Henry VI* as 'Reignier'. He resigned his throne in order to devote himself to literature.

Obermann: a psychological romance by Etienne Pivert de Senancour (1770-1846). French novelist, describing the sentimental speculations and aspirations of a melancholy egoist Matthew Arnold, in his *Stanzas in Memory* of its author, compares its message with that of Wordsworth and Goethe.

Para 12. **Revolution Francaise:** by Edgar Quinet, is full of irony, of disillusion.

Senacour: wrote a psychological romance *Obermann*, a book full of irony, refined into a plaintive philosophy of indifference.

Edgar Quinet: a French historian and critic (1803-75).

Chateaubriand: (1768-1848) was one of the pioneers of the French romantic movement. His *Genie du Christianisme* depicts the refuge from a tarnished actual present into a world of strength and beauty in the Middle Ages.

Quasimodo: 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame.'

Gwynplaine: same as above.

Macabre: Dance of Death or *Danse Macabre*, of which most nations of Europe had a version, pictorial or written, embodies ideas prevalent especially in the 15th century, as

a consequence of the terrible plague known as the Black Death.

For the habit......other minds: the habit of observing and analysing deep changes in one's own feelings gives insight to know the feelings of other man's mind. It gives the author the power of psycho-analysis which gives literature a true picture of the innermost working.

So that pity......etc.: Victor Hugo and Gautier were both admirers of animals. They gave 'pity' as another quality of romanticism, it was given in shape of poetic justice as opposed to the ideal justice which has in its scope even children and animals.

Penetrating......view: The romantic humour possesses pity—the poetic justice which Victor Hugo sought. He does not believe in the ideal justice that man's actions shall be judged in the other world and that if he is not punished for his crimes in this world, he would be punished by God in the next world. To him good people, innocent children, and dumb animals are rewarded for their virtues in this world and if anybody wrongs any one, he is punished in this world and not anywhere else after this life.

Antinomian: opposed to the obligations of moral law. The Romanticists believed in the human kindness but at times became grotesque or perverse. To them like Keats "Truth is Beauty; and Beauty is Truth". This is morality and nothing else.

Distinction in passion: as tastes differ from man to man so individual passions differ, as such individual sentiment becomes queer.

Inferno: the greatest work of Dante. The *Inferno* is a description of Hell, conceived as a graduated conical funnel, to the successive circles of which the various categories of sinners are assigned. The *Purgatorio* is a description of Purgatory, a mountain rising in circular ledges, on which are the various groups of repentant sinners. In his visit to Hell and Purgatory, Dante has for guide the poet Virgil. The *Paradiso* is a vision of a world of beauty, light, and song, where the poet encounters Beatrice.

Are we in the Inferno: The Romantic literature is sometimes very inhuman and immoral seeing which the reader falls in doubt whether he is in hell.

Malign: speak ill of, slander.

The forgotten world of early French poetry: The early poetry of the French was immoral and without restraint, full of wild passions.

Argute loqui: a subtle speech.

Para 13. **Reminiscences:** remembrances.

Precedent: previous case taken as example for subsequent cases or as justification.

Hernani: of Victor Hugo, describes novelty of form and motive in the romanticism.

Moliere: the name assumed by Jean Baptiste Poqueline (1622-73), French comic dramatist. He became an actor and subsequently manager of a perambulating company. His real genius was first shown in *Les Precieuses Ridicules* acted in Paris in 1659. In this, abandoning imitation of Plautus and Terence, he introduced the ridicule of actual French society. His most famous plays were, besides that above mentioned: *L' Ecole des Femmes* (1662), *Tartuffe* (1664), *Le Misanthrope* (1666), *L' Avare* (1668), and *Le Malade Imaginaire* (1673). In his plays he ridiculed the French society for its various types of follies, oddities, pedantry or vice.

To turn away........romanticism: The definition of true romanticism is given—The true form of romanticism is that it should retain the perfect form of the classicism, and it should never become static but go on changing with the change of time, always aiming at new ideas.

Ugolino: The character occurs in Dante's *Inferno*, "Ugolino was accused by the Pisans of selling their city to Florence. He and his two sons and grandsons were locked up in a tower and left to starve. The shade of Ugolino tells the story of his death to Dante with terrible brevity and pathos."

Virgil: (70—19 B.C.), the Roman poet. His chief works were the *Aeneid*, the epic poem of the Roman people, recounting the adventures of Aeneas; the *Georgics*, a didactic poem on the cultivation of the soil and the rearing of cattle and bees; and *Eclogues* or *Bucolics* imitations of the pastorals of Theocritus.

Para 14. **William Blake:** (1757-1823) 'did not go to school, but was apprenticed to James Basire, engraver. His earliest poems are contained in '*Poetical Sketches*,' published in 1783 at the expense of his friends, Flaxman and Mrs. Matthew. In 1789 he engraved and published his *Songs of Innocence*, in whch he first showed the mystical cast of his mind. In 1790 Blake engraved his principal prose work, the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, in which he takes up his revolutionary position, of which the main features are the denial of the reality of matter, the denial of eternal punishment, and the denial of authority. The *Songs of Experience* (1794) are in marked contrast with the *Songs of Innocence*. The brightness of the earlier work gives place to a sense of gloom and mystery, and of the power of evil. They include the famous "*Tiger! Tiger! burning bright*." In 1804 Blake began to engrave his final symbolic works, *Milton* and *Jerusalem*. His later minor poems include some beautiful lyrics, such as *The Morning* and *The Land of Dreams*, also the fragmentary *The Everlasting Gospel*, his own interpretation of the Gospel of Christ.

Blake made, and sometimes engraved, designs in illustration of many works besides his own poems, notably Young's *Night Thoughts*, Blair's *Grave*, Gray's *Poems*, the *Book of Job*, and the *Divina Commedia*, designs which reveal his greatness as an artist.

Still in fusion: still in a confused state.

Who......turn: The romanticists long always for new ideas and take hold of them. They curtail everything which does not suit their temperament and go on modifying it with the result that their work becomes classical in form.

Para 15. **Homer:** 'the great Greek epic poet, who was regarded by the ancients (though the belief has in modern times been contested) as the author of *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. There is doubt as to both his birthplace and his date, the latter being variously placed between 1050 and 850 B.C. The seven cities that claimed to be his birthplace were Smyrna, Rhodus, Colophon, Salamis, Chios Argos, Athenae. Tradition represents him as blind and poor in his old age. The origin of the epics, whether by the enlargement and remodelling of earlier material by one or more hands or as a direct composition from traditional material, is disputed. Recent scholarship tends to recur to the views of 'one Homer'.

Pheidias: a Greek statuary, contemporary of Pericles. He was renowned for the dignity and breadth of his style.

Confronted: met face to face.

Oddyssey: *The*, a Greek epic poem attributed to Homer, describing the adventures of Odysseus in the course of his return from the Trojan war.

Iliad: *The*, a Greek epic poem attributed to Homer, describing the war waged by Achaean princes against Troy for the purpose of recovering Helen, wife of Menelaus, whom Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy, had carried away. In particular it deals with the wrath of Achilles, the special hero of the poem, at the slight put upon him by Agamemnon, leader of the host, and his final return to the field and slaying of Hector.

Achilles: son of Peleus and Thetis, the bravest of the Greeks in the Trojan war. During his infancy Thetis plunged him in the Styx, thus making his body invulnerable, except the heel, by which she held him. In the Trojan war he was deprived by Agamemnon of Briseis, who had fallen to his lot. He retired and sulked in his tent until the death of his friend Patroclus recalled him to action. In armour, made for him by Hephaestus, he slew Hector and dragged his corpse to the Greek ships. He was wounded in the heel by Paris and died.

Louvte: The ancient palace of the kings of France in Paris—the principal art museum in France.

British Museum: the principal art museum in England.

Insinuates: introduces.

Chartres and Rheims: cathedrals in Gothic architecture are extant in these two places.

Para 16. **Pedantic:** 'A pedant is one that overrates or parades book-learning or technical knowledge or insists on strict adherence to formal rules—hence Pedantic.

Para 17. **Contorted:** twisted.

Incondite: ill-constructed.

Eclectic: (Ancient philosophers) selecting such doctrines as pleased them in every school; (person) borrowing freely from various sources, not exclusive in opinion, taste.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. To what extent does Pater's prose conform to your ideal of good English prose? (A.U. 1955)

Ans. The prose of Pater is much 'chastened', 'finished', and exquisite, although it may be less exuberant, less far-reaching and versatile or less healthy than Ruskin's. "It never at its best neglects the difference between the rhythm of prose and the metre of verse; if it is sometimes, and indeed usually, wanting in simplicity, it is never overloaded or gaudy. The words are picked; but they are seldom or never, as has been the case with others, not only picked but wrenched, not only adjusted to a somewhat unusual society and use, but deliberately forced into uses and societies wholly different from those to which readers are accustomed. Above all, no one, it must be repeated, has ever equalled Mr. Pater in deliberate and successful architecture of the prose-paragraph—in what may, for the sake of a necessary difference, be called the scriptorial in opposition to the oratorical manner. He may fall short of the poetic grandeur of Sir Thomas Browne, of the phantasmagoric charm of De Quincey, of the gorgeous panoramas of Mr. Ruskin. But his happiest paragraphs are like *flamboyant* chantries, not imposing, not quite supreme in quality, but in their own kind showing wonderful perfection of craftsmanship."—(*Saintsbury*).

There have been many great prose-writers before Pater in whose prose there is much glow and 'abundance of fresh air.' Such was Dryden and such was Johnson, when he dropped long words. In Matthew Arnold there is a puff of fresh air and Walter Pater lacks this. Referring to this Oliver Elton has said, "Bold, emphatic words are kept out or only used for special effects. Everywhere, as may suit the matter, be it description, or philosophy, or criticism, the exact tint or wash of vocabulary is observed. Pater may be said to invent new resources of prose for each of these species, superimposing all kinds of suggestion and overtones on the bare meaning, and not being well satisfied, until he has done so, that the meaning is really won. And the sentences are built with

great variety, with much characteristic parentheses and interjections, sometimes into excessive complexity, with a direct avoidance of rhetorical movement, and falling away down at a gentler level, like the end of an Italian sonnet. They are often simple; but even then, it is not too much to say hardly one of them could have been written by anyone else, unless it were an imitator of Pater himself.

There is something of the same glowing use of words; something of the same charming *naivete* and transparency in the best of passages of both, but whereas Ruskin is remarkable for prodigality, Pater is remarkable for restraint; Ruskin drew his vocabulary from a hundred sources, and sent it pouring down in a bright cascade, whereas Pater chose more and more to refine his use of words, to indicate rather than to describe. Ruskin's, in fact, is a natural style and Pater's is an artificial one, but he undoubtedly received a strong impulse from Ruskin in the direction of ornamental expression; and a still stronger impulse in the direction of turning a creative force into the criticism of beautiful things—a vein of subjective criticism, in fact. The style of *Marius, the Epicurean*, is absolutely distinctive and entirely new; it is a revelation of the possibilities of poetical prose which the English language contains."

The style is simple and it is not difficult to imitate it. A. C. Benson refers to the prose of Pater, "It might have been said with truth that, before the advent of Pater, English prose could display qualities of lucidity, vigour, force, that it could lend itself to stately rhetoric and even glowing ornament; but it had never before exhibited the characteristic of seductive grace. And yet this was affected by Pater by the pure instinct for what was beautiful and melodious; he has no special preference for either the use of Saxon words, or for more elaborate Latinisms. He uses both impartially. Indeed, his use of short, crisp, emphatic, homely words side by side with rotund, sonorous, classicalities is one of the charms of the style. He never hesitates to employ technical, metaphysical language, but he contrives to fuse the whole into a singular unity; it is not even a fair criticism to say that his language is not natural, for there are many sentences of an almost childish naivete. The only thing of which one is almost invariably conscious, is of the art employed, and thus

the writings of Pater appeal more perhaps to the craftsman than to the ordinary reader, because of the constantly delightful sense of difficulties overcome and crooked places made straight.

"But however much we may analyse the characteristics of the style, its inversions, its cadences, its peculiar use of metaphor, its accumulation of delicate touches, its swift pictorial quality, we cannot penetrate the secret of the painter or the musician. Unity, due subordination, clearness of conception, subtle correspondence of language to emotions, these were the qualities which Pater used by a sort of fine native instinct."

Though one may do justice to Pater's prose style, yet it is an admitted fact that good English prose ought to possess simplicity of language and clarity in expression which Pater lacks on account of long sentences, punctuation marks and his language abounding in Latinism and French.

Q. 2. Give an estimate of Pater as a literary critic. (A.U. 1957)

Or

Write a note on Pater as a literary critic. (A.U. 1959)

Ans. Pater occupies a very high place in the history of criticism. As a critic he is eminent. Like William Hazlitt and Lamb, his method is impressionistic. 'His intuition, no less acute, is still more personal than theirs, in so far as it is more limited, exclusively governed by the feeling of his own powers; in so far, too, as it readily utilizes semi-conscious states, the dim regions of the inner world, and his judgments more often are a divination of the obscure parts and of the reverse side of souls. Penetration, to that degree, has a touch of the morbid; many will deem it disquieting, it is made up of too composite a sympathy. Whatever the case may be, the substance of which is, we feel, drawn from himself. Pater's critical studies, do not aim at completeness nor at a cautious and unexceptional accuracy: they seize upon moral and thus usually subtle and hidden elements of the individualities of writers and artists, and connect with these elements the particular modes and special accents of their art. These studies are far from accounting for everything; they do not always carry conviction. But few are the cases, in which they do not strike as a sort of second sight, deciphering, through a transparent medium, the

subconscious impulses at the root of expressions and forms.'

"To assert too positively", says George Saintsbury, "that Mr. Walter Pater was the most important English critic of the last generation of the nineteenth century—that he stands to that generation in a relation resembling those of Coleridge to the first, and Arnold to the latter part of the second—would no doubt cause grumbles. The Kingdom of Criticism has been of old compared to that of Poland, and perhaps there is no closer point of resemblance than the way in which critics, like Polocks, cling to the *Nie Pozwalam* to the *liberum veto*. So, respecting this *jus Polonioe*, that those are fair reasons for advancing Mr. Pater to such a position, while admitting that he is somewhat less than either of his forerunners.

His minority consists certainly not in faculty of expression, wherein he is the superior of both, nor in fineness of appreciation, in which he is at least the equal of either: but rather in a certain eclectic and composite character, a want of definite four-square originality, which has been remarkably and increasingly characteristic of the century itself. In one point, indeed, he is almost entitled to the highest place, but his claim here rests rather on a frank avowal and formulation of what everybody had always more or less admitted, or by denying had admitted the acceptance of it by mankind at large—to wit, the *pleasure*-giving quality of literature. Even he, however resolute Hedonist as he was, falters sometimes in this respect—is afraid of the plain doctrine that the test of goodness in literature is simply and solely the spurt of the match when the soul of the writer touches the reader's soul, the light and the warmth that follow."

In pronouncing the doctrine of the 'single word', propagated by Flaubert, Pater 'is more of a transmitter than of a kindler of the torch'. The other peculiarity of Pater is the deliberate blending of different arts in method and process. This he borrowed from Lessing. "But in the combination of all three, in the supplements of mother-wit and above all, in the clothing of the whole with an extraordinary sympathetic and powerful atmosphere of thought and style—in these things he stands quite alone, and nearly as much so in his formulation of that new critical attitude......ever since the Romantic uprising."

The documents of his criticism are to be chiefly sought in

the *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, in parts of *Marius, the Epicurean*, and, of course, in the volume of *Appreciations*, and the little collection of Essays reprinted from *The Guardian*.

In the preface of the *Studies*, Pater has said, "To feel the virtue of the poet, or the painter, to disengage it, to set it forth,—these are the three stages of the critic's duty." There is really a passion of pleasure; the second is the action consummated and the third is the interpretation of the result to the world. In the words of Saintsbury, Pater's method of criticism may be summed up as under:

Expose mind and sense to them (—the poets), like the plate of a camera: assist the reception of the impression by cunning lenses of comparison, and history, and hypothesis; shelter it with a cabinet of remembered reading and corroborative imagination; develop it by meditation, and print it off with the light of style—there you have, in but a coarse and half-mechanical analogy, the process itself.

Pater as a critic is eminent. His method is that impressionism which Hazlitt and Lamb had brilliantly illustrated. His intuition is more personal than theirs. The '*Appreciations*' of Pater are recreations, the substance of which is drawn from himself. "This subjective attitude is accentuated in the *Imaginary Portraits*, which borrow nothing from reality but germs, suggestions, or types, and which through their central method are more than half-way approximations to the novel. Pater's critical studies do not aim at completeness, not at a cautious and unexceptionable accuracy; they seize upon moral, and thus usually subtle and hidden, elements of the individualities of writers or artists, and connect with these elements the particular modes and special accents of their art. In Pater's theoretical studies of literature, it is to the same faculty that his power can be traced. The admirable *Essay on Style* describes the anxious search for the accurate word with exceptional felicity, after the example and practice of Flaubert, and dissolves all the rules which go to the making of a writer's conscientiousness into the single respect for an inward truth.

"An intuitive critic, Pater has in him the soul of poetry. He is aware of it; and just as he brushes aside the superficial barrier which a mere prejudice would erect between prose and poetical effects, he clothes his judgments in the richly significant garb of the most harmonious and many-hued language.

As a writer, he is of the first rank, but fails to be one of the greatest, because his creative strength is impoverished through an excess of refinement, and he lacks the constructive sense of a work as a whole. His crowning merit lies in details, in the perfection of single pages, occasionally of chapters, of essays, the polished quality of which covers, without hiding, a robust concatenation of ideas.—(*Cazamian*).

(Students are advised to read in full detail in the introductory part of this book.)

Q. 3. Differentiate in the manner of Pater, between the classical and the romantic. (A.U. 1953)

Or

Discuss critically Pater's distinction between Romanticism and Classicism. (A.U. 1955)

Or

Elucidate and examine critically Pater's conception of Romanticism and Classicism. (A.U. 1956)

Or

Examine Pater's conception of Romanticism and Classicism. (A.U. 1959)

Ans. The words, *classical* and *romantic*, have not been clearly defined by critics. "The term '*classical*' has often been used in a hard, and merely scholastic sense, by the praisers of what is old and accustomed, at the expense of what is new, by critics who would never have discovered for themselves the charm of any work, whether new or old, who value what is old, in art or literature, for its accessories, and chiefly for the conventional authority that has gathered about it—people who would never really have been made glad by any Venus fresh-risen from the sea, and who praise the Venus of old Greece and Rome, only because they fancy her grown now into something staid and tame."

As the term '*classical*' has been used in a too absolute, and therefore in a misleading sense, so is the case with the term '*romantic*'. Scott is called a romantic writer chiefly because in opposition to the literary tradition of the eighteenth century, he loved strange adventure, and sought it in the Middle Ages. Much later, romanticism bore a more really characteristic fruit in the work of Emily Bronte's the *Wuthering Heights*. In Germany the spirit of romanticism is shown less in Tieck than in Meinhold.

In Germany and France, the term 'romanticism' was used in the 18th and 19th centuries to describe a particular school of writers. "When Heine criticises the *Romantic School* in Germany—the movement which culminated in Goethe's *Goetz Von Berlichengen*; or when Theophile Gautier criticises the romantic movement in France, where, indeed, it bore its most characteristic fruits, and its play is hardly yet over where, by a certain audacity, united with faultless literary execution, it still shows itself in imaginative literature, they use the word, with an exact sense of special artistic qualities."

Pater says that the words *classical* and *romantic* have acquired an almost technical meaning in the application to certain developments of German and French taste. The opposition between the classicists and the romanticists lies in the culture of beauty of the principles of liberty, and authority, respectively—of strength, and order or what the Greeks called 'orderliness'.

"*Romanticism*", says Stendhal, "is the art of presenting to people the literary works which, in the actual state of their habits and beliefs, are capable of giving them the greatest possible pleasure; *classicism*, on the contrary, of presenting them with that which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their grandfathers."

Pater says that the *classic* comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times, which will never displease us. The essentially classical element is that quality of order in beauty, which they possess in a pre-eminent degree, and which impresses some minds to the exclusion of everything else in them. It is the addition of strangeness to beauty that constitutes the romantic character in art and it is the addition of curiosity to this desire of beauty, that constitutes the romantic temper. Curiosity and the desire of beauty have equally their place in art, as in all true criticism.

The tendencies of romanticism and classicism, though they may be opposed by critics, are tendencies really at work at all times in art. Energy, freshness, intelligent and masterly disposition are the characteristics of romantic temper.

According to Pater, the opposition between the *romanticism* and *classicism* is very largely unreal. In the *House Beautiful* the distinction between these two vanishes. The term 'classical' has often been used in a hard, and merely scholastic sense,

by the admirers of what is old and accustomed, at the expense of what is new. To him *classicism* and *romanticism* express the old opposition between lovers of the principles of authority and order on one hand, and on the other, are the principles of liberty and strength. The charm of the classical is the charm of an old tale which is heard again and again without being insipid. Romanticism implies the element of strangeness: the element of curiosity, to beauty.

The literature of Greece and Rome is classical, whereas the romantic literature seeks inspiration in the wilder atmosphere of the Middle Ages, with its unworked sources of strange beauty. To Pater as to Stendhal, all good art was romantic in its day. True art is a blending of both. The excess of the romantic curiosity makes it grotesque. To Pater, the two tendencies are complementary, when they are harmonised in perfect proportion, the art produced becomes highly imaginative. "The true contention is not of one school or literary art against another, but of all schools alike against 'stupidity, which is dead to the substance, and vulgarity, which is dead to form'.

R. A. Scott-James, while describing the two tendencies praises Pater for what he has said in his essay on *Postscript.*

"Thus classicism fell into the hands of those whom Walter Pater describes as 'praisers of what is old and accustomed, at the expense of what is new'—'Critics who would never have discovered for themselves the charm of any work, whether old or new....who would never really have been made glad by any Venus fresh-risen from the sea, and who praise the Venus of old Greece and Rome, only because they fancy her grown now into something staid and tame'.

"Here then, as Pater sees it, was something spurious, a mockery of beauty in the praises of those who gave it false values. It was a travesty of classicism which passed itself off for the real thing, and brought discredit on it, just as all that is narrow in reaction injures the prestige of the finer conservatism. Pater contrasts this 'misleading' idea of the classical with its authentic charm. "The charm of what is classical, in art or literature, is that of the well-known tale, to which we can, nevertheless, listen over and over again, because it is told so well—..The *classic* comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times, as the measure of what a long experience has

shown, will at least never displease us'.

"That, certainly, is not an over-statement of the case for the true *classic*, and it would be far too modest if in these words he was describing the art of the Greeks. But he is thinking not of what the Greeks were, but of what their influence has been in the modern world—the qualities of beauty which we have in mind when we contrast the *classical* with the *romantic*. In that sense, external beauty will always be the inalienable attribute of the classic, and though it is not absent in the romantic, the emphasis is altered. "It is the addition of strangeness to beauty", Pater suggests, "that constitutes the romantic character in art"—"it is the addition of curiosity" to the "desire of beauty".

"The *classic* spirit, then, has its true character; and there are also the perversions of it. Its qualities, when aimed at by meaner minds, become defects. And this is true also of the *romantic*, its brilliant qualities pass into the faults of the exaggerated, the grotesque, the sloppy. But these perversions of type, all the more because they are exaggerations, help us to see the deep-lying distinction between the 'classical' and the 'romantic' in art. It is not simply a distinction between ancient and modern. There was romanticism, mysticism, and grotesque fantasy in ancient literature also. It is a distinction between tendencies, between forms of objective expression which were especially admired by the cultivated Athenian, and forms of self-expression more congenial to the individualists of the north. Perhaps we may compare it with the difference between the Mediterranean Sea, around whose shores classicism has prospered, and the moody northern oceans familiar to Teutons and Scandinavians.

"The Greeks saw all their deities in human form. They loved to personify them alike in worship and in artistic representation. Form, outward form, is the first distinctive element in classicism, and on this beauty of outward appearance, with its attributes of symmetry, balance, order, proportion, reserve, it takes its stand. And as contrasted with this the romantic tends to emphasize the spirit which lies behind form—not the formless, but the freedom which is not content with any one form, but experiments, and expresses itself now in this, now in that way, as the spirit dictates. The first tends always to emphasize the 'this-worldliness' of the beauty that we know;

the second, its 'other-worldliness.' For the first, then, 'the proper study of mankind is man', whilst the second, in its pursuit of the soul, looks for it in strange and unknown places, and the wilder scenes of Nature.

Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance, the one seeks always a mean; the other an extremity. Repose satisfies the classic; adventure attracts the Romantic. The one appeals to tradition; the other demands the novel. On the one side we may range the virtues and defects which go with the notions of fitness, propriety, measure, restraint, conservation, authority, calm, experience, comeliness; on the other, those which are suggested by excitement, energy, restlessness, spirituality, curiosity, troublousness, progress, liberty, experiment, provocativeness."

Q. 4. Comment on—

The addition of strangeness to beauty that constitutes the romantic character in art.

Ans. Pater says, "It is the additional strangeness to beauty, that constitutes the romantic character in art; and the desire of beauty being a fixed element in every artistic organization, it is the addition of curiosity in the desire of beauty, that constitutes the romantic temper." In art, as in all true criticism, curiosity and the desire of beauty have each their place. "When one's curiosity is deficient, when one is not eager enough for new impressions, and new pleasures, one is liable to value mere academical proprieties too highly, to be satisfied with worn-out or conventional types, with the insipid ornament of Racine, or the prettiness of that later Greek sculpture, which passed so long for true Hellenic work; to miss those places where the handiwork of nature, or of the artist, has been most cunning, to find the most stimulating products of art a mere irritation. And when one's curiosity is in excess, when it overbalances the desire of beauty, then one is liable to value in works of art what is inartistic in them; to be satisfied with what is exaggerated in art, with productions like some of those of the romantic school in Germany; not to distinguish, jealously enough, between what is admirably done, and what is done not quite so well, in the writings, for instance, of Jean Paul."

Discussing the method of Pope, he says that, in common with the age of literature to which he belonged, he had too

little of curiosity, so that there is always a certain insipidity on the effect of his work. In Balzac there had been an excess of curiosity—which was not duly tempered with the desire of beauty.

These two tendencies of curiosity and beauty are really at work at all times in art with the balance sometimes a little on one side, sometimes a little on the other, generating, respectively, as the balance inclines on this side or that, two principles, two traditions, in art, and in literature so far as it partakes of the spirit of art.

If there is a great overbalance of curiosity, then there is the grotesqueness in art; "if the union of strangeness and beauty, under very difficult and complex conditions, be a successful one, if the union be entire, then the resultant beauty is very exquisite, very attractive."

With a passionate care for beauty, there ought to be the strangeness; if it is lacking there can be no romantic spirit. Pater refers to this in his *Postscript:* "Its desire is for a beauty born of unlikely elements, by a profound alchemy, by a difficult initiation, by the charm which wrings it even out of terrible things; and a trace of distortion, of the grotesque, may perhaps linger, as an additional element of expression, about its ultimate grace. Its eager excited spirit will have strength, the grotesque, first of all—the trees shrieking as you tear off the leaves; for Jean Valjean, the long years of convict life; for Redgauntlet, the quick-sands of Solway Moss: then, incorporate with this strangeness, intensified by restraint, as much sweetness, as much beauty, as is compatible with that." Energy, freshness, intelligent and masterly disposition are characteristics of this romantic spirit. These characteristics are found in Victor Hugo's works.

The essential elements of the romantic spirit are curiosity and the love of beauty and the romantic spirit seeks the Middle Ages, because, in the overcharged atmosphere of the Middle Ages there are unworked sources of romantic effect, of a strange beauty, to be won, by strong imagination, out of things unlikely or remote.

Q. 5. "Below his quiet, his quaintness, his humour........ there lies...a genuinely tragic element." Discuss this statement of Pater on Lamb.

Ans. Pater was first attracted to Lamb through his friend

Mr. R. C. Jackson, who was a grandson of Lamb's 'Captain Jackson'. Pater wrote the essay on Lamb in Mr. Jackson's library which was surrounded by Lamb's books, furniture, and other relics. In Charles Lamb, Pater found a character of his liking. Like Charles Lamb, Pater was also a subjective writer. What appealed to Pater most in Lamb was his pathetic merriment, his heroism of looking after his insane and ailing sister. As Lamb was keenly alive to the still, sad music of humanity, so was Pater. Like Keats, Pater realized the principle of art for its own sake. Lamb took great delight in all old things—old buildings, old books, old customs, even old street cries.

Pater was again drawn to Lamb for his delicate intellectual epicureanism. Speaking of Lamb he says, "As the distinction between imagination and fancy, made popular by Wordsworth, found its best justification in certain essential differences of stuff in Wordsworth's own writings, so this other critical distinction, between wit and humour, finds a sort of visible interpretation and instance in the character and writings of Charles Lamb; one who lived more consistently than most writers among subtle literary theories, and whose remains are still full of curious interest for the student of literature as a fine art."

In Charles Lamb there lies a union of grave, of terrible even, with gay as reflected into his work. "We catch the aroma of a singular, homely sweetness about his first years, spent on Thames' side, amid the red bricks and terraced gardens, with their rich historical memories of old-fashioned legal London." Again, Charles Lamb sacrificed himself 'seeking' thence forth no connexion which could interfere with her (Mary's) supremacy in his affections, or impair his ability to sustain and comfort her'. The 'feverish, romantic tie of love', he cast away in exchange for the 'charities of home.'

In the making of prose, Lamb realises the principle of art for its own sake, as completely as Keats in the making of verse. "Working ever close to the concrete, to the details, great or small, of actual things, books, persons, and with no part of them blurred to his vision by the intervention of mere abstract theories, he has reached an enduring moral effect also, in a sort of boundless sympathy. Unoccupied, as he might seem, with great matters, he is in immediate contact with what is real, especially in its caressing littleness, that littleness in which

there is much of the whole woeful heart of things, and meets it more than half-way with a perfect understanding of it." He is ready to teach to others little arts of happiness. 'His simple mother-pity for those who suffer by accident, or unkindness of nature, blindness for instance, or fateful disease of mind like his sister's, has something primitive in its largeness; and on behalf of ill-used animals he is early in composing a Pity's Gift.'

"The writings of Charles Lamb", says Pater, "are an excellent illustration of the value of literature. Below his quiet, his quaintness, his humour, and what may seem the slightness, the occasional or accidental character of his work, there lies as in his life, a genuinely tragic element. The gloom, reflected at its darkest in those hard shadows of *Rosamund Grey*, is always there, though not always realised either for himself or his readers, and restrained always in utterance......In his writing, as in his life, that quiet is not the low-flying of one from the first drowsy by choice, and needing the prick of some strong passion or worldly ambition, to stimulate him into all the energy of which he is capable; but rather the reaction of nature, after an escape from fate, dark and insane as in old Greek tragedy, following upon which the sense of mere relief becomes a kind of passion, as with one who having narrowly escaped earthquake or shipwreck, finds a thing for grateful tears in just sitting quiet at home, under the wall, till the end of day.".

Q. 6. What is the secret of Lamb's greatness, according to Pater? Is he right in asserting that Lamb realized the principle of art for art's sake in prose? (A.U. 1960)

Ans. According to Pater the greatness of Lamb lies in the following:—

First he knew well the distinction between wit and humour which are very obviously seen in his character as well as in his writings. His writings have the springs of pity in them deepened by the deeper subjectivity. "To this more high pitched feeling, since predominant in our literature, the writings of Charles Lamb, whose life occupies the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth, are a transition; and such union of grave, of terrible even, with gay, we may note in the circumstances of his life, as reflected thence into his work".

'Wit may have humour, and humour wit, without either losing its specific character. It is impossible to enclose wit or humour within a definition, but speaking broadly, wit is of the intellect, and humour is of the heart. Wit consists in quick perception of resemblances or contrasts: humour consists in perception of the funny side of life. Wit implies intellectual sharpness; humour implies sympathetic understanding. Wit is expressed in repartee, humour in action as well as in speech or writing. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Lamb and Dickens are humorists. Pope, Sheridan, Oscar Wilde and Shaw are wits.

In the second place, we know that beneath his blithe surface there was something of the fateful domestic horror, of the beautiful heroism and devotedness too, of old Greek tragedy. His sister Mary, ten years his senior, in a sudden paroxysm of madness, caused the death of her mother, and was brought to trial for what an overstrained justice might have construed as the greatest of crimes. She was released on the brother's pledging himself to watch over her; and to this sister, from the age of twenty-one, Charles Lamb sacrificed himself 'seeking thenceforth', says his earliest biographer, 'no connexion which could interfere with her supremacy in his affections, or impair his ability to sustain and comfort her'. The 'feverish, romantic tie of love' he cast away in exchange for the 'charities of home'.

In estimating the humour of *Elia*, we must no more forget the strong under-current of this great misfortune and pity, than one could forget it in his actual story. So he becomes the best critic, almost the discoverer, of Webster, a dramatist of genius, so sombre, so heavily coloured, so *macabre*.

Thirdly, among the English writers of his day, many were greatly preoccupied with ideas of practice—religious, moral, political—ideas which have since, in some sense or other, entered permanently into the general consciousness. "Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, all of them shared largely in the unrest of their age, and made personally more interesting thereby, yet, in their actual work, surrendered more to the mere course of time than some of those who may have seemed to exercise themselves hardly at all in great matters, to have been little serious, or a little indifferent regarding them". Of this number of the disinterested servants of literature, Charles Lamb is one.

"In the making of prose he realised the principle of art

for its own sake. Working ever close to the concrete, to the details, great or small, of actual things, books, persons, and with no part of them blurred to his vision by the intervention of mere abstract theories, he has reached an enduring moral effect also, in a sort of boundless sympathy."

Pater further says that little arts of happiness he is ready to teach to others. The quaint remarks of children which another would scarcely have heard, he preserves—little flies in the priceless amber of his Attic wit—and has his "Praise of Chimney-sweepers" valuing carefully their white teeth, and fine enjoyment of white sheets in stolen sleep at Arundel Castle. "His simple mother-pity for those who suffer by accident, or unkindness of nature, blindness for instance, or fateful disease of mind like his sister's, has something primitive in its largeness."

Charles Lamb is the expositor of the old English drama. To feel strongly the charm of an old poet or moralist, the literary charm of Burton, for instance, or Quarles, or The Duchess of Newcastle; and then to interpret that charm, to convey it to others—he is really the creator.

Seeing things always by the light of an understanding more entire than is possible for ordinary minds, of the whole mechanism of humanity, and seeing also the manner, the outward mode or fashion, always in strict connexion with the spiritual condition which determined it, a humorist such as Charles Lamb anticipates; the enchantment of distance, and the characteristics of places, ranks, habits of life, are transfigured for him, even now and in advance of time, by poetic light; justifying what some might condemn as mere sentimentality, in the effort to hand or unbroken tradition of such fashion or accent. "The praise of beggars", "the cries of London", the traits of actors just grown "old", the spots in "town" where the country, its fresh green and fresh water, still lingered on, one after another, amidst the bustle; the quaint, dimmed, just played out farces, he had relished so much, coming partly through them to understand the earlier English theatre as a thing once really alive; those fountains and sun-dials of old gardens, of which he entertains such dainty discourse—he feels the poetry of these things, as the poetry of things old indeed, but surviving an actual part of the life of the present, and as something quite different from

the poetry of things flatly gone from us and antique, which come back to us, if at all, as entire strangers, like Scott's old Scotch-border personages, their oaths and armour. Such gift of appreciation depends on the habitual apprehension of men's life as a whole, of its outward manner in connexion with its inward temper.

The above are some of the characteristics of Elia, one essentially an essayist, and of the true family of Montaigne. With him, as with Montaigne, the desire of self-portraiture is the real motive in writing at all.

Charles Lamb was a true 'collector,' delighting in the personal finding of a thing, in the colour of an old book or print, by the little accidents which attest previous ownership. "In his subtle capacity for enjoying the more refined points of earth, of human relationship, he could throw the gleam of poetry or humour on what seemed common or threadbare: has a care for the sighs, and the weary, humdrum preoccupations of very weak people, down to their little pathetic 'gentilities' even; while, in the purely human temper, he can write of death, almost like Shakespeare."

Lastly, the writings of Charles Lamb are an excellent illustration of the value of reserve in literature. Summing up the traits in Lamb's writings, Pater says, "But nowhere are things more apt to respond to the brighter weather, nowhere is there so much difference between rain and sunshine, nowhere do the clouds roll together more grandly; those quaint suburban pastorals gathering a certain quality of grandeur from the background of the great city, with its weighty atmosphere, and portent of storm in the rapid light on dome and bleached stone-steeples."

Pater is right in holding that Lamb is an Epicurean. He is an aesthete. Saintsbury himself says, "That Lamb is one of the most exquisite and delightful of critics, as of writers is a proposition for which I will go to the stake; but I am not prepared to confess him as one of the very greatest in his critical capacity. . . . In no critic perhaps—not even in Mr. Pater—does style count for so much as in Lamb; in none certainly, is it more distinctive, and, while never monotonous, more homogeneous, uniform, instantly recognisable and self-hewrayed. . . . it is not Browne, or Fuller, or Burton, or Glanville but something like them, yet different."

Q. 7. Why does Pater speak of Flaubert as the martyr of literary style? Why is it so difficult to attain a good prose style, according to Pater? (A.U. 1960)

Ans. Flaubert was the French novelist and stylist. His famous novel is *Madame Bovary* which ranks among the finest novels of the world. For his highly finished style and for the impersonal, objective, carefully sculptured method of narrative, he excels literary artists of his age. Pater speaks very highly of him and thinks him the martyr of literary style. His style is highly polished and it is very difficult to attain a good prose style.

A good artist remembers that, "as the very word ornament indicates what is in itself non-essential, so the 'one beauty' of all literary style is of its very essence, and independent, in prose and verse alike, of all removable decoration; that it may exist in its fullest lustre, as in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. Flaubert hated all *surplusage*. Pater suggests that 'in truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work to be, lying somewhere, according to Michelangelo's fancy, in the rough-hewn block of stone.'

Pater writes in his *Essay on Style* that if all high things have their martyrs, Gustave Flaubert might perhaps rank as the martyr of literary style. In his printed correspondence, a curious series of letters, written in his twenty-fifth year, he records what seems to have been his one other passion—a series of letters which, with its fine casuistries, its firmly repressed anguish, its tone of harmonious grey, and the sense of disillusion in which the whole matter ends, might have been, a few slight changes supposed, one of his own fictions.

In one of his love letters Flaubert writes to his ladylove thus praising of art, "I must scold you for one thing, which shocks, scandalises me, the small concern, namely, you show for art just now. As regards glory, be it so; there, I approve. But for art!—the one thing in life that is good and real—can you compare with it an earthly love? prefer the adoration of a relative beauty to the *cullus* of the true beauty? Well! I tell you the truth. That is the one thing good in me; the one thing I have, to me estimable. For yourself, you blend

with the beautiful a heap of alien things, the useful, the agreeable, what not?—

The only way not to be unhappy is to shut yourself up in art, and count everything else as nothing. Pride takes the place of all beside when it is established on a large basis. Work! God wills it. That, it seems to me, is clear.

I am reading over again the *Aeneid*, certain verses of which I repeat to myself to satiety. There are phrases those which stay in one's head, by which I find myself beset, as with those musical airs which are for ever returning, and cause you pain, you love them so much. I observe that I no longer laugh much, and am no longer depressed. I am ripe. You talk of my serenity, and envy me. It may well surprise you. Sick, irritated, the prey a thousand times a day of cruel pain, I continue my labour like a true working-man, who, with sleeves turned up, in the sweat of his brow, beats away at his anvil, never troubling himself whether it rains or blows, for hail or thunder. I was not like that formerly. The change has taken place naturally, though my will has counted for something in the matter:—

"Those who write in good style are sometimes accused of neglect of ideas, and of the moral end, as if the end of the physician were something else than healing, of the painter than painting—as if the end of art were not, before all else, the beautiful."

In the above piece we notice how in a few words without surplusage he condemns the earthly beauty and praises the worth of a good style. Mark such sentences—"Work! God wills it. That, it seems to me, is clear".

By beauty in the art, Flaubert understood, "Possessed of an absolute belief that there exists but one way of expressing one thing, one word to call it by, one adjective to qualify, one verb to animate it, he gave himself to superhuman labour for the discovery, in every phrase, of that word, that verb, that epithet. In this way, he believed in some mysterious harmony of expression, and when a true word seemed to him to lack euphony still went on seeking another, with invincible patience, certain that he had not yet got hold of the *unique* word. . . . A thousand preoccupations would beset him at the same moment, always with this desperate certitude fixed in his spirit. Among all the expressions in the world, all forms

and turns of expression, there is but *one*—one form, one mode—to express what I want to say".

Pater calls Flaubert the martyr of literary style for his above doctrine—the one word for the one thing, the one thought amid the multitude of words, terms, that might just do: the problem of style was there!

Flaubert was fond of giving his theory philosophical expression—

"There are no beautiful thoughts without beautiful forms, and conversely. As it is impossible to extract from a physical body the qualities, which really constitute it—colour, extension, and the like—without reducing it to a hollow abstraction, in a word, without destroying it; just as it is impossible to detach the form from the idea, for the idea only exists by virtue of the forms".

Flaubert was very serious about the use of words or phrases. At one time he said, "Happy are those who have no doubts of themselves! who lengthen out, as the pen runs on, all that flows forth from their brains. As for me, I hesitate, I disappoint myself, turn round upon myself in despair; my taste is augmented in proportion as my natural vigour decreases, and I afflict my soul over some dubious word out of all proportion to the pleasure I get from a whole page of good writing".

For all these characteristics in Flaubert's style, Pater calls him the martyr of literary style, and such a style is very difficult to imitate. There is a flow in his style, the lucidity of expression free from verbosity or surplusages.

Q. 8. Define "Style" and state "what according to Pater are the components of a good style?"

Ans. "Style is an emanation, an impalpable quality which issues forth from a work of art and constitutes its claim to uniqueness". T. G. Williams defines 'Style' as above and proceeds to say that after all the detailed skills employed in an art have been scheduled and assessed by the critic, there still remains something over and above, an individual essence which is incapable of being analysed. Among men and women we recognize this uniqueness as personality, the individual essence by virtue of which each one, notwithstanding a basic similarity of physiological, nervous, and mental structure, is dis-

tinguishable from millions of others. It would be strange indeed if writing, being one form of human activity, and that associated with mind in its most developed aspect, did not reveal the *persona*, the essential self. *Le style*, said Buffon in a famous epigram, *le style est l'homme meme* (Style is the man himself). There are, of course, many other ways by which personality comes to expression: it is revealed by dress, by speech, by gait, by choice of friends and books, and so forth. These together constitute one's distinctive pattern of living. Yet there is nothing in the expression of creative will more significant than the form in which people give utterance to their thoughts and feelings in language, and it is for this reason that the word "Style" has so frequently been narrowed down to signify a personal manner of writing.

Ever since the period of the Renaissance, which may be said to have given the first great modern impetus to the full development of the human personality, and to the study of its manifestations, literary criticism has been a major intellectual activity. Beginning with the analyses of the ancient writings of the great ages of Greece and Rome, undertaken in the hope of penetrating to the secrets of their characteristic excellences of style, the classical humanists proceeded to develop a science of literary form for the vernaculars, a literary aesthetic applicable to the newly developed languages of the newly-born nations. To be sure, this aesthetic was at first much too closely modelled on classical examples to have a continuing validity. Perhaps it could hardly have been otherwise, since modern literatures at that time offered so little in the way of examples for study. But at any rate attention was drawn to the formal elements in writing, and literature gradually ceased to be valued for the service it rendered to religion and morality, and began to develop as an art-form along its own lines. Literature became experimental, every writer a pioneer seeking new ways of using language to express feeling and to communicate thought.

Every literary age has found its apologist who has assumed that what was, was also what ought to be. No sooner has a theory of style been elaborated from the examination of current usages, then the usages have changed and a new theory been called for. Since literature is the supreme expression of the spirit of an age, it follows that there can be no finality in

literary criticism. There is no possibility of a schedule of values being drawn up which will be accepted as valid for more than a very brief period, and even then it will be challenged by writers who look either backward or forward from the general standpoint of their time.

The fundamental problem of literary criticism is to determine whether there are any objective criteria whereby we can distinguish writing which is literature from writing which is not literature, whether there is such a thing as absolute literature which will be universally recognized, and whether there are any standards by reference to which we can place literary works in any kind of agreed order of merit. If such objective standards do not exist, are we therefor thrown back on the supposition that what is one man's literature may be another man's trash? Is taste after all but a matter of individual preference? Is literary criticism merely a special kind of autobiography, the record of a man's predilections among books?

The difficulty lies partly in the fact that literary criticism does not possess a nomenclature in which the terms are always used in the same sense by different writers. Even basic terms of criticism such as *classical* and *romantic* are variously used. There are no accepted principles on which literary works may be classified, so that we are forced to compromise by using such mixed expressions as tragi-comedy, dramatic lyric, free verse, poetic prose, and the like to describe writings which refuse to accommodate themselves to neat definitions.

Further, there is no consensus of opinion on the nature of poetry itself, and it is very unlikely that any two critics, attempting an evaluation of a new poem, would address themselves to the same features of it, or even if they did, would bring the same considerations to bear on them. In the absence of any recognized scale of values, as that propounded by Wordsworth, whether there is any essential difference between the language of prose and material composition, or the older question concerning the admissibility of rhyme?

It is clear, therefore, that the methods of the laboratory are not at all applicable to the analysis of style. A number of scientific investigations undertaken in a laboratory under identical material conditions will produce identical results, notwithstanding the different temperaments of the investiga-

tors. But it is otherwise with literature, for it is inevitable that the critic's own character and attitudes should colour what is read. No two people, it has been well said, have ever read the same novel or seen the same play.

Although it is possible that critics should ever reach agreement on the stylistic aspects of work of literature, we can, nevertheless, usefully enumerate some of the elements of form which have traditionally engaged their attention.

To begin with, there is the outward shape, the structural element of form. The broadest distinction is between writings in verse and writings in prose.

Walter Pater asserts that the distinction between poetry and prose is insignificant, as even 'prose is actually found to be a coloured thing with Bacon, picturesque with Livy and Carlyle, musical with Cicero and Newman, mystical and intimate with Plato and Michelet and Sir Thomas Browne, exalted or florid, it may be, with Milton and Taylor.

It was Dryden who 'loved to emphasise the distinction between poetry and prose,' but he could not very well propagate it. Wordsworth said that 'the true distinction between prose and poetry is the almost technical or accidental one of the absence or presence of metrical beauty or metrical restraint.' Both the verse and prose, if really imaginative, are the works of art.

"Literary art, like all art which is in any way imitative or reproductive of fact-form, or colour, or incident, is the representation of such fact as is connected with soul, of a specific personality, in its preferences, its volition and power." Such is Walter Pater's view of literary art. He emphasizes upon imitativeness or reproductiveness of fact or facts and not the actual facts. Secondly, the representation of such fact as connected with soul, which is *fineness* of truth or what is called 'expression.'

Thus the real difference, according to Pater, is between the literature that aims at the transcription of facts and the imaginative literature which presents facts as coloured and modified by the writer's apprehension of it. According to him, the first essential of style is personality. The literary artist must scrupulously weed out all that is opposed to the genius of the language, such as vulgar expressions, gipsy phrases, and neologisms. He considers that new words and expressions

should as far as possible be assimilated to enrich one's language and enlarge its scope. A literary artist should also employ 'self-restraint and a skilful economy of means'. All surplusage must be avoided. It is here that Pater says, "All depends upon the original unity, the vital wholeness, and identity of the initiatory apprehension or view."

Pater again insists upon the nccessity of soul in style. He concludes that all good literature must be directed both by *mind* and *soul*. The mind gives the logical structure, the soul imparts to it a tone of sublimity.

Pater, approving Flaubert's theory, stresses upon one and only one perfect or unique way of saying a thing. He quotes with approval the dictum of Flaubert.

Q. 9. Examine Pater's critical method. (Agra 1954)

or

What are the peculiarities of Pater as a literary critic? (A.U. 1953)

It has been said by Prof. Saintsbury that Pater was the most important English critic of the last generation of the nineteenth century and that he stands to that generation in a relation resembling those of Coleridge to the first, and Arnold to the latter part of the second. Though he is called the king among critics, yet he is somewhat less than either Coleridge or Arnold. "His minority consists certainly not in faculty of expression, wherein he is the superior of both, nor in fitness of appreciation, in which he is at least equal of either, but rather in a certain eclectic and composite character, a want of definite four-square originality, which has been remarkably and increasingly characteristic of the century itself. In one point, indeed, he is almost entitled to the highest place, but his claim here rests rather on a frank avowal and formulation of what everybody had always more or less admitted, or by denying had admitted the acceptance of it by mankind, at large—the wit, the pleasure-giving quality of literature. Even he, however resolute Hedonist as he was, falters sometimes in this respect—is afraid of the plain doctrine that the test of goodness in literature is simply and solely the spurt of the match when the soul of the writer touches reader's soul, the light and the warmth that follow.

"In two other main peculiarities or properties of his,.... the deliberate blending of different arts in method and process

and the adoption of the doctrine of the 'single word', he is again more of a transmitter than of a kindler of the torch. The first proceeding had been set on foot by Lessing in the very act of depreciating and exposing clumsy and blind anticipation of it; the second was probably taken pretty straight from Flaubert. But in the combination of all three, in the supplements of mother-wit, and, above all, in the clothing of the whole with an extraordinary sympathetic and powerful atm o sphere of thought and style—in these things he stands quite alone, and nearly as much so in his formulation of that new critical attitude which we have seen in the process of development ever since the Romantic uprising".*

Pater's principles of criticism are fully well discussed by him in his essay on *Style*. He makes a distinction between the literature of power and the literature of knowledge. By the literature of power, Pater means all that is truth, the vision of artist, his true soul. Walter Pater puts it as follows:—

"Just in proportion, as the writer's aim, consciously or unconsciously, comes to be the transcribing not of the word, not of mere fact, but of his sense of it, he becomes an artist, his work *fine* art, and good art in proportion to the truth of his presentiment of that sense".

Pater is speaking of the 'sense of fact' and not the fact. He cares not for the imitation of the reality, but a transcription of his vision of it. Pater speaks only of truth in the presentiment of the sense of fact—accuracy of transcription. "All beauty is in the long run only fineness of truth, or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within."

Commenting upon this Scott James has said, "This 'truth', we see, lies in the expression, and is not predicated of the vision itself. The quality of vision, its worth-whileness on its own account, he does not here discuss, still less its relationship to any wider field of reality—though he distinguishes between 'higher and lower moods' in Wordsworth. This high quality, here, he appears to take for granted; the Epicurean in him, for the moment at least, is content with that, and we may wonder whether, as with Marius, the old Heraclitian refrain, 'All things flow, and nothing abides', lies at the back

*Saintsbury: *A History of English Criticism.*

of his mind, or the words of Protagoras, 'Man is the measure of all things', or the sad 'things are but shadows', which the Cyrenaic accepted so cheerfully. The life upon which he seems to be concentrating his mind in this essay on '*Style*' is that of the clear, shapely words which form themselves as into a body, for the soul, as if the soul possessed no other capacity but that of being put into the perfect words that were meant for it."

Three stages in a critical process: Pater defines in his preface to *Renaissance* three stages in the critical process: "To feel the virtue of the poet, or the painter, to disengage it, to set it forth—these are the three stages of the critic's duty". This means that the critic's duty is:

(1) to be deeply imbued with the feeling of the writer,
(2) to distinguish the characteristic excellence of the work, and
(3) to interpret it to the world.

As a critic he is subjective and impressionistic like Hazlitt and Lamb. Arnold defines the aim of criticism, "to see the object as it really exists"; Pater says, "In aesthetic criticism the first step towards seeing one's object as it really is, is to know one's own impressions as it really is, to discriminate it, to realise it distinctly". He further says—

"What is this song or picture, this engaging personality presented in life or a book to me? What effect does it really produce on me? Does it give me pleasure? And if so, what sort or degree of pleasure? How is my nature modified by its presence and under its influence?"

What Pater says of his beloved artist Lamb is, more or less, true of him too. He judges things not *system-wise*, but *glimpse-wise*.

Main points of his theory of Criticisms: First, *there is no place in Pater's hierarchy of art for the mere 'popular author.'* Just as Longinus limited the right to judge those who have submitted themselves to the discipline of letters, so Walter Pater says:

"The literary artist is of necessity a scholar, and in what he proposes to do will have in mind, first of all, the scholar and the scholarly conscience—the male conscience in this matter, as we must think it, under a system of education which still to so large an extent limits real scholarship to men. In his

self-criticism he supposes always that sort of reader who will go (full of eyes) warily, considerately, though without consideration for him, over the ground which the female conscience traverses so lightly, so amiably".

Secondly, *the surplusage should be avoided.* Pater says, "The literary artist thus understood will be one who has winnowed and searched through his vocabulary, making for himself an instrument that can faithfully express his spirit, seeking to restore to words in general their 'finer edge', dreading all 'surplusage', shunning the facile, the otiose, the purely ornamental; and 'he will never depart from the strictly pedestrian process, unless he gains a ponderable something thereby'. He will be "lover of words. . . . opposing the constant degradation of language by those who use it carelessly".

Commenting upon this, Prof. A. C. Ward says that in so far as Pater meant by the surplusage no clutter, no orotundity, he was right; but if by no surplusage he means that writing should be cut to the bone, he forgot the generosity of abundant Nature, as well as the practice of most writers of English who had much to say.

Thirdly, *one word and the fittest word for one idea should be observed.* In this 'he was much impressed by Flaubert's laborious search for the inevitable word—the one only right word for the one particular place and moment—but inevitability should surely imply spontaneity, also a quality rare in Pater'.

Fourthly, the other necessary element in style he distinguishes as *soul.* By this he means the element of personality which communicates itself to language not by taking thought, but by attracting it into the 'peculiar spirit' the writer is made of.

"By soul, he reaches us, somewhat capriciously perhaps, one and not another, through vagrant sympathy and a kind of immediate contact". It is through this quality, he says, that we seem to know a person in a book.

Last, but not the least is body or the form. The importance of the writer's sincerity which is truth to his vision is again essential.

What Pater defines as faults fatal to art, are surplusage, inexactness, neologisms, gipsy phrases, lack of design and balance. He stresses that great art has something of the soul of humanity in it. It should have perfection of form and expres-

sion 'devoted to the increase of men's happiness, to the redemption of the oppressed, or the enlargement of our sympathies with each other, or to such presentiment of new or old truth about ourselves and our relation to the world as may ennoble and fortify us in our sojourn here.

The limitations of Pater's criticism must also be judged together. He is well in reviewing the work of a kindred soul, like those of Coleridge, Lamb or Browne. He can well depict the artist's personality who is endowed with an aesthetic temperament like that of his. He is never happy when he is trying to analyse the work of a dramatic genius like Shakespeare. Consequently, his criticism charms only the initiated few.

Pater also has a lack of technical knowledge. His art studies are marked by 'a neglect of structure and definition in pursuit of delicate evanescent effects that are felt to be more real and more important, because more immediate'.

The other defect in his critical studies is his deficiency in the historical sense. Pater never tries to show the relation of age to art in which it was produced.

Next he gave a great stress on 'beauty' which according to Pater, is the aim of the true student of aesthetics.

Scott James sums up saying, "Pater was far too much of an artist to fall deeply into an error which only critics who are not artists fall into, or philosophers who have not acquainted themselves, or would-be artists who subsist on shadows of experience. The real artist's 'sense of fact' is rooted in life itself. "Great art", said Pater, however grudgingly, in that paragraph, "has something of the soul of humanity in it". But his way of writing did much to fortify the self-esteem of those theorists and prosers who made so much play with the doctrine of 'Art for Art's sake".

APPENDIX

Development of Essay from Bacon to Pater: Johnson says that an essay is a loose sally of the mind; an irregular, indigested piece; not a regular and orderly composition. The first of these phrases admirably describes the typical eighteenth century essay, but the term has no wide application, embracing the maxims of Bacon, the philosophy of Locke, and the loose sallies of Steele and Addison.

There are three leading senses in which the terms 'essay' is used. First, it may be modestly applied to an elaborately finished treatise; secondly, with more direct reference to its primary meaning, it may denote the brief, general treatment of any topic, an author's preliminary skirmish with his subject and lastly, it may mean a short discursive article on any literary, philosophical, or social subject, viewed from a personal or a historical standpoint. The titles employed by the earlier essayists indicate pretty clearly the range of the subject attempted. They hint, also, that the essayist must possess experience of and insight into character, a critical taste free from pedantry, and an easy literary style. The typical essayist must to some extent be at once a rambler, a spectator, a tatler, and a connoisseur.

Passages may be found in Elizabethan prose which bear a certain resemblance to the essay proper; but, as Prof. Saintsbury has pointed out, importance is to be attached not to "the occasional flash here and flash there of 'modernism', but the general presence of a tendency distinctly different from that of the main body of forerunners".

Bacon: Bacon's essays form a collection of wonderfully shrewd and pithy observations, and have been a veritable mine of suggestions for writers since; but in real sense can they be said to be prototypes of the eighteenth-century essay. They are, in his own words, but "certain brief notes set down rather significantly than curiously; not vulgar, but of a kind whereof men shall find much in experience and little in books". Between them and the *Tatler* there is nothing more than a nominal connection, and even to Dryden, Cowley and Temple, the

Spectator owes but little obligation. It is to Dryden that the credit goes of having given modernism to English prose and of having founded literary criticism. Dryden must be included among the remote pioneers of those who made a frequent use of a simple, colloquial style, intended to appeal not to a small circle of critics but to a wider and more popular audience. Sometimes it is said that the essay was the product of French and Italian influence, and Dr. Johnson, in his account of its origin, has singled out for mention the works of Casa, Castiglione, and La Bruyere. The works of these writers are not in the real sense 'essays'. Casa's *Galateo* is a casuistic treatise on polite behaviour. *The Courtier* of Castiglione enjoyed a great popularity but it would be absurd to say that its diffuse moralizings on the character of the ideal courtier of Urbino had any sensible influence on the English essay. The *Characters* of La Bruyere is indeed remarkable and both Steele and Addison were aware of it. Montaigne, Bacon, Dryden, and Cowley had all written prior to them.

Montaigne is the only figure whom the English essay owes some obligation. His essays at the time were unique, and 'Montaigne is the first philosopher in an easy-chair'. It is very difficult to determine at what point his influence first made itself felt in the progress of the English essay. Bacon owed him nothing, but it is interesting to find as a connecting link between Montaigne and Dryden that the latter, after declaring that a preface should be 'rambling', admits that he learned this 'from the practice of honest Montaigne'. Cowley's essay, *Of Myself*, also makes the same admission. The spirit of Montaigne's influence breathes in the 'lucubrations' of Bickerstaff not more than in the essays of Hazlitt, Hunt and Lamb. Montaigne is really the inventor of the essay form in its most general sense, but it remained for his English successors to limit scope by prescribing a certain unity of design, and some restraint in the essayist's use of irrelevancy and egotism.

Temple and Dryden: The work of Temple and Dryden is very important in connection with the development of English prose as a whole. Lamb pointed out the affinity between Temple and Addison as writers of 'genteel' English, and Addison in his statelier vein clearly shows that he had profited by Temple's courtly style. Temple wrote once that he "never wrote anything for the public without the intention

of some public good," though he made no striking anticipation of the *Tatler's* method and his position in literature is that he pointed out the way to Dryden.

For the first time in the 17th century, Dryden is marked with a terse, vigorous, and to some extent homely prose. It was he who unquestionably affected the whole subsequent history of prose literature but of him, as of Temple, it must be said that, leaving criticism out of the question, he did more to influence the style than the form of the 18th century. "When we pass," says Mr. Craik, "from him (Dryden) to Steele and Addison, we find that the model he had formed had been adapted to new purposes for which by its nature it was admirably fitted."

Early Newspapers: On March 8, 1702, Queen Anne ascended the throne, and three days later the *Daily Courant*, the first regular daily newspaper, appeared, "giving all the Material News as soon as every Post arrives." So far back as 1621 Burton complains of the prevalence and popularity of "pamphlets of news", and in Nichols' *Literary Anecdotes* there is a list of more than two hundred pamphlets and sheets of intelligence which were in existence prior to the *Daily Courant*. None of them, however, influenced the essay in anything like the same degree as Defoe's *Review*, begun to publish in 1704, within the walls of Newgate, *The Review of the Affairs of France* became, in the course of its second volume, a tri-weekly appearing like the *Tatler* on every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and in this form it survived until 29th July, 1712, when the Stamp Act imposed a duty of a penny per sheet. While Defoe's *Review*, with its invention of the leading article, its splendid versatility, and its fearless criticism of topics of the day, must be granted an important place in the history of journalism, Defoe occupies a tantalizing position at the threshold of two great developments in prose literature, and it is as difficult to deny that the *Review* led the way to the *Tatler* as to maintain that *Pamela* was not influenced by *Crusoe* or *Roxana*. Defoe said, "All the Wit of Mankind seems now to be composed of but Imitations, and there 'is nothing new under the sun'." His theory of amusement was better than his practice. He strikingly anticipates Steele when he declares "and thus we *wheedle them in* to the knowledge of the world, which, rather than take more

pains, would be content with their ignorance, and search into nothing."

J. H. Lobban referring to Defoe's time has observed, "In Defoe's time the separation (between literature and journalism) was tolerably broad, and he himself in his early efforts at essay-writing did not succeed in deviating into pure literature. With his wonted clear-sightedness he foresaw the possibilities in store for such a paper as the *Tatler*, but there were several obstacles in the way of his undertaking it. The buffetings of fortune left him no time to indulge in the learned ease of Addison, and he seems to have regarded literature only with the eye of a practical man of business. His extraordinary attention to realistic detail, and his plan, rugged style are only the natural literary expressions of the outstanding traits of his character."

Of the *Spectator*, M. Taine has said that it "is only an honest man's manual, and is often like the Complete Lawyer". Coming to Defoe once again, we can truly say that he had not sufficient humour in his nature to enable him to laugh at the follies he was chiding, nor was he, in spite of his endless fertility of resource, possessed in large measure of the literary sense. "That an essay ought to be something more than a hastily written article on a subject of passing interest did not occur to him; he did not, like its greatest exponents, regard it as a thing to be lovingly touched and retouched until it emerged from its author's hands as an artistic whole."

Defoe's best essays must be looked for among the numerous articles discovered by Mr. Lee, which were subsequently contributed to *Mist's* and *Applebee's* Journals. It is not, however, by them but by his earlier work that the question of his priority to Steele must be judged, and it is certainly not of a kind to entitle him to be called the first English essayist.

Clubs, and Coffee-Houses: Six years after the accession of Queen Anne, the *New View of London* was published which wrote, "who would have thought London would ever have had near 3000 such nuisances, and that Coffee should have been so much drunk by the best of Quality and Physicians?" It should be kept in mind that at that time the periodical essay was closely connected with the history of clubs and coffee-houses. The atmosphere of the coffee-house pervaded

the whole of the literature of the reign, and affected it in many obvious ways. In Queen Anne's time the literary taste of the town was almost entirely directed by the judgments of the chief coffee-house dictators. During the first half of the eighteenth century, the coffee-house and not the home was the centre of social life, and that the former was regarded as a sort of happy compromise between Restoration profligacy and Puritan domesticity.

Addison and Steele: In the dedication of the first collected volume of the *Tatler* to Arthur Maynwaring, Steele throws some light on the design of the *Tatler*. He says he resolved "to publish a paper which should observe upon the manners of the pleasurable as well as the busy part of mankind." From this it is not rash to infer that Steele claimed to have made a distinct advance on any former periodical, and to have been the first to make the essay an instrument for exhibiting contemporary manners. The *Tatler* contains within itself many signs of the transition from journalism to essay-writing, and may fairly be regarded as standing midway between the *Review* and the *Spectator*.

"When two authors collaborate, there is always considerable danger of transferring interest from their actual works to rival theories concerning them........In the case of writers like Steele and Addison, where interest in the author's personalities is a factor in any critical estimate too strong to be wholly eliminated, this danger is especially obvious, so that it is not surprising to find that many writers who deprecate any antagonism are apt to proceed on the tacit assumption that Addison's was the more important share in the partnership. Phrases such as "Addison's *Spectator*" or "Addison's *Sir Roger*" are entirely question-begging phrases, and do a manifest injustice to the originality of Steele......In Steele there was a strange blending of acute enterprise and boyish thoughtlessness." Steele possessed many qualities even more essential to an essayist than extensive learning. His was an exceptionally strong emotional temperament; he could sympathise with every side of character and temporarily identify himself with the feelings of another, and it was due to this talented gift in him that he could sketch the outline of the Spectator Club. Not Addison, but Steele was the true *Spectator*.

The *Tatler* ran from 12th April, 1709, to 2nd January, 1711, and consisted in all of 271 numbers. Steele's talent lay not in elaboration, but in striking out disconnected happy thoughts, and for this purpose the earlier and looser form of the *Tatler* was best adapted. As a faithful picture of the time it excels the *Spectator*, and if it contains less literature, it contains more agreeable reading.

More than a century before the *Spectator*, the writing of Characters was a fashionable kind of composition. In 1638, Bishop Hall wrote a collection of this kind, which gained him from Wotton the title of "Our English Seneca," and met with high praise from Fuller for "the pureness, plainness, and fullness of his style". This was followed in 1614 by Sir Thomas Overbury's *Witty Descriptions of the Properties of Sundry Persons*, and in 1628 by Earle's *Microcosmography*. "All of these were to some extent the forerunners of La Bruyere, they all display a profusion of epigrammatic and sometimes pedantic word-play, but they all painted with too broad a brush, ignoring the individual for the type. Their characters have no basis in reality, and are merely attempts to body forth the universal by combining a number of individual traits. Of idiosyncracies they take no account, and accordingly fall to create a personality capable of evoking the slightest sympathy or interest. Overbury, the most representative of these character-writers, has been made the subject of an interesting comparison by Professor Raleigh in his "*English Novel*." Speaking of his character-sketch, Professor Raleigh has said, "The dreary 'Character' of the seventeenth century which would have rendered Sir Roger as 'An Old Country Knight,' and Will Honeycomb as 'A Mere Town Gallant' has received its deathblow in these sketches, drawn by men who loved the individual better than the type, and delighted in precisely those touches of character eccentricities and surprises, that give life to a literary portrait."

The year 1740 marks not so much the birth of a new kind of literature as a critical period in the history of a development as it traces 'human life through all its mazes and recesses'. Richardson's *Pamela* displays it. "It resembles," says J. H. Lobban, "the letters of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, but with the difference that all are made to resolve round a fixed centre. Even in Fielding's fondness for essay interludes there is a

trace of the novel's origin, but Fielding stands to Richardson at the *Spectator* to the *Tatler*—the one carries on the other to an inevitable culmination."

Swift: Swift could easily sustain his style for any time at the same pitch, he could always closely accommodate his manner to his matter, and he could convey his ideas clearly and forcibly without distracting the reader's attention to the excellence of their vehicle of expression. "Swift loved to wage war on man rather than to instruct him, and used wit not to 'enliven morality' but to increase the venom of his sting....As contrasted with Swift's method, the methods of Steele and Addison are equally gentle, and yet, as an instrument of social and literary reform, the laugh of Steele or the raillery of Addison was far more potent than the loaded bludgeon of Swift."

Arbuthnot: does not rank as an essayist but he so faithfully copied Swift in the gravity of the irony and the ease of the style that it remains a difficult problem to disentangle his share from their joint productions.

Defoe: He is supposed to have written more than 200 books and pamphlets. His most famous prose pamphlet is *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*. Defoe's essays have their faults, but they show no lack of originality. *On the Instability of Human Glory* is a good example of his serious vein and illustrates some of his merits and short-comings. "It contains a good deal that is natural and eloquent, but as a whole it is formless, and is marred by ludicrous associations out of keeping with the sublimity of the subject. The flavour of journalism permeates all his essays."

Johnson and **Rambler:** In 1750 Johnson began publishing his *Rambler*. Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, writes, "The *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian* were the last of the kind published in England, which had stood the test of a long trial; and such an interest had now elapsed since their publication, as made him justly think that to many of his readers this form of instruction would in some degree have the advantage of novelty." Johnson wrote, "As it has been my principal design to inculcate wisdom or piety, I have allotted few papers to the idle sports of imagination;..........but scarcely any man is so steadily serious as not to complain that the severity of dicta-

torial instruction has been too seldom relieved.' His *Lives of the Poets* is a very good readable book but as a piece of criticism it is rather misleading. His essays were published in his two papers, *The Rambler* and *The Idler*.

Oliver Goldsmith: His essays possess Addison's fine polish, with an addition of greater sympathy for human life. *The Citizen of the World* is a collection of one hundred and twenty-three essays. It gives a fairly accurate picture of the middle and lower-classes of England of 1760.

Edward Gibbon: wrote *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, the accuracy of which cannot be challenged. He possessed a clear flow of narrative, and a command over diction.

Edmund Burke: began his career as the editor of *The Annual Register*. Throughout his life he fought for the sufferers and the down-trodden. He was a great orator. Among his writings—*The Present State of the Nation*; *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontent*; *On American Taxation*; *Reflection on the Revolution in France* are worth noting.

Transitional Essayists: Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt. Hunt (1784-1859) and Hazlitt (1778-1830) started the *Examiner*. Hunt was an active literary journalist. He played many parts and edited many periodicals. He started *The Reflector* in 1810 for which Lamb wrote. Some of his essays have Lambian touch as *Coach and Their Horses* and *Death of Little Children* but 'his essays lack mass and weight of thought, they are homely and chatty.' Hazlitt (1778-1830) ranks high among the English essayists. His essays are divisible in two classes—essays in literary criticism, and essays on miscellaneous topics. He is surpassed only by Coleridge and Lamb. He is one of the masters of aphorism—"*Common sense is tacit reason, Learning is, in too many cases, but a foil to common-sense*." The traditional limits of the periodical essay, however, were somewhat narrow for the full display of Hazlitt's genius. He craved for "more elbow-room and fewer encumbrances," and, as Prof. Saintsbury has said, "What he could do, as hardly as any other man has ever done in England, was *causerie* of about the same length as Sainte-Beuve's". "None of his writings display those emotional qualities on which the reputation of the chief English essayists is based, and his success must be attributed

to the virile excellence of his style, and to his passionate and unaffected love of letters......Hazlitt's position among the essayists depends on the fact that he devoted himself less to the delineation of character than to the exposition of literature."

Reviews and Magazines of the early 19th Century.

(*i*) *The Gentleman's Magazine*: founded by Edward Cave in 1731, was not as high class as was Johnson's *The Rambler*. It gave legal news, advised unmarried ladies and discussed moral questions.

(*ii*) *The Edinburgh Review*: founded in 1802 by Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, Henry Brougham and Francis Horner. The *Review* was critical—both of life and literature.

(*iii*) *The Quarterly Review*: Its first editor was William Gifford. The most important contributors to this *Review* were Scott and Southey. The *Edinburgh Review* belonged to the Whig party, whereas the *Quarterly* to the Tory party.

(*iv*) *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*: published from 1817 and started by Blackwood was a weapon against the Whigs; and

(*v*) *The London Magazine* (1820-29) had a short life but contributed most to permanent literature. This magazine belonged to no party, so it died very soon in 1829.

Later Essayists:

Charles Lamb would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest; and yet, perhaps, not quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it. He was temperate in his meals and diversions, but always kept a little on this side of abstemiousness. In the essays of *Elia*, there is an autobiographical element marked with humour and sympathy.

Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-59), John Henry Newman (1801-1890), John Ruskin (1819-1900), Matthew Arnold (1822-88) and Walter Pater (1839-1894) are other famous essayists. Pater is important in history on account of his style. His prose is elaborately artistic and musical.

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